THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

BY TIMOTHY FLINT,

AUTHOR OF

'Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley,' 'Geography and History of the Western States,' &c.

'BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.'

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MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1828.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

We shall accompany our compliments to our patrons with a brief announcement of our intended course for the coming year. We shall continue to fill something more than a third of our pages, as formerly, with miscellaneous matter, aiming, however, that even that shall have a direct reference to the interests of literature. We shall sometimes, though not often, expose an original tale to the charity of the public. Infinite numbers of these forlorn orphans are cast out on the arid highways, or to float on the lone waters, without even an ark of bulrushes to keep the feeble wailers from perishing. More than half are the fruit of foreign illegitimacy, and by no means as well worth raising, as our own homeborn and honest bantlings. We should think charity began at home. Though a great many of our reading exquisites are scornful of our home manufactures, there is no comparison between the interest of a few of our literary papers, that extract but little, and those albums and monthly and weekly periodicals, yclept 'spirit of foreign magazines' &c. that extract chiefly from European papers. It should seem, that, as a people, we have abundantly more criticism, than taste among us. We have seen, during the past year, numbers of tales and stories and witty matters going the rounds of all the papers, that might claim the first premium for the highest attainable degree of vapidity and silliness. Editors, who commit such naughty actions, ought to be fined for debauching and stupifying the public taste.

When we see how nine papers in ten are conducted, we can not avoid thinking of that convenient hydraulic instrument, called a *syphon*. Every one knows, how it empties the contents of one cask into another. The editor, who starts the syphon from the fountain cask, assumes a heavy responsibility. To change the figure, the bellwether editors, *quos tota armenta sequuntur*, ought to feel what they are about, when they commence their wholesale distribution. If they cater unsavory viands, and feculent potions, they make the people sin from Dan to Beersheba.

We do not mean to assume the invidious task of naming the monstrously foolish articles, which we have seen circulating for at least a quarter of a year, in making the tour of the United States. Nor would be presume to recite the titles of articles, that we considered of the first excellence, that fell *dead-born* from the press, that no editor noticed, or copied. We can not avoid alluding to two articles, which we have noticed in a paper, whatever may have been its estimation in former times, that has a very great amount of original, entertaining and excellent matter. We mean the 'Boston Galaxy.' The articles, to which we allude, are the 'travels of a tin pedlar,' and 'the Mariner.' When such articles of such delightful and good natured humor pass away, unnoticed, and unquoted, and the papers are stuffed with the miserable trash, that often crowds their columns, it is high time, that the wit and taste of editors should receive a solemn lustration.

The articles in this journal shall be, as heretofore, simply, and entirely of home manufacture. We have excluded more than one article, merely from the circumstance, that with considerable of originality in the moulding, it was evidently founded upon another's idea. We mean to confine the number of our original poetical articles to two at farthest.

Our reviews, as formerly, shall be predicated upon the admirable maxim, '*In verba nullius magistri addictus jurare.*' In the reviews of the past year, we have sedulously guarded ourselves even from the reading previous reviews upon the same subject. The mind can not fail to be warped, and to receive some sort of bias from these previous views and decisions of the question. We have no idea of asserting, that our standard of taste is infallible. We only mean to say, that we use every possible precaution, that our judgment shall be unbiassed, equitable, and the dictate of our own mind and conscience, pronounced, as far as we know ourselves, without fear, favor or affection. When we speak of what we read, we mean 'to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice.' We may make mistakes. That is an exposure, inseparable from human nature. We may want taste, or see through the medium of prejudice. Those are evils, from which humanity can never be wholly free. But we shall still declare our honest convictions; and aim to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We shall continue to give the first place to western works, when such offer; and when they do not, such other books, as seem to us to have the first bearing on western literature. More frequently, than during last year, we shall sketch some one of the great masters of thought, those intellectual Sampsons, who have travelled off with the gates and bars of the temple of science and fame. In these days every thing tends to superficial thinking.—Our aim will be, to carry the reader back to the original fountains of thought. In one word, our wish is to contribute our humble offering to the literature of our country in general, and of the West in particular. To subserve these ends, we shall spare neither labor, nor expense. Beyond that, we wish to inculcate pure morals, and to move the fountains of deep and virtuous feeling. The religious views, which we would recommend, are those, that result from deep conviction of the understanding, united with the concurrent feelings of the heart. If we bring over the face of our reader an innocent smile, he will allow, that he experiences none too many of those 'angel visits,' in this abode of toil and 'sore travail.' If our efforts tend in any degree to form his taste, enlighten his understanding, innocently beguile a leisure hour, and above all to give earnestness and conviction to his moral and religious sentiments, we shall deem, that our labors have not been in vain.

WRITERS OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

They are spread over such an immense surface, and separated from each other by such wide distances, that, probably, the information contained in the following article will be as new to many of the Western, as to most of the Atlantic people. It is not for a moment supposed, that this catalogue is by any means complete, or that any individual among us has the means of furnishing such a catalogue; though the writer has had, perhaps, as ample means of becoming acquainted with these writers, as any other man. Others may have among their acquaintances writers, whom we do not know. Let each one furnish the intelligence, which he possesses, and the catalogue will have a chance, in the end, to become complete. It is not intended to touch upon the orators, lawyers and divines, who have distinguished themselves at home, or abroad.—Even if the materials for such an article were at hand, comparison would be invidious; and as few of them have given works from the press, by which their comparative merit may be tested by others, the comparison would assume the odious form of resting upon an individual opinion. It does not include the authors of single harangues, orations, or addresses, whatever may be their merit. Neither have we any disposition to venture on the inky arena of political gymnastics, to discriminate editors of journals, many of whom manifest great cleverness in their line, and call names with the loudest and stoutest.

We mean to enumerate the names, and to add perhaps a line of passing notice of those, who have not only a local, but a general reputation for various literary capabilities; and most of whom have issued works of some size and importance from the press. As we mean, that the article shall at least have the merit of being brief, we shall only prose by way of preface, with a remark, touching our *esprit du corps*, sectional feeling, or nationality; and in conclusion, concerning the peculiar characteristics of western writers.

As regards our sectional feeling, of which we hear so much said abroad, and in Congress, we remark that so far as such feeling includes *amor patriæ*, and is not narrow, but loves the whole country, and looks with singleness of eye and affection to the whole Union, and only retains the natural and instinctive affection for the natal spot, and that portion of the country, which is invested with the associations of home, that feeling, which is always deepest and strongest in the best minds, it is a noble and generous one.—We are unjustly charged with having much of it. We devoutly wish, we had more. A Yankee is a Yankee over the globe; and you might know him, if you met him on the 'mountains of the moon' in five minutes by his nationality. We love, and honor him for it, wherever it is not carried to a blinding prejudice. He remembers his school house, the peculiar modes of discipline, in which he was reared, the place where he played, skaited, and bathed in his blithe morning of life, where are the ashes of his forefathers, and where himself was baptised, and married. Wherever he 'trades and traffics' on distant seas, rivers, or mountains, he will only forget his native accent, and his natal spot, when his *right hand forgets that cunning*, for which he has such an undeserved celebrity.

The Southerner, too, is such over the whole globe. You may know him such by his olive, or brown complexion, on which the sun has looked in his wrath. You may see in his countenance the tinge of bilious impress, and that he has inhaled miasma, and breathed morning and evening fogs. You may note in his peculiar gait, and his erect and lofty port, that he has compared himself with an inferior race of human beings, as they have walked before him to their daily task. His generous disregard of expense and economy, as he travels, his spirit, ardent and yet generous, 'sudden and quick in quarrel,' his proud preference of his own country, his peculiar dialect, his reckless disregard of consequences, and a variety of mixed traits, seen in a moment and yet difficult to describe, mark him even to an unobservant eye, as a Southerner, in the streets of New York.

We in the West, have the reputation, too, of nationality. But we have no claims to it; and none of the reality, or advantage of it. Old Kentucky and Tennessee used to have good degrees of it. But the talented and distinguished men of these states, now that gouging is no longer in fashion among the vulgar, seem to have commenced a fratricide project to throw each other to the earth, and rob each other of their honest fame, and well earned acquisitions. If there be any nationality remaining among us, it seems to have found its final sanctuary among boatmen and men of hunting shirts, and those free and unsophisticated spirits, whom envy and 'modern degeneracy,' in these respects have not 'touched.' They may discourse of men, or measures, as agreeable, or disagreeable to western men, as such. Unhappily we know but too well, that this talk is as illusive, as moonshine. We have given ourselves up to the leading, the interests and passions of others. We are too intently engaged in decrying and undermining each other, to have community of interest, feeling, or purpose. If we had these, we should have our weight, and should be felt, as we ought to be.

The same is true perhaps in a greater degree of our writers.—A western writer we are sorry to say, finds more favor any where else, than in the West. No where are they so slavishly determined, that a prophet shall find little honor in his own country. The number of our known writers is small. Amidst a sparse population, and in small villages, envy has every incitement to gather venom, and to concentrate its malignity. There is little of the grand levelling intercourse of large cities, which brings aspiring minds in daily intercourse and collision; which presents varied aspects of talents, honors, acquisitions, and views of things, which distract the gaze of envy, and blunt its edge, by rendering it uncertain, upon what object or person to fix. A writer here kindles his solitary light, and it gleams far away through the woods, and renders him a conspicuous object in the anonymous darkness. Scores of envious minds aim at him in concealment from behind the logs. It would seem invidious to point out the extent of the evil, as every one understands it. It ought to be remedied. No class of society has so many and such imperious reasons to cultivate good feeling, as writers. We ought to help each other, not by a blind and unjust partiality; but if there be western talent, we ought to labor to bring it forth to the sun and air. We ought to foster, and patronize it, and we hesitate not to say, in preference to that of any other section of the country.

Without further preface, we proceed to enumerate most of our conspicuous western writers. We doubt not, there are still more who have the capability of writing, and have yet had no chance to distinguish themselves. Chance is every day throwing in our way most amusing and surprising proofs, what kind of gifted minds might be found here, were there only munificence and patronage and circumstances to call it forth.

One of the earliest books of any considerable importance, which was published in this country, was the 'Navigator,' published at Pittsburg by Cramer, Spear, and Eichbaum. It is a book, giving an account of the towns, villages and settlements along the courses of the Ohio and the Mississippi, with a minute chart of the rivers, channels, chutes, bars, islands, shoals, dangerous places, together with the circumstances, incidents and dangers of a boating voyage from Pittsburg and St. Louis to New Orleans. It is the first book, that a visitant to the western country, about to descend the rivers, purchases. Thousands of fair weather and river voyagers have run with pale faces to the 'Navigator,' when they have seen their boat approaching a dangerous place. It is an extremely minute and accurate chart, of the courses of the Ohio and Mississippi. It makes no pretensions to elegance, or critical exactness in the writing. But it was compiled from laborious and faithful investigation, and contains, in the form of preface, notes and appendix, a great amount of local and geographical information, in describing the interest of which, the much used term of freshness was never more appropiate. The industry of the compilers has been rewarded with the sale of ten or twelve editions.

Not far from the time of the first publishing this book, the Rev. Dr. Harris of Dorchester, Mass. visited the western country for his health. He descended the Ohio, it is believed, not much farther than Marietta. He published an interesting account of his tour, which was much read at the time. It is unnecessary for us to do more, than name the journal of Lewis and Clark to the sources of the Missouri and the Western sea. This is a book universally known to the reading world; and we pass it with the single remark, that to us it is one of the most interesting books of travels, we ever read.

Bartram's travels in Florida, considerably preceded either.—They are something between travels, a poem and a romance; but amidst all the fiction and exaggeration there is great interest and much information in the book. The travels of that gallant soldier, afterwards General Pike, to the sources of the Mississippi, and afterwards up the Osage, and through the Spanish country of Texas are given in the journal of a plain, blunt soldier, which is not read with the less eagerness, from the circumstance that it gives the careless and unpruned thoughts as they arose in his mind. Stoddard's 'Sketches of Louisiana,' as a laborious compilation, of matter and facts, is a work of great merit. From its containing undigested and irrelevant writing, it is not read with sustained interest, though few books contain so much interesting matter on the subject, of which it treats. Darby's Louisiana is one of the best topographical books, that has been written. Filson's 'Kentucky' had been written many years before, and is a kind of romance, which, probably, suggested to Mr. Bryan the hints for his volume of poems entitled 'The Mountain Muse.'

'Breckenridge's Sketches,' an account of a voyage as far the Mandans on the Missouri, and from St. Louis to New Orleans.— These writings bear the marks of that racy and original mind, which he has since manifested in other writings of a similar character. The journal in question is one of uncommon interest. Mr. Schultz, we repeat his name from memory of reading of many past years, journied from Long Island in New-York to the western country, and descended from Pittsburg to New Orleans. We believe, that he was the first, who published the good story of the fight between the Kentuckians, the one half horse and alligator, and the other steam boat and earthquake. The *snapping turtle*, *the ring tailed painter*, *the best horse*, *dog and gun*, &c. have been successive additions.

Not long afterwards, an Englishman, under the assumed name of 'Thomas Ash, Esq.' descended the Ohio. It is many years since we read his book. But we have an indistinct, though undoubting remembrance, that he speaks of the Great Miami, as being perennial, from having its fountains in Lake Erie, and flowing out of that Lake! He also represents a bear, which was shot, as he was descending the Ohio, stopping the wound with medicated herbs, and he imagines the animal making an indignant speech on the occasion. He beguiled, and plundered the late learned, ingenious, and excellent Dr. Goforth of his immense collection of mammoth bones, and made a fortune of them and of his book in London, while the orphans of the man, in whose house he sojourned, and ate the bread and salt of hospitality, were left to a heritage of want and misery. The only part of the book, that is not made up of the most ridiculous follies and falsehoods, is taken, *verbatim et literatim*, from the 'Navigator.' It is from the brayings of such miserable asses, that have fed awhile in our pastures, that the English cocknies and patricians have learned to form their estimates of our whole country.

It would be wholly superfluous to speak of 'Wilson's Ornithology,' the collections for which, we believe, were principally made in the western country. While on foot and alone, he threaded our forests and streams, he published notes of his peregrinations, we believe, originally in the 'Port Folio.' Great part was in verse, in a kind of Hudibrastic, in a loose and rambling vein, but evincing a poetic mind, and uncommon facility at rhyming. Nuttall's journal of his travels, while making his collections for his botanical work, had great interest. He continued under the pressure of faintness and disease and the prospect of famine, desertion and death amidst the lonely deserts of the Arkansas, far from civilized man, amidst unknown and hostile savages, to botanize under the influence of his ruling passion.

The materials for Michaux's history of North American Oaks were chiefly collected in this valley. A pedestrian, clad in skins and a hunting shirt, that great man entered the cabins, and sat down among the people as though he had been reared a *coureur du bois* from infancy. No book has been more generally read, than a translation of Volney's travels. Long's and Schoolcraft's travels, Haywood's and Marshall's histories, Dawson's life of general Harrison, Dr. Drake's Picture of Cincinnati, Mr. Atwater's Antiquities, and Dr. M'Murtrie's Sketches have already been mentioned in former numbers. The materials of Mr. Farnsworth's Directory of Cincinnati are understood to have been chiefly supplied by Mr. Guilford, and this together with Drake and Mansfield's Picture of Cincinnati, contains useful and important writing of the kind. The 'Emigrant's Guide' embodies a great mass of valuable information for people, who contemplate removing to the western country. Dana's 'Sketches,' though little known, contain a great amount of useful topographical, and geographical information. We have recently given an article upon the first volume of Martin's History of Louisiana. Raffinesque's history of the fishes in the Ohio, though little more than a catalogue, has the merit of being the first western effort of the kind, and evinces great labor and industry.

We have given an article upon Mr. Tannehill's excellent 'Sketches of Literature.' We have not had leisure to examine his book on Masonry; though from the talent displayed in the other book, we are ready to infer that it is well written. Though we have been precluded from speaking of general Eaton's life of general Jackson, by circumstances, sufficiently obvious to all, who understand our position, we are justified in saying, that the book would take a forward place in point of talent and industry, in comparison with most of our compilations of that kind.

Dr. Caldwell is well known to the reading people of the East and the West, as a man, who in his profession many years since advanced medical opinions, which, when he promulgated them, were deemed wild theories; but which are now received as orthodox and proven opinions. Criticism has said its bitterest of him; and yet he is a man of unquestionable talents, power and reach of mind. In his peculiar and eccentric mode of writing, he often strikes out ideas of great felicity, expressed with eloquence, and he sometimes reaches the sublime: No happier eulogy of Fisher Ames, than his, has ever been given. We have noticed his addresses and his book on 'Phrenology;' and we have published an extract of his forthcoming eulogy of the late president Holley. His 'Life of general Greene, was severely handled in the North American Review. One of the chief charges against the work, if we recollect, is that of plagiarism from general Lee. We have understood, that the gentleman has it in contemplation to make it manifest, that the charge is either not true, or ought to fix in another quarter, and that he has been more 'sinned against than sinning.' Whatever ground there may have been for some of the strictures of that Review, there is much important and interesting information in that book, and the general impression in regard to it, is unquestionably a very unjust one. With a little alteration, and produced by another author, and under other circumstances, we have no doubt, but it would have been amply praised. From that and some philosophical pamphlets, by the same author, we intend to frame an article for a future number. We have just received Professor Cooke's large work on 'Therapeutics,' which must, of course, receive a separate article, and can not be noticed here. His colleague, professor Short, has deserved reputation, as a botanist, and is engaged in periodical publications on the subject.

Dr. Godman formerly published a respectable Medical Journal in Cincinnati. After him Drs. Drake and Wright commenced the past year, a 'Medical and Physical Journal.' Dr. Drake is well known among us as a man of various talents, as well as distinguished in his profession. The editors sustained their journal for nearly a year with acknowledged ability. Some schism then arose between them; and each contemplates a separate establishment of the kind, which is the more to be regretted, as there are, we presume, sufficient difficulties in properly supporting one. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* We have recently noticed the very respectable Medical Quarterly, commenced at Lexington.

Of Mr. Bryan's 'Mountain Muse,' the scene of which is laid in this country, we have spoken in another place. Locke's, Picket's, Kirkham's and Ruter's school books are fabrics of this country in great and increasing demand. The account of Capt. Symmes' theory, said to be by Mr. M'Bride, we pass, with only remarking, that the gentleman, who is the author of that theory is a respectable man, of whose writings and opinions, we would choose to be silent, unless we could speak with praise.

The author of 'The Hunter and other Poems,' as well as the author of 'Recollections of the last ten years' &c. are persons in whom we are too directly interested, to make them the subject of even a passing remark.

Mr. Foote of this city, edited a literary paper here one year with great ability, although it failed. He evinced himself a writer of delicacy and quickness of tact. Some of the articles in that work were of a high order. They, who test the merit of a work in this country by its success, are not aware, that a thousand elements may combine to impart to it what is worthless, and deny it to what is worthy. We ought to respect, and love the western country; and if the sustaining a literary paper is the heaviest of all pursuits, it is not because we have not both talents and taste, but from a variety of causes, easily seen, and felt, though we should find difficulty and reluctance in naming them.

Mr. Hunt of Nashville, we believe at this time editor of 'The Whig and Banner,' is among the most polished and eloquent writers in the country, and would not suffer in comparison with any of his class, with whom we are acquainted. Judge Workman of New Orleans has distinguished himself by the manifestation of classical learning and critical acumen. It would be superfluous to speak of the attainments, eloquence and taste of Mr. Livingston of New Orleans. Whatever may be said of his penal code, by judges and advocates, there can be no question about the eloquence and splendor of the writing in it. Nor ought we to omit the critic, who has so severely analized his 'penal code.' Judge Lewis of Opelousas, in his pamphlet upon that book has managed his strictures with great acuteness and talent; and has shown powers, which, with the training of Mr. Livingston, would have rendered him a formidable antagonist to a man with any training or any powers. James Porter, Esq. of Louisiana, writes verses, and we have seen some of his pieces of great felicity and beauty. An anonymous author in that state, who dated from the prairies of Catahoula, wrote satirical verses with the signature of 'Walter Sledgehammer.' Parts of the first number showed strong talent that way. But the verses were altogether too personal. Judge Bullard, of Louisiana, is well known as a fine *belles lettres* scholar, richly versed in French and Spanish and Italian literature, whose contributions have occasionally appeared in this Journal.

Mrs. Thayer, of Washington, near Natchez, writes verses and neat essays, religious tracts and stories. She manifests an imaginative mind and an excellent spirit. Her writings want discrimination and simplicity. Every one has heard of Miss Fanny Wright, who resides at Nashoba, back of Memphis on the Mississippi. Her writings have formerly obtained great favor, we will not say with what desert, among the American people. She seems now to be getting up a sect, something on the community plan of Mr. Owen, but far more outrageously common. We have never read any thing from the press, to compare with her recent publication, touching female independence. It is surely a suicide project for ladies to attempt to weaken the validity of the marriage tie, for whose benefit it was chiefly sanctioned. The only extenuation, suggested to our thoughts in the case, was an impression, that the lady was not strictly sane.

Among the first publications in the western country, were 'Essays on the truth of the Christian Religion' by Rev. William Beauchamp, a work by no means destitute of merit in that kind of writing. Morgan Neville, Esq. of this city has manifested taste and delicacy in all his literary productions. We consider Dr. Yandell, at present we believe editor of a journal at Murfreesborough, in Tennessee, a young gentleman of very high literary promise.

Dr. Lindsley, the learned and eloquent president of Nashville University, has published charges and addresses, which have done him equal honor, as a patriot, a scholar and a divine. Benjamin Drake, Esq. of Cincinnati edits a miscellaneous Journal of literary character with considerable ability, and has acquired discipline and reputation as a writer. Mrs. Dumont, also, announces the publication of a literary paper in this city; and has issued the first number. She displays talent and merit in a certain species of writing. Her novelettes have had a considerable reputation in the western country. We know not the extent of advantages, which she has enjoyed; but if we have not been misinformed, her improvement of them has been astonishing. Her tales are written with great care, and manifest both taste and good feeling. She is rather stately, artificial, and fond of high sounding words, and wants simplicity and nature. Mrs. Riske, originally Miss Chambers, has left voluminous writings which manifest an imaginative mind, and ardent feeling, and eloquence; and would do honor to the most talented females that our country has seen. The author of notes on 'Kentucky' has written with great spirit, force and interest, and those notes had a wide circulation in the papers. Williams' 'view of Florida' has been recently reviewed in the 'North American Review.' It contains much local information, and is accompanied with an excellent map of the country.

Amos Kendall, Esq. of Kentucky, has acquired an extensive reputation, as a political writer. He manifests all the keenness and hair-splitting acuteness of legal talent, rather from the press, than the bar. As a political combatant in technical language, he has 'wind and bottom' in unusual proportions. Few persons possess the talent of analizing the argument of an opponent, and giving it the appearance of refutation with more adroitness. We have not perused general M'Afee's history of the late war; but we have heard it described, as a work of merit. Judge Hall of Illinois, who was tossed in our navy on every sea, who has contemplated all aspects of society and fortune, has been brought up at last on the prairies of that remote state. Wit, pleasantry, terseness and amenity characterize his writings, some of which have adorned the pages of this Journal. He is at present engaged in preparing materials for a 'Western Souvenir,' and, we doubt not, will establish a lasting and well deserved fame, as a describer of nature, and as a *belles lettres* scholar.

Charles Hammond, Esq. has long been known in Ohio, as a legislator, lawyer and writer of distinction. For strong political firing, with cannon of large calibre, and heavy metal, charged with coarse powder, and directed against party ramparts, compacted of the customary material, they have not a heavier shot in the whole corps of veterans. He has a clear head, keen, caustic powers, ready command of a richly stored memory, various reading, and original talent, either for the purposes of reasoning, invective, or ridicule. Pathos and sentiment seem to be matters out of his line, and he wants polish and discipline. Mr. Lytle, paired off, as his political antagonist, manifests an aspiring and forthputting mind, and writes with a fluency, polish and exuberance, that give promise of distinguishing ultimate attainments.

We could name many others, who have shown dawnings of excellence, as writers. We might name many, too, whom we are withheld from so doing, by motives of decorum. We may have passed some who have not fallen within the sphere of our observation. Our memory may have been treacherous, and at another time may suggest with a feeling of regret, names, which should have been added. It has been our purpose to enumerate with a passing remark, some of the men, who are known in common parlance, as western writers; and in touching upon their discriminating powers, we have aimed 'nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice.'

It would be wholly unnecessary to name in conclusion the highly endowed and talented Henry Clay, who in some departments of high thought and discursive talent, in some paths of eloquence, reasoning and invective, and in the excercise of some of the noblest powers of the mind and imagination, walks alone.

At another time, we will endeavor to introduce to the reader the greatest oddity in literature, with which we have ever met, who lately crossed our path. If we could convey to the public the impression, which he gave us, it would allow, that nothing strange, or unaccountable, could be met with afterwards. We allude to a person, to whom we were lately introduced by the name of Ashcraft. He was born in England, trained and reared on the Muskingum, and had received, he states, just six week's school instruction, such as he there found, in the course of his life. He calculated an eclipse without ever having seen an example of the mode. He writes verses, not very correct, but some of them of great and thrilling power. He is all nerve, and kindles to tears while reciting his own verses. He often meets with beauties on the western waters, in comparison of whom Laura, as painted by Petrarch, was but a common lady. His most exalted flame died the lady of another husband, though he ineffectually sued for her hand. One of his flames, to whom he was wedded, lives, like lady Byron, in separate establishment. He seemed entirely amiable, and though talented, as simple as a child, and deeply imbued with religious feeling. He had practised law in a remote village of Indiana—had been, as he said, every where as harmless, and as timid as a cricket, and yet he added, he knew not why, he was very unpopular, always in hot water, and could not make enough of the law to pay his board!—Yet this man, we suspect, under different circumstances, might have been an American Robert Burns.

Yet they of the Atlantic country, when they speak of us, curl the scornful lip, as though we were backwood's ignoramusses. We have among us no inconsiderable number of the gifted and intelligent from Europe, and every part of the United States. Ardent, aspiring and scheming spirits come here. The quiet and satisfied stay, where they were born. In any given circle in our towns and villages, where we may imagine ourselves addressing farmers, planters, merchants, it is not unlikely, that among the listeners may be men of distinguished talents and literary fame from foreign countries. True, as a people, we are far enough from being literary, or from any general taste or wish to patronize literature. We wish this remark was true only of the western country. But we feel, that we are not wanting in abundant and strong talent of every kind. Whoever is extensively acquainted with our public speakers and writers, perceives a vigor, an energy, a recklessness of manner and form, but a racy freshness of matter, which smacks strongly of our peculiar character and position. We may have been caricatured, and misrepresented, by persons selected, as samples of us, in the general councils. They, who know how it is, that such persons stand the fairest chance to get to those places, will not consider a few lumps, sent to the great Museum exactly, as a fair index of all the mineral, we have to show among us.

[☞We solicit information from our friends, touching western writers, that we have here omitted.]

POETICAL.

APRIL.

Though every bard glad homage pay
To the warm flush of lovely May,
To me her mien is all too bright,
Too full of odour, bloom, and light.
Be mine the wild, the varied grace,
That lights her younger sister's face;
To me her modest buds disclose
More int'rest than the perfect rose;
Her tender boughs, half clad, half seen,
Than May's deep settled, heavy green;
Such is the mountain streamlet's flow
To the dull lake, that sleeps below;
Or such young hope still beck'ning on,
Compared to joys when come or gone.
Oh! tell me not that clouds will chase
The frolick sunbeams from her face;
Ere we can paint, how heavenly fair,
How fairy-like, they're rev'ling there,
Lo! other beams, as bright, as gay,
Have chased the envious clouds away,
Hail! loveliest daughter of the Spring,
For thee the wild birds sweetest sing;
Health flutters on thy busy wing,
And many a flow'r that feeds the bee,
Unbinds its silken folds to thee;
For thee the cowslip decks the plain;
The daisy loves thy frolic reign,
Pomona's varied tribes are thine,
And all the blossoms of the vine.
  Spoil'd bantling of the circling year!
To me thy very whims are dear;
I love to see thy tender form
Close mantled in a night of storm;
To see thee lay thy sables by,

And robe thee in the bright blue sky;
But most I love that angel face,
When tears and smiles each other chase;
For then, thou dear capricious elf,
Then, thou art very woman's self.
To thee, fair month, I owe my birth;
And oft thou'lt come to glad the earth,
When, all forgotten, I shall lie,
Beneath thy flowery canopy:
Yet hearts as warm and hopes as vain
Will greet thee midst thy sylvan reign;
Elate to run life's fever'd race,
And find like me a resting place.
O! is there not far, far away
Beyond the realms of time, and day,
An April of perpetual bloom,
That breaks the winter of the tomb,
Where hope again shall spread her wing,
Fearless of blight or withering!
Teach me, thou great mysterious Power,
Who feed'st the bird, and paint'st the flower,
O! teach me, while I journey HERE,
To prize the wreaths, that blossom THERE.

Memento of the astronomy of the year; with a caution against modern scepticism.

J. P. B.

Where equinox and orb ecliptic meet,
Inflames our northern belt the ascending heat.
Spring paints the ram, the bull, the starry twins;
Cancer the tropic names, the summer solstice wins.
The lion foams, the virgin shows her face,
Till Autumn's southern scales again divide the days.
Then Scorpion, Archer, tropic goat,
The water spout and fish afloat,
His twentieth day, when March shall note,
Completes the solar race.

Yet learn the error now of olden time,
And earth perceive the belted orb to climb,

In Aries, say, when rules the sun on high,
Observe at midnight hour the southern sky,
There Libra marks the true terrestrial place,
While Aries northward fills the shining space.
When Cancer brings the northern solstice round,
Shall Capricorn, earth's tropic star, be found,
At midnight southing on the level ground.
Thus traversing our globe, opposing signs,
While north, or south, within bright mid day shines,
Eludes the sense, which sees a moving sun,
Though earth alone the zodiac circle run.
Thus day, and night, or sun, or stars appear
In motion ever tow'rd the western sphere;
For earth upon its axis eastward rolls,
So views the heaven move westward round its poles.
This ancient mystery to understand,
Row from the shore; recedes the moving land.
Ascend with aeronauts the floating car,
And earth beneath your feet shall seem to sink afar.
Yet say not sense deceives; the eye surveys
A movement clear and true as mid-day blaze;
The cause discerns not; for the oars still play,
Upon the retina, where first they lay.
Through air unruffled should the advent'rers mount,
Of motion uniform they take no count;
Observe no object, but the earth below,
The visual angle less'ning, as they go.
Now take your stand on some tall mountain's height;
Should aught descend, it lessens to your sight.
Appearances the same affect the eyes,
When objects sink, or when beholders rise.
But reason, well employ'd, detects the cause,
Assigns the effect, discov'ring nature's laws.
Yet stay. Our second-sighted sages tell,
There is no cause in heaven, on earth, in hell.
Conjunction all, direct, invariable!
Full long the time of Grecian atom's reign,
Now Scottish metaphysics we'll maintain.
The land o' cakes, o' drizzle, and o' brains,
We'll hallow far, as fair Columbia's plains.

Root up experience; blind the tortur'd sense,
With antecedent mists and foggy consequents.
As should some crazy mortal heap up stones,
Hay, straw, and stubble, chaff, and dead men's bones.
Lo! what a glorious building, he exclaims!
So dreamers now immortalize their names,
Or feign a fabric, when they but pull down,
Truisms stale, as grand discov'ries crown;
Forever harping on some fav'rite string,
Prove common sense indeed a common thing.
O sapient seers, and pedagogues astute!
Who raise poor erring man by instinct to the brute.
But recollect, O youth, immediate night
Invariably precedes the rising light;
Revolving planets, ceaseless on the wing,
To solar influence their masses bring;
While suns themselves, and their resplendent ray,
Invariably shed forth immediate day.
True to the definition here are lent
Three antecedents to one consequent.
Yet each alone eternally would fail,
And spheres or hemispheres in darkness wail.
Add salt to water, and their parts unite.
But whence the solvent power? if ask I might.
Nor force, nor power, effect, nor cause exists;
Say envious Sophists, ruthless Atheists.
What antecedent, then, will you lay down?
Relation of position, answers Brown.
Quick! hocus pocus! conjurations here!
Bring marble dust, my lad, and pour on beer.
Alas! in vain is tried the common hand.
We need the metaphysic conj'rer's wand.
Relation of position will not do.
With us at least your sequence is not true.
Now learn, who first this scepticism trod,
The fool in heart had said, no cause! no God!
O youth! let reason guide thy feebler sense;
And mount in virtue's paths to pure intelligence.

REVIEW.

[The following article was translated, and furnished by a gentleman thoroughly versed in Spanish literature, and in whose candor and impartiality we have an entire confidence. It might be inferred, that as a protestant, he had a leaning in reference to the catholic church. We are confident, he has none. We frankly avow, that we have never subscribed to the opinion, that the catholic church was the only one, that had shown a disposition to persecute, when in power. It is impossible to institute any fair comparison in this respect, between this and other denominations. It was the only church, that existed, during the dark ages with unquestioned inviolability and spiritual and temporal power. To test the question, whether any other church would have discovered similar propensities to persecute, it is necessary, that some one should have existed in similar circumstances. For our part, we have no question. The orthodox say, that man is *totally depraved*. We believe one part of the proposition, that, give him power; give him undisputed supremacy; put the press and public opinion under his control, and he is at all times strongly tempted to be a persecuting animal, and disposed to exercise the most execrable of all kinds of persecution, persecution of opinion. It is for this reason, that we never wish to see St. Dominic with his heated tongs, as grand inquisitor, if he should appear at the head of even a protestant sect. Give bigotry power, scope and opportunity, and it is the same spirit in every age and country. The press, freedom, spiritual and temporal, persuasion, the example and the gospel of Jesus Christ are our grand weapons against this spirit in every shape, change and disguise. Let truth be left free and unshackled to combat error.

We hope, that the impressive article, which follows, will have its proper influence, not in exciting exclusive indignation against the catholic church, but that arrogant, unchristian and domineering spirit, which in every age and country has manifested the same propensities. It needs but little philosophy and knowledge of human nature to perceive, that they, who will now calumniate a man for his opinions, and preach a crusade against him, by exciting against him the ignorance and bigotry of their blind and devoted followers, who will use efforts to deprive him of estimation, employment and bread, if their sect had had undisputed predominance, and unrivalled power, spiritual and temporal, would have ordered him to an *auto da fe*, for the crime of not having a mind so constituted, that he could assent to every article of their creed.—Ed.]

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Historia critica de la Inquisicion de Espana, par Don J. A. Llorente, in X. Tomes. 1822.

Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition, by Don J. A. Llorente. in X. volumes. 1822.

The political convulsions of the last thirty-five years in Europe, at which we have been gazing with tranquil wonder, from this side the Atlantic, have, in their sweep, overthrown many of those ancient institutions, which had so long remained monuments of oppression, ignorance and barbarism. Among others, that most execrable of all oligarchies, falsely called the Republic of Venice, has been destroyed, and its artful and complicated machinery revealed by the researches of Daru and others, who have searched among its ruins for the secret of its extraordinary power and duration.—Indeed, the light of increasing knowledge is pouring into the deepest recesses; the arcana of arbitrary power are gradually developing to the world all the secret springs and wheels, by which the political and religious system was moved at the will of those, who, shrouded in mystery, held mankind in almost hopeless thraldom.—The Inquisition has always been considered as the most outrageous and powerful of those instruments of tyranny and fanaticism. Its very name has always, and every where, except among those, who profited by its cruelties and rapacity, produced a shivering of horror. The revolution in Spain caused the abolition of that celebrated tribunal, and it is among the happiest omens of the age, that all efforts to re-establish it have heretofore failed, even with the bigoted Ferdinand VII. Don Juan Antonio Llorente, who for many years was a secretary of a branch of it in Madrid, and whose means of information were ample, has within a few years given to the world a critical history of that tribunal, which we have mentioned at the head of this article, and of which we propose to give some account to our readers. It is difficult to overcome the horror and disgust, produced by the perusal of this work, and to recover that calm equilibrium of mind, which a dispassionate analysis of it would require. We present some notice of it to our readers at this time, partly, because it has been supposed by some, that the Inquisition yet exists in Spain under the present king; and partly, that our readers may be led to investigate the curious fact, that such an institution could have existed any where, and at any time, among beings, who profess to be men and Christians.

During the earlier ages of the church, heretics were in the first instance admonished with mildness, and endeavors were used to draw them back to the true faith, by gentle persuasions; and, if, after repeated admonitions, they remained obstinate, the severest punishment inflicted, was excommunication; their intercourse was avoided by the faithful, and they were deprived of the peculiar privileges of the church. Those matters belonged to the jurisdiction of the Bishops, each within his own diocese. It had not yet occurred to the ambitious, and aspiring court of Rome, as a mean at once of enriching itself, and of extending and consolidating its temporal power, to create a tribunal, independent of the ordinary authority of the Bishops, and dependent only on the Pope, for the extermination of heresy. Before the 13th century, such a tribunal was unknown in Europe. Although Gregory the VII., as early as the commencement of the 11th century, had arrogated the right of deposing temporal princes, and had actually excommunicated the emperor Henry IV., and absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance; yet as late as the close of the 12th century, the church expressly disclaimed the right of punishing heresy with death, by its own decrees, and its own officers. But it declared it lawful to call in the aid of the christian princes, to punish, and suppress it. Such was its policy to the last, and hence the highest punishment consisted in turning over the offender to the secular power. But the influence of the church had procured the establishment of laws in most countries, which declared heresy punishable with death; and what constituted heresy, was left exclusively to be settled by the ecclesiastical courts, and their sentences were executed without appeal or enquiry by the civil authority. The Dominicans were the original patentees of this new invention, which made the church the supreme arbitress of opinions, and rendered the Catholic monarchs of the time, its blind and submissive tools. The earliest pretext for the organization of the 'Holy Office' in a distinct form, and as a corporation for the purpose of exterminating heresy, by the aid of the temporal power, was the celebrated schism of the Albigenses in the South of France, during the pontificate of Innocent III. In 1203, two Cistercian monks, Pierre and Rodolph, were sent by 'his holiness' to preach against the heresy of the Albigenses, which had become alarming, under the favor and protection of the Count de Toulouse. They were afterwards united with the Abbot of Cister, in the first regular commission, as Inquisitors, deriving their authority directly from the Pope, and independently of the Bishops; and were armed with authority to confiscate and proscribe and burn and destroy, requiring of the king of France, his son Louis, and the Counts and Barons of the kingdom, their aid in the holy work. They met with little encouragement from the king. Pierre was assassinated by the Albigenses, and was rewarded by canonization. The melancholy story of the crusade against the sectarians is well known; and we only alluded to it as the epoch, at which the Inquisition was first established in France. But our particular purpose is with Spain, where it was afterwards planted, not without heroic opposition, and where it attained the highest perfection, and answered every purpose of its nefarious projectors. It had been extended to Italy, and under the pontificate of Gregory IX. received its permanent form of organization. But it always manifested itself in a more mitigated form, than afterwards in Spain; although the holy office existed in Spain, from the pontificate of Gregory IX., and is designated by our author, as the *ancient.*

His narrative is principally confined to the more modern, which, under a different organization, and armed with more ample powers, commenced in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1481. Up to the latter period, the Inquisitors appointed by the Pope, acted in concurrence with the local Bishops. Neither could proceed to final judgment without the other. And in cases of disagreement, an appeal was made to the Roman See; or juris consults might be called in, to their deliberations. Their jurisdiction embraced the crimes of heresy, and the suspicion of heresy; sorcery and divination, and the invocation of demons, and was directed against blasphemy—against the aiders and abettors of heretics—against those, who opposed the free exercise of the Inquisition—against the governors of kingdoms, provinces, and cities, who disregarded their requisitions, to defend the church against heresy—against those, who refused to repeal existing ordinances and statutes, calculated to obstruct the operations of the holy office—against lawyers and notaries, who favor heretics, and those, who give christian burial to manifest heretics—against those, who refuse to swear in causes of faith—*against the dead*, accused of the crime of heresy—with power to confiscate their estates, cause their bones to be dug up, and burnt by the hangman, and to fix an indelible stigma of infamy on their memory—against heretical books, and their authors—against Jews and Moors, who pervert the good Catholics. None were exempt, except the Pope, his legate, nuncios and familiars. The modes of proceeding were different from that established afterwards, in what is termed the modern Inquisition. There was, as yet, no peculiar officer to draw up the accusation, called the *fiscal;* the accused might appeal to the Pope, and vast wealth was acquired by the Roman See, in consequence of frequent appeals.

The names of the witnesses might be made known to the accused at the discretion of the Inquisitors. The court was ambulatory, and its arrival in a town was announced by public injunctions to every body, to come forward, as accusers and witnesses.

As the heresy of the Albigenses was the pretext for introducing the ancient Inquisition, the modern one grew out of the supposed necessity of equal severity against the apostacy of christianized Jews in Spain. The Jews were, without doubt, the richest subjects at that time; and had enjoyed great influence at the courts, both of Castile and Arragon. The Christians were less industrious, and deeply indebted to them; and such was the popular odium, that, in 1391, more than an hundred thousand Jews fell victims to the fury of the populace. To escape from assassination, many were baptised, and were designated as *new Christians.* It is supposed, that a million of Jews were thus forced into the church. Many repented, and secretly returned to the religion of their ancestors. They were detected, and the number of cases, which occurred, afforded Ferdinand V. an opportunity of confiscating their estates by means of the Inquisition; and Pope Sixtus IV. that of extending the power of the church. The ambition of Sixtus, and the rapacity of Ferdinand thus introduced the modern Inquisition into Spain.

Isabella, whose consent was necessary for its introduction into her hereditary dominion of Castile, did not yield so easily. The natural suavity of her character induced her to adopt more mild methods of proceeding; but she was ultimately persuaded to yield her consent, as a matter of conscience, which was certainly her weak side. But even after the Bull of the Pope, authorizing the appointment of Inquisitors by the king and queen, had been received, she caused the enaction of it to be suspended; and procured a catechism to be written by the cardinal Mendoza, for the use of the new Christians; and recommended, that the Neophytes should be carefully instructed, in order to avoid the necessity of going to extremities. She instructed certain prelates and monks to observe, and report the effects of this truly christian measure; but, unfortunately, they were Dominicans, and interested in the establishment of the tribunal in its most tremendous form. Intrigue did the rest; and it was established in Castile, without the consent of the Cortes, and against the will of the people, which was so hostile, that the first attempt to proceed in the exercise of their functions was completely abortive. The christianized Jews fled for protection to the estates of the duke of Medina Sidonia, the marquis of Cadiz, the count of Arcos and other grandees. But they were dragged from their retreat, and, in 1481, the first acts of the regular Inquisition in Castile were directed against the unhappy fugitives. The slightest circumstance was considered, as sufficient evidence of apostacy, and of obstinate adherence to their primitive religion.

The use of a clean shirt and table cloth on Saturday, abstaining from work on that day, and having no fire in the house—cutting off the fat from the meat they were about to eat—killing their poultry by cutting off the head and covering up the blood with dirt—eating meat in Lent—fasting on the great fasts of the Jews—giving their children Hebrew names—washing the heads of their children after baptism—marrying with the Jewish ceremonies—and the practice, in the last agony, of turning the face to the wall in death—washing the corpse with warm water—these and a thousand other circumstances, equally insignificant and equivocal, were considered as sufficient proofs of apostacy, and caused the confiscation of estate and condemnation to the flames. It is asserted by the historian, Mariana, that during the first year, 1481, two thousand perished in the flames; as many more, who were either dead, or about to die, were burned in effigy, and their estates confiscated, and seventeen thousand condemned to penance, which consisted of confiscation, and generally perpetual imprisonment. Then was erected in Seville, the celebrated platform for the burning of heretics, with all the apparatus for these sanguinary, solemn judgments of faith, or *autos de fe*, when the sentence was publicly pronounced, and instantly executed. Four hollow statues, called the *Prophets*, were placed upon the platform, into which some of the wretched victims were put, and baked with slow fires; while others were consumed by fagots in the open view of the princes, grandees, Inquisitors and populace of Spain. The Pope himself, disgusted with the unmerciful severity of the first Inquisitors, took cognizance of various appeals on the part of some, who, having fled to Rome for protection, were burnt in effigy in their absence. It was merely for the purpose of drawing money to the coffers of the holy See. As soon as the unhappy victim had exhausted all his means in vain solicitations at that haughty and inexorable court, he was left to his fate. Ferdinand, who wished for all the profits, as he suffered most of the odium of the transaction, complained of the interference of his holiness; and ultimately, Manrique, archbishop of Seville, was appointed Supreme Judge of appeals in Spain. ?

It was about this time, that Thomas de Torquernada became Inquisitor general, and the organic laws of the tribunal received their last perfection. This monster in human form remained for eighteen years in the uncontrolled exercise of his functions. The rules of proceeding were devised by him, and so framed, that it seems impossible for any innocence, however pure, to escape. Rules were drawn up in the form of instructions by order of Torquernada, to be adopted in general meeting of the Inquisitors, and were promulgated, in 1484. Already, branches were established in almost every province of the Monarchy; and all the high and important concerns were settled in the last resort by the Supreme Council of the Inquisition, of which the Inquisitor general was president. The instructions, of which we can not give more than an imperfect abstract, prescribed the mode of publishing in each town the establishment of the inquisition. Edicts were proclaimed in every church against apostates, who, within a term of grace, should not come forward and denounce themselves to the tribunal, and forewarning them to do so within thirty days, if they wished to save their property from confiscation. Those, who came forward voluntarily, were obliged to submit to interrogations, and to accuse accomplices. If reconciled to the church, it was only under the most degrading penance, such as being deprived of offices, honors, the use of gold, silver, plate, pearls, silk and fine wool, and being marked with infamy. The Pope alone could remove the interdict, and the recourse to Rome for that purpose impoverished Spain, while it enriched the church. After the day of grace, no submission, no penance, no humility could save from confiscation and ruin. If the Inquisitors *think*, that the conversion of the penitent is dissembled, he is condemned at once to be delivered over to the temporal power, and to perish in the flames. If the accused deny the charge, and the evidence amount only to half proof, it may be completed by recurring to torture. If he confesses under torture, and ratifies his confession afterwards, he is punished as a convict. If he does not ratify, what he has confessed, he may be again put to the torture. It was not permitted by subsequent regulations, to apply torture more than once. But these ingenious villains evaded this, considering the interval between the first and second application, as only a *suspension* of the torture. The accused was entitled only to an imperfect sketch of the testimony against him. The names of the witnesses, and every circumstance of time and place were carefully omitted, and concealed. He was asked, whom he suspected as accusers. If he conjectured wrong, they furnished additional witnesses—if right, it was considered as strong confirmation of his guilt. The most grasping avarice, and the most merciless fanaticism must have concurred in drawing up this code of iniquity, every line of which was devised, to entrap, and destroy its helpless victims. Immersed in the secret prisons of the Inquisition, the names of the accusers unknown, without the aid of counsel, without even the consolation of being visited by friends—what can be imagined more overwhelming! 'Whether we analyze' says our author, 'the different articles of this Inquisitorial constitution, or whether we consider it in mass, we shall come to the conclusion, that the favorable, or unfavorable termination of every prosecution depended on the manner of instituting it, and upon the personal opinion of the judges, who formed their impression of the accused being, or not being heretic, by inductions, or analogies drawn from some insulated facts, or words, often expressed in exaggerated terms. Prejudiced as the judges were against the unhappy prisoners, what favorable result could be expected?'

It is not extraordinary that such an institution should have been viewed with horror, and openly resisted. The Arragonese ever jealous of their privileges, and who boldly announced to their monarchs at their coronation their entire dependence on the people, and whose *Justicia* was superior to kings, and had a veto on their will, when that will was adverse to the immemorial *fueros* of Arragon, broke out into open rebellion, and Pedro de Arbues, one of the Inquisitors, was assassinated by some of the first nobility of the kingdom. This mutiny, as it is called, was the more violent, in as much as many of the first grandees of the kingdom were descendants of Jews. Saragoza exhibited, on this occasion and many subsequent ones, particularly in the protection of Antonio Perez, the persecuted minister of Philip II. that heroic spirit, which has in more modern times distinguished its inhabitants. The resistance was general in all the dependencies of Arragon; but it was vain; and these partial obstructions, when swept away, only served to increase the force of the torrent. Many of the conspirators suffered. One, however, of vast wealth, and a noble name, Don Alonzo de la Caballina, was protected by the Pope; and although the avowed instigator of the assassination of Arbues, escaped unpunished.

The rich harvest of Jewish confiscation was not yet terminated. Those Jews, who had not been baptised, were by the influence of Torquernada, banished from Spain. They offered Ferdinand thirty thousand ducats towards the expense of the war against Grenada, for permission to remain, agreeing to submit to the law, to live in separate quarters, and always to retire at dusk. The king was disposed to close the bargain; but Torquernada opposed it, and represented it, as a second bargain of Judas, with the only difference of a higher price. Fanaticism triumphed over avarice. The Jews were allowed only four months to dispose of their property, and to leave the peninsula, under pain of confiscation and death. It is estimated, that eight hundred thousand Jews were thus driven from Spain.

Under the administration of Torquernada, no dignity, no purity of life, or faith could protect the most remote decendants of Jewish parents. Several persecutions are enumerated by Llorente against the dead, who had, during their lifetime, enjoyed high honors in State and Church, and whose heirs were in situations equally honorable. The Bishop of Calahama, Don Pedro Aranda, had by procuring the intervention of Pope Alexander VI. of infamous memory, saved the memory of his father from infamy, and his estates from confiscation, when the Grand Inquisitor, defeated in his vengeance against the dead, turned his fatal engine against the son. Though he enjoyed the highest favor with the Pope, had been appointed major-domo of the Pontifical palace, and papal ambassador to Venice, a prosecution for *suspicion* of heresy was instituted against him. He was condemned on the slightest suspicion to be degraded, and deprived of all his dignities and benefices, and be shut up in the Castle of San Angelo, where he died —and his holiness shared the spoils. No court of ordinary jurisdiction dared to interfere for the protection of the subject against the Inquisition, which seemed to have absorbed all the power of the State. Torquernada, after eighteen years of merciless persecution, was suffered by Providence to die in his bed. His character cannot be drawn by us—we content ourselves with giving in the terms of our author the number of his victims. 'Torquernada, therefore, during the eighteen years of his Inquisitorial ministry, condemned 10,220 victims, who perished in the flames—6860 burnt in effigy, who were either already dead or about to die, and 97,321 whom he punished with infamy, confiscation of property, perpetual imprisonment and inability to hold any public employment—and this was called *penance*—which three classes together form a grand total of 114,401 families ruined forever—without counting those, whose fate was equally calamitous in consequence of their consanguinity with the victims.' This calculation is made from official documents, and appears not exaggerated. It may not be amiss in this place to give his estimate of the whole number of sufferers, during the existence of the tribunal, up to its abolition in 1813. They amount, according to the calculation of our author, to 31,912 burnt in person—17,659 in effigy—291,450 visited with penance, as above described. It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the recent progress of free opinions in Spain, and particularly during the French Revolution, the whole administration of the Archbishop of Burgos, who was Inquisitor General from 1798 till 1808, was not stained by a single execution—a solitary one was burnt in effigy, and only twenty *publicly* sent to penance.

The Moors, after the conquest of Granada, furnished ample employment to the Inquisitors. They were ultimately expelled from Spain, and the converted Moors called Moriscos, who expected to escape persecution by taking refuge in the Christian Church, were not better treated than the unhappy Jews. The slightest circumstances justified the belief of apostacy, and served as a pretext for confiscation.

Torquernada, who had become so odious, that he was constantly attended by a strong guard to protect his person from assassination, and whose merciless conduct excited the disgust of even the monster Alexander VI, was succeeded by Don Diego Deza. The tribunal lost none of its terrors under his administration, nor that of his successor, the Cardinal Ximena de Cisueros. At the accession of Charles the V., the latter was Inquisitor General, and although, while in a subordinate situation, he had strongly advised a radical reform in the tribunal, his administration was equally cruel and sanguinary. The number of victims under the two last mentioned was not much diminished; and in the meantime, branches of the holy office had been established in Spanish America.

Under the administration of the Cardinal Adriano, and in the early days of the emperor Charles V., great and essential reforms were attempted. Charles came to Spain, inclined to suppress that tribunal, and determined at least so far to listen to the complaints of the Cortes both of Castile and Arragon, as to assimilate its proceedings to those of other courts, governed by the canon and civil laws. Selvagio, the chancellor of the emperor, was instrumental in bringing about those reforms—a pragmatic sanction was prepared, which, if carried into effect, would have disarmed the Inquision of all its terrors. It consisted of thirty articles.—Among other things, perpetual imprisonment, and confiscation of estates were abolished. But the death of Selvagio, before the promulgation of this law, gave full scope to the influence and intrigues of Adriano, the Inquisitor General, who perverted the mind of the emperor to such a degree, that he became the warm protector of the holy office. He had entered into a solemn concordat with the Cortes of Arragon and Catalonia by which, in substance, he had pledged himself, that the abuses complained of, and which the pragmatic sanction was intended to remedy, in Castile, should he equally remedied in their provinces. And the Pope confirmed this promise. But it was all evaded—and the Inquisition continued with unabated rigor. During the five years of the Cardinal Adriano, 24,025 persons were sentenced, out of which number, 1620 perished in the flames.

Among the remarkable prosecutions of that period, many of which are related by our author, is one, which illustrates in a very striking manner, the spirit of that tribunal. Blanquina, the widow of Gonsalo Luis, had lived to the age of eighty years, and always esteemed as a good Catholic. In her extreme old age, she was accused of having done things, while yet a girl, which rendered her obnoxious to the suspicion of heretical opinions. She was instantly immured in the secret dungeons of the Inquisition. The prosecution was protracted, until her relations applied to the Pope, at that time Leo X., and his holiness ordered the Inquisition to proceed to judgment without delay. His orders being disregarded, he took cognizance of the cause himself, committed it to the decision of the Bishop of Labelino and to Olfio de Procita, with orders to remove the unhappy old woman to convenient lodgings in a convent, to review the testimony in the case, to permit her to select an advocate for her defence, and to proceed to decide the cause, independently of the Inquisition. The Inquisitors learning what was going on, before they could be officially notified of the proceedings, pronounced sentence against her, as *liable to suspicion* of heresy, and procured from Charles V. a letter to his ambassador at Rome, ordering him to represent to his holiness, that he should approve the doings of the Inquisitors, as their sentence had been extremely mild in condemning Blanquina only to perpetual imprisonment, and confiscation of her property! To the honor of Leo X. it must be added, that he ultimately succeeded, in saving her from the worst part of the sentence, and it is probable, was well paid for his interference. Such was the game then played between the Inquisition and the papal See. The rich were seen to find protection at Rome, and even an assassin of one of the Inquisitors of Spain was pardoned, and absolved by Leo X.

The Moriscos, or Christianized Moors, were next the objects of persecution. The slightest adherence to any of the habits acquired in early life, before embracing the christian religion, such as not drinking wine, or eating pork, or bathing often—was considered as sufficient evidence of apostacy. Proclamations were issued, requiring all good catholics to come forward, as accusers, against any of that class, who may have been heard to speak well of the sect of Mahomet—of Christ as a prophet and not as God—or, who had performed any of the rites of the sect—as keeping a fast on Friday, or putting on clean shirts, or better clothes on that day, than any other—turning their faces to the east, while killing poultry or cattle—calling children by Moorish names, or shewing pleasure at their being called by such names—swearing by the oaths of the Koran—fasting the fast of *Ramadan*, giving alms, and not eating or drinking, till the first star appeared—marrying with Moorish ceremonies—keeping the five commandments of Mahomet—throwing green branches, honey and milk into the graves of their relatives, saying their ancestors were happy in having died Moors, and that the Moor is saved by his sect and the Jew by his law. Such an act was sufficient to catch all, whose property was worth confiscating. It is difficult to conceive that perverse obliquity of head and heart, which could have dictated such infernal proceedings.

The time had now arrived, under the administration of Don Alfonso Manrique, the 5th Grand Inquisitor, when the rapid spread of the doctrines of Martin Luther, called for all the vigilance and all the vengeance of the Inquisition. Already had his opinions been declared heretical; and as early, as 1490, the attention of the holy office had been directed towards the introduction of heretical books —and a large quantity of Hebrew Bibles had been consumed in the flames. The long list of prohibited books embraced works on every human science, and every branch of polite literature at the discretion of ignorant and bigoted monks. To have possessed, or read any prohibited books was sufficient cause of prosecution.— The Colloquia Maria and Paraphrasis of Erasmus were prohibited. 'What an unlucky fate is mine' said he, 'the Lutherans persecute me, as a Papist, and the Papists as a favorer of Luther!' The reading of the writings of Luther, was prohibited under pain of death. But those opinions gained ground, and particularly among the Franciscan monks. Many of the most distinguished men of that age were prosecuted with rigor. There were not wanting martyrs, particularly of the more tender sex, who endured every ingenious torture, with heroic firmness, and exulted even in the flames, in their adherence to the Protestant religion. Valdes, who at the age of seventy-six seemed a second Torquernada, was the worthy coadjutor of Philip II. in the sanguinary persecutions which marked his reign. We can not pass over without some notice, the celebrated Autos de Fe of Valladolid and Seville, at one of which the celebrated Don Carlos el *disgraciado*, the favorite hero of Schiller and Alfieri, presided, and Philip himself at the other. Many distinguished characters, of whom we will enumerate a few, suffered on those occasions. At the first the cannibal solemnity was opened by burning the corpse of a respectable lady, Donā Leonora de Vibero, who had died as a Catholic, and had been buried in her own chapel in Valladolid; but whose memory was now doomed to infamy, as a suspected Lutheran; her estates confiscated, her house ordered to be torn down, and replaced by a monument to commemorate the dreadful event. This monument was destroyed, in 1809, by order of one of the French Generals. Her son, Doctor Augustin Cazalla who had been the preacher of Charles V. in Germany, against the Lutheran sect, Francisco de Cazalla his brother, and Donā Beatrice Cazalla their sister, were burnt alive at the same time. Out of fourteen, who were burnt at that auto de fe, five were females. Whole families were exterminated, and their fortunes swallowed up in that insatiable vortex. Donā Juana Borhorques was the wife of Don Francisco Vargas—and the sister of Donā Maria, who had been burnt the year before. Her sister confessed under the torture, that she had spoken to Donā Juana, of her peculiar religious opinions, and that the latter had *not opposed* them. Without other proof, and although far advanced in pregnancy, this unhappy woman was sent to the secret prisons of the Inquisition, where she gave birth to an infant, which was, however, taken from her eight days after, and she was left with no consolation or assistance, except from a fellow prisoner, a kind hearted girl, who was afterwards burnt—and who attended her in her distressed situation. She soon had an opportunity to repay the kindness, she had received. Her young companion was taken out to be tortured, and brought back with lacerated, and disjointed arms and legs; and Donā Juana took her turn as nurse. Would to God the sequel of this story had never been told! It should have been buried under the ruins of that infernal machine! Hardly recovered from her own confinement, this unhappy lady was herself put to the torture. She persisted in her denial. The cords were drawn till they cut to the bone, and the blood was forced from her mouth,—

She was taken back to her cell, and expired. Her solemn acquittal afterwards, was the only satisfaction made to her memory, and the insulted laws of God and man.

It is not extraordinary, that a tribunal composed of such materials, and founded on such principles, should seek to extend its own jurisdiction, to embrace other crimes, real or imaginary, and to operate on other persons, who may have rendered themselves obnoxious. Viceroys were compelled to humble themselves; judges and chancellors of the ordinary tribunals to yield in every interference of jurisdiction. Kings, Emperors and Popes themselves were subjected to their uncontrolled power; and our author details the enquiries, which were made by the Inquisition into the religious opinions of Charles the V. and even his son Philip II. It arrogated to itself the right to punish for bigamy, as well as blasphemy, and other crimes that should be nameless; and many cases are detailed by our author of that description. In short, during the reign of Charles and Philip, it became the most formidable instrument of oppression and extortion; and under the favor of those monarchs absorbed all judicial powers.

On the accession of Philip III. the Cortes of the kingdom demanded a reform in the modes of proceeding in that tribunal; and that its jurisdiction should be strictly confined to matters of heretical opinions, in religious matters. The monarch promised to do *what was right*, always the subterfuge of tyrants; but having received the education, rather of a Dominican monk than that of a prince, destined to so great an inheritance as Spain and the Indies, he maintained all the former powers of the court, and insolence of the Inquisitors. His reign was signalized by the most abominable injustice, that of expelling from the Peninsula all the *Moriscos* under the pretext, that it was necessary for the purity of religion and the tranquillity of the kingdom. Spain lost, on that occasion, a million of inhabitants, the most industrious and useful in the kingdom. The depopulation and impoverishment of Spain, may in fact be charged in a great measure, to that tribunal and the fatal consequences of its fanaticism. Such was the fate of the descendants of the Moors, who had conquered, and civilized Spain.

Philip IV., who succeeded in 1621, and who reigned forty-four years, far from listening to the complaints of the more enlightened of his subjects, extended still farther the power and jurisdiction of the Inquisition, to which he gave cognizance of the contraband trade in exporting copper money from Spain. Many remarkable prosecutions took place, during this reign. Don Rodrigo Calderon, who had been the favorite of Philip III. was accused among other offences, of having used charms and incantations to secure the favor of the king. His cause never was decided by the Inquisition, as he was in the mean time executed, by sentence of the ordinary tribunals of the kingdom. The Count Duke Olivares, who figures in Gil Blas, and who was for many years the favorite of Philip IV. and was disgraced in 1643, met with the usual fate of the favorites of absolute princes, according to the Spanish maxim *altoro muerto gran lanzada.* He was accused of enormous crimes, of believing in judicial astrology, of being an enemy of the church, and of attempting to poison the Pope. The holy office took cognizance of the matter, but the fallen minister died, before witnesses could be procured from Italy.

Charles II. of Spain, succeeded in his infancy under the agency of Maria Anna of Austria, his mother. On his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, such was the state of feeling among the Inquisitors, that a solemn *auto de fe* was got up as a part of the rejoicings and festivities to greet the young queen, on her arrival in the kingdom. During this reign an attempt was made, to reduce this celebrated tribunal to such a form, and render it so entirely subordinate, as to disarm it of all its horrors. A council was formed, called the *Junta magna* composed of two councillors of State, two of Castile, two of Arragon, two of Italy, two of the Indies, two of Ardenes, and a secretary of the king. In the order for their convocation the king observed, that frequent difficulties had occurred in points of jurisdiction between the Inquisitors and the ordinary judges; that great injury resulted in the administration of justice. They met in 1696; and their report to the king is in terms at once bold and decided, and honorable to its authors; and we regret, that we have not room to insert it at length, as a proof of the abhorrence of that institution, which existed in Spain among the most enlightened men of the times. They represent, that in all times the Inquisition had so obstinately persisted in extending its jurisdiction, that scarcely a shadow of power remained to the ordinary tribunals of the kingdom, that no class of transactions, however foreign from the original attributes of that court, had escaped their cognizance, under some feeble pretext or other. No vassal, however independent, but was treated as their immediate subject, and liable to their censures, fines and imprisonments; and what is worse, their mark of infamy. Every offence or insult, however casual or unintentional, against any of their minions, was punished with the utmost rigor, as a crime against religion—that, not content with exempting their servants and dependents from every species of taxation, they claim, that their very dwellings should afford a safe asylum to those, who escape from justice—that in their style of proceedings, they habitually throw contempt on the ordinary courts of justice—that their usurpation and abuse of power had produced despair among the subjects, disunion among the ministry, the humiliation of justice, and great annoyance to the royal power—that the power, which had been conferred on them by royal grants, they now affect to consider as of divine origin, and independent of the secular power. The *Junta* proceed to say, that they would feel disposed to recommend at once, the total abolition of the Inquisition; but, considering that it would be more pleasing to his majesty, they content themselves with recommending those reforms, which would reduce that tribunal to a level with others, acting under the authority of the laws, by defining its jurisdiction, limiting the privileges of its officers and subalterns, and confining them altogether to the punishment of offences strictly against the faith. All these efforts were fruitless, and no reform resulted from the labors of this enlightened body.

Such was the state of things, when the dynasty of Bourbon succeeded, in 1700. Philip V. the first prince of that time, though he refused to be present at the *auto de fe*, which was designed, as a compliment to the new sovereign, and a part of the ceremony of his reception into Spain, followed the advice of his grandfather, Louis XIV. and fostered the Inquisition, as the most efficient instrument of arbitrary power. During a reign of forty-six years, 1,564were burnt in person; 782 in effigy, and 11,730 *penetenciados*. It does not appear, that the system was changed by the influence of the Bourbon Princes, although it is certain, that the number of victims diminished gradually from the operation of other causes. The persecutions of their reign were principally directed against apostate Jews. The insolence of the Inquisitor general, Mendoza reached such a point, that he arrested three councillors, who had resisted his pretensions, as members of the supreme council of Inquisition. The king reinstated them, and banished Mendoza. He applied to the Pope, who complained to the king of his treatment of the delegate of his holiness. The king persisted, and the Inquisitor general was forced to resign his employment, and retire to Lesovia. It is probable, that Mendoza fared the worse for being a warm partizan of the house of Austria;—for at one time he had prepared a decree for the total suppression of that tribunal; but was diverted from his purpose by the intrigues of the queen, Daubenton and Alberoni, who reminded him of the maxim of his grandfather. The works of Barclay and of Talon, who had defended the rights of the throne against the abuse of the papal powers, were prohibited at the same time. The civil history of Spain, written by Belando, and dedicated to the king himself, was prohibited, and when the author complained of his treatment, he was imprisoned in the secret prisons of the Inquisition, and forever inhibited from writing. It will be imagined, that literature was at a low ebb in Spain at this time. Yet the academies of history and of the Spanish language were instituted at Madrid, during this reign; and a taste for the literature of France began to be felt. The silent operation of public opinion was undermining the foundations of that dangerous *imperium in imperio*. The Inquisitors themselves began to be ashamed of the outrageous usurpations and cruelties of their predecessors. True and more liberal opinions were gradually disarming the Inquisition of its terrors, and preparing the way, at a subsequent period, for its abolition. The establishment of the periodical press, the publication particularly of the *Diario de los Literatos* contributed to disseminate more sound and liberal opinions in matters of religion, as well as of literature. The reign of Ferdinand the VI. was distinguished by a concordat with the Pope, which secured to the crown the right of appointing to vacant benefices, and thereby destroyed the most dangerous power of the Pope. The number of prosecutions diminished greatly, and an *auto de fe* became rare. Jansenism and freemasonry were the great objects of persecution in the reign of Ferdinand VI.—The Jesuits ruled the ascendant, and all books were condemned, which contained opinions contrary to their doctrines. We will not pause here to give any details of prosecutions against freemasons.

'Charles III,' says our author, 'commenced to reign, on the death of his brother, Ferdinand VI. on the 10th of August, 1759, and continued till the 17th of November, 1788. During these twenty-nine years, Don Manuel Quintario Boniface, archbishop of Pharsalia, Don Philip Bertram, bishop of Salamanca, and Don Augustine Rubin de Cevallos, bishop of Jouen, were successively Inquisitors general; all three distinguished for their humane, compassionate and benevolent hearts. That circumstance contributed very much to the diminution of public *autos de fe;* so much so, that if we compare the reign of Charles III. with that of his father, Philip V. it would seem, that whole centuries had intervened. The progress of light and learning was most rapid at this period, and the provincial Inquisitors themselves, without any change in the laws of the holy office, adopted certain principles of moderation, unknown during the domination of the Austrian dynasty.'

Charles the IV. ascended the throne in 1788, and the seeds which had been sown in the preceding reigns, now began to produce the happiest fruits. Spain promised to rival her neighbors in the elegance of her literature, and the liberality of her institutions. The colleges of Castile were reformed, the Jesuits expelled, and the road to distinction, both in church and state, thrown open to all aspirants, without regard to the particular college or school, where they had received their instruction, as formerly. Spain owes that reform to the efforts of the marquis de Roda, at that time secretary of state. 'Immediately,' says our author, 'the *ultramontane* maxims began to pour in upon the peninsula, and there are few at this day, who embrace them, in comparison with those at that time.'

The French Revolution broke out early, in this reign; and the innumerable tracts on the subject of the rights of the people, the rights of man and of nations, were read with avidity by the Spaniards, and excited the alarm of the king and his ministers. They scented the contagion in every breeze from the Pyrennees; and as a mean of preventing its spread, strict orders were given to the Inquisition to prohibit every French pamphlet and book on the subject of the Revolution—and the universities, colleges and academies were forbidden to teach the elementary principles of the law of nature and nations. More effectual means could not have been devised for the extensive dissemination of sound doctrines on questions of religion and government. The students of Salamanca and Valladolid were persecuted for their eager curiosity on such subjects; and many distinguished literati were equally persecuted.—Don Mariano Louis de Urquijo, who was afterwards first secretary of state, had acquired in his youth a taste for French literature, and translated into Spanish the death of Cæsar by Voltaire, with a preliminary discourse on the origin of the Spanish Theatre, and its influence on manners and morals. This work was denounced, and the author, on the point of being imprisoned by the Inquisition, was by the recommendation of the count de Aranda appointed by the king under secretary in the department of state. His prosecution continued—and when the translation and essay were finally condemned, the name of the author was not announced. He continued in his employment and contributed essentially, by the liberality of his principles and views to discredit the Inquisition, which was now visibly on the decline. He was afterwards secretary of state, during the short reign of Joseph Bonaparte, and died in Paris in 1817.

The author of the work before us, contributed largely to the work of abolition, which took place, in 1813, by a decree of the general Cortes of Spain. Having been employed by Joseph, to destroy many of the records of the tribunal, he obtained the materials which at that time enabled him to publish the "Annals of the Inquisition"—and an essay on the question, whether that Inquisition had ever met the approbation of the Spanish people? The struggle was long and animated; but the abolition was finally decreed. It was, however, reinstated on the restoration of Ferdinand the VII. at the general pacification of Europe. Our author brings his account of it down to that period, at which time it was in operation, with very limited power. It was afterwards, we believe, again abolished; and notwithstanding every effort to reinstate it, no longer exists in Spain.

This critical history of the Inquisition is filled with interesting details—with anecdotes sometimes amusing and sometimes harrowing to the soul. There breathes through it a genuine spirit of christian charity and benevolence. Although the author grew gray in the service of that court, it was at a period, when its principles were greatly changed; and by the publication of this work, and that which preceded it on the same subject, by which he has boldly and candidly exposed to view all its abuses and abominations, he has made ample amends to humanity for having been, even when on the decline, one of its ministers and tools. It will scarcely be credited by posterity, that such an Inquisition survived for three hundred years the great reformation in Europe—and that it ceased to exist at the commencement of the 19th century. It will be seen, that it contributed more than any other cause to retard Spain in the advance of improvement and intelligence, to depopulate her fair provinces, to break down the pride of her grandees, and the independence of her mountaineers—to condemn to sterility the most delightful part of Europe, and to impoverish a nation, whose resources appeared inexhaustible. If all the genius, it has smothered, had been permitted to burst forth, if all its virtues had been suffered quietly to exist and multiply themselves, if the Moriscos, it banished, had remained to cultivate the vine and the olive, and the Jews to prosecute their industry in commerce and the arts, Spain might have been at this day, one of the most enlightened, best cultivated and richest nations in the world,—independently of the vast resources, which she used to derive from her American possessions.

A Treatise of Pathology and Therapeutics. By John Esten Cooke, M. D. Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, in Transylvania University. 2 Vols. 8 vo. pp. 1086. Lexington, Ky.

The mechanical execution of a book is of itself a small matter, when weighed in the scales of criticism. But as an index of the state of taste and improvement in a young country, it is highly gratifying to us, in every point of view, to see so large a work in all respects so handsomely printed. Very few books have recently been published in our country, that would rise in the comparison.

In a sensible preface, the author presents us with a view of the reasonings, upon which the doctrines of the work are based. He avows himself an earnest disciple of the true philosophy, which predicates its reasonings and inferences upon fact and observation, rather than theory and hypothesis.

The first chapter, after specifying the mode, in which the subject will be investigated, proceeds to consider the theories of Hippocrates, Stahl, Hoffman, Boerhave, Cullen, Brown, Rush and Darwin. All were more or less given to preconceived systems and hypotheses. Some of these theories evince genius and acuteness, which are always able to give their systems an aspect of plausibility.

The author's views of the doctrines *of sympathy*, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ* manifest, in the commencement of his researches, the ingenious views of a thinking and philosophic mind. Instead of adopting the erroneous notion of considering them *powers*, acting almost with intelligence, he views them as a part of the original constitution of the organic laws of our nature, effects regularly resulting from their proper cause, rather than an unknown intelligence of the system, acting with a view to throw off the pressure of its evils. We ought to observe that these views more particularly apply to the *vis medicatrix naturæ.* The discussion of the doctrine of *sympathy* is more at length, and presents a new and plausible exposition of that subject.

The second chapter investigates the origin of those diseases, 'that flesh is heir to;' and after all, we deem, that the author has his theory with the rest. The leading point of that theory seems to us to be, that the heart is the chief moving organ of life, the main spring, the origin of motion in the mysteriously constructed machine of the human frame. Its energy and action are the graduated scale of health and disease, and the graduations of this scale are noted by the intelligent physician by the *pulse*, the *temperature* of the *extremities*, and the *color* of the skin, particularly as manifested in the countenance. The two former views, we suppose, are common and of ancient acceptation; but as far as our medical reading extends, this work has a cast of originality, in drawing its indications of disease from the color of the countenance, and in its mode of explaining the cause of that color. We see in the long line of medical authors, who have preceded him in this sort of inquiry, such notes of disease, as an *adust countenance*, an *atrabilious countenance*, and other synonymous modes of expression. But to us these views of *adust* and *atrabilious* complexion, and tinge of the skin, as arising from a specific cause, and a particular state of the system, are new and striking. A thousand remembered facts in our range of observation, which we did not note at the time with any view to any system, or with the key of explication before us, concur to fortify the positions of the author, and to impress us, that he has viewed the subject deeply, and that the causes and effects are related to each other, as he supposes. Whoever has been familiar with the worst forms of disease in the western country, can not but have remarked, that the evacuation of bile of a pitchy color and consistency, forms one of the most marked types of those diseases. Copious discharges of this sort by cathartics seem to be, for the most part, a favorable symptom, and generally result in a mitigation of the disease. We have remarked, that in the progress of this evacuation, the adust and atrabilious cast of complexion, clears away in corresponding degrees.

The great doctrine of the book is, that whatever weakens the action of the heart, tends directly, or remotely, to produce disease. Among the remote causes in weakening this action, he enumerates *fasting*, *fatigue*, *external violence*, *depressing passions*, *want of sleep*, *ex-*

cessive use of stimulants, strong tea and coffee, intense mental application, and finally, cold. Cold operates directly in reducing the action of the heart. Witness the numerous cases of sudden death from drinking cold water. The author evinces acuteness and ingenuity in detecting the errors of Currie and Rush, touching the influence of the application of cold to the system, and its mode of operation. The effects of cold, as applied in the affusion of cold water, cold bathing, and drinking cold water, when heated, as exemplified in the cases cited by Dr. Currie, by Quintus Curtius, in the bathing of Alexander in the Cydnus, &c. are all explained on the principles of the author, that the application of cold to the stomach, or the system generally, reduces the action of the heart. The general conclusion is, that cold is one of the main, remote, predisposing causes of fever.

These remote causes, he traces to two chief agents, of which the one is cold, and the other miasma. The sultry months, over the greater portion of the globe, are the season of the greatest mortality. When the autumnal epidemics prevail in their greatest severity, the weather ordinarily, is sultry and damp. Frosts and cool northern winds, almost invariably arrest their violence to a certain degree. Yet mere atmospheric heat is not alone, as is supposed, sufficient to create disease. The people of the cool and temperate climates labor under a general mistake in this regard. In Senegal the healthiest part of the year is the hottest. The parched Arabian deserts are proverbially healthy. Barbadoes is comparatively healthy, while Jamaica and Hayti, five degrees further north, are among the sickliest countries. The comparison might be extended much farther. The tropical climates in general are healthy, during the hot and dry months; and become sickly at the commencement of the cool and rainy season. In these climates, *rainy* and *sickly*, are almost convertible terms. Atmospheric heat alone, therefore, is not the cause of disease.

Neither, he continues, are heat and moisture combined. Although, in the hot climates, disease generally succeeds this combination, yet he enumerates a sufficient number of cases in proof, that moist and sultry weather, is sometimes healthy, and that the prevalence of humidity sometimes even conduces to health.

There must be still another element, then, which, combined with heat and moisture, is the unfailing cause of disease. This is miasma, which is generally most abundant in low, marshy and moist situations. Heat, moisture, fermentation, vegetable matter, extrication of miasma and disease, are connected links of a chain. Exhalations from putrifying animal matter, drinking unwholesome water, evaporation from stiff and clayey lands, an atmosphere humid from subterranean water, the influence of excess of humidity, or dryness, and a state of the air too much rarefied, have been considered in their turn, as causes of disease. In presenting these views, a history of the effect of the combined influence of these elements is given, as they operated in different countries. The history is drawn up in the form of verses, or short numbered paragraphs. It strikes us as a kind of general condensed account of climate, in relation to autumnal epidemics. A wide range of medical reading must have been explored, to collect such a copious series of annals. The facts are selected with judgment, detailed with brevity, and little as the history of human suffering may be supposed capable of it, they are read with untiring interest.

It strikes us, as being a singularly useful compend of this sort of information. It presents a general view of the combined effect of climate, moisture, heat and miasma, upon health, over all the globe. Were these annals less interesting in themselves, they relate to the most important temporal concern of man on the earth. We wish that medical books were more occupied with this kind of information. No knowledge can be more important to all classes, physicians or not, especially to the people of the western country, where health, as we think, more than in any other, depends upon the choice of position, than that the greatest amount of this kind of information, that can be spread before them, should be collected. It will enable those, who have not yet selected their place of residence, to be guided in their choice; and it will enlighten those, whose lot is already cast, to avail themselves of all the palliatives, precautions and meliorations, that this extended experience will put in their power.

From this great mass of the history of climate, and disease resulting from it, we shall be able to glance at only a few prominent facts, as we pass. In proof, that the laying bare of fermenting surfaces of soil, generates disease, he mentions, that draining a mill-pond in Boston, in 1798, produced disease, which was arrested by returning the water upon the ground. Cayenne, so noted for its sickliness, is most healthy when its morasses are overflowed. In the autumnal epidemic of Philadelphia, in 1795, rains arrested the fever. Various similar facts are adduced in proof, that rainy weather, in the hot seasons and climates, is sometimes the most healthy. A series of cases is afterwards brought forward to prove, that it is marshy surfaces exposed to a hot sun, and partial moisture, that generate autumnal fevers; and the inference is irresistible, that in these cases a dense gas, produced in marshy places, is the origin of these epidemics.

In the progress of these important statements, it appears, that the author differs from those, who have viewed these terrible scourges of sultry climates and autumnal weather, as resulting rather from animal, than vegetable exhalations. The extrication of vegetable miasma is so much more common and universal in its operation, than the other, as that no comparison can exist between the annoyance to health from vegetable and animal miasma. He does not incline to the opinion, that bad drinking water has been proved to be the efficient cause of autumnal epidemics. In regard to the opinion, that water near the surface, as in Holland, may be the occasion of epidemics, he adduces facts to prove, that in that country, the most healthy summers have been those, in which the weather was rainy, and of course, the water nearest the surface. Excessive humidity and dryness are also proved not to be the cause of autumnal epidemics. He disposes, with very little ceremony, of the presumption, that sickly seasons may have been caused by comets. It was new to us, that so absurd an idea had ever been admitted by any one for a moment. The author's reasoning, from these various facts, is, that by the first rule of philosophizing, as no more causes of things are to be admitted, than are necessary to explain the phenomena, and as heat, moisture, and marsh miasma, are sufficient to account for all the classes of epidemics, as these causes have produced these results, and as in the nature of things they must produce them, and as there is no certain evidence, that other causes have produced them, therefore, it is laid down as a position, that the epidemics of hot countries are produced by the same cause, the dense gas arising from putrifying vegetable matter.

The proofs of this general fact, as applied to the United States, the West Indies and South America, are developed in the fourth chapter. The most ample record of the places, where the autumnal epidemics have prevailed, is drawn from the history of these diseases in the northern, middle and southern states. The prevalence of yellow fever at different times and places, as at Natchez, New Orleans and Mobile, is accounted for on these principles. The same cause is traced in the same effects in the West Indies, Surinam, and in the low lands of Mexico.

In the fifth chapter, the same range of facts and reasonings is followed, in travelling over the eastern continent, in contemplating the Delta of the Ganges, in Bengal generally, in Arracan, Pegu, Bencoolen, Podang, Batavia, Gambroon, and many of the Persian cities, at Mossoul on the Tigris, in the wide alluvion of the Nile, at Senegal and various points in Africa; in short, wherever there is heat, moisture, and abundant putrifying vegetation, the same causes will result in the same effects.

We should be glad to give a condensed view of the manner, in which the author meets objections to this general position, as they are stated by Dr. Ferguson. The brevity of our plan forbids.— We shall only remark, that, from a comprehensive view of the objections themselves, he arrives at new proofs of the truth of the position in question.

The seventh chapter treats of the nature of this gas, and its effects upon the human system. From a series of considerations, the author concludes, that the basis of it is *carbonic acid gas*. A striking fact in confirmation is, that Dalzell says, he checked a bilious epidemic, by spreading quantities of lime over the marsh, where the epidemic was produced. Carbonic acid gas, it is known, is readily absorbed by lime. It unites readily also with water; and it is a fact, that in the prevalence of epidemics, those, who live on water, separated by narrow limits only from the place, where the epedemic prevails, escape it. Families in Philadelphia avoided the epidemic in 1793, by living in vessels on the river. A connected view of proofs is laid down to demonstrate, that this gas is *dense*, that it uniformly produces the same results, and that it is *carbonic acid gas*.

The effect of this gas, received in the system, is to render the blood brown, and finally black. It does not stimulate the heart, as florid blood does. Weakened action of the heart results, as a consequence.

The eighth chapter gives a view of the origin of winter epidemics. Miasma remains, as a seminal principle of disease, after the hot season has passed away. In many instances, perhaps, the person barely escaped the disease, from the operation of causes put in action by heat. Exposure to cold gives a new form to the operation of this remote cause of disease. The winter epidemics, therefore, are the result of the combined operation of miasma with cold. By resorting to his customary mode of reasoning from facts, and by taking a general view of the prevalence of winter epidemics in different places, he proceeds to establish this position.

The ninth chapter contemplates the identity of the autumnal epidemics. They differ greatly in their forms, periods, violence and the recurrence of their hot and cold stages. But they are all, he considers, referable to the same cause. The yellow fever prevails in the same countries and situations, in which in cooler regions intermittents and remittents would appear. The same reasoning, applies to cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery and tertian fever. It appears then, according to the author, that weakened action of the heart, is the effect directly, or indirectly, of the remote causes of fever. The identity of all the forms of autumnal fever is inferred from the identity of the remote causes. The same cause, operating on beings constituted alike, produces effects over the whole world of nearly the same nature. The differences are in grade only, and are to be attributed to difference in the force of the cause.

The tenth chapter takes a view of contagion, as a supposed remote cause of fever. Contagion is either fixed, or volatile. A few disorders, as for example, small pox, are communicated by volatile contagion. It has been a question, agitated not only with earnestness, but bitterness, has the yellow fever ever been communicated by this kind of contagion? The yellow fever may be had a number of times, which, it is believed, as a general law, is not the case with the disorders communicated by volatile and specific contagion. The yellow fever will spread over a whole city in a tenth part of the time, that would be required to diffuse the small pox to the same extent. On the conclusion of a variety of similar reasoning the author lays it down as proved, that yellow fever does not possess the attributes of a disorder possessed of specific contagion.

The plague has been generally supposed the most contagious of all disorders. The author, however, considers it destitute of the characteristics of a contagious disease. It may, and often does effect the same person twice. There are innumerable instances of persons who have attended the sick, dying and the dead, who lance the buboes, or pestilential tumors, and who yet escape the infection. In all places, where it has prevailed, at periodical intervals it wholly disappears. If it were communicated by specific and volatile contagion, it could never cease in a city, until it had been communicated to all the individuals in it. It could not appear in a city, without completely desolating it. Yet, when it prevailed to great extent, and in extreme mortality in Aleppo, not a twentieth part of the people had it. This history of the prevalence of the plague is one of great interest, and shows a wide, patient and laborious range of investigation upon the subject. The ultimate conclusion is, that plague is not communicated by volatile contagion.

Typhus fever has, also, been supposed contagious. By adopting the same manner as that, in which he traced the history of the plague, he arrives at similar convictions, touching the non contagious character of typhus fever.

The eleventh chapter treats of the origin of the plague. A peculiar state of the air is necessary to its prevalence. When this ceases to exist, the plague ceases to spread. The author examines the countries and their circumstances, where plague has spread most fatally. He finds, that they are places where miasma must have greatly abounded in hot weather. The towns in Europe, where the plague prevailed in former days, were inconceivably crowded, filthy and wretchedly built. Since more civilization, better modes of building and a stricter police have been adopted, the plague has generally disappeared. A very striking account of the alluvion of the Nile is given. This, it is well known, is the prolific and almost the continual home of the plague. A most powerful and impressive history of that terrible disease follows, and the conclusion from all the circumstances of its prevalence, and the times and places in which it has prevailed, is, that the plague is a disease, which has its origin in miasma.

The same course of investigation is pursued in the twelfth chapter in relation to the typhus fever. The author goes into the history of this prevalent disease of England and the United States. Many of these notices of the prevalence of this disorder in different places are impressive and forcible. The conclusion is, that typhus fever is, also, a disorder produced by miasma. The thirteenth chapter is brief, and does little more, than declare the identity, in character and cause, of autumnal remittents, typhus fever and plague, and concludes, that all have the same origin, and that the different grades depend on the different powers and modifications of the causes.

The fourteenth chapter affirms the unity of fever, and that amidst all the names of distinction affixed by the vulgar, and even by physicians, there exists but one kind of fever. In the fifteenth chapter, in going into the history of epidemic fevers in general, he investigates the common supposition, that they arise from a general epidemic constitution of the atmosphere. The result of the discussion of this opinion, is, that it is an unfounded one. No one state of the atmosphere is an epidemical constitution in every country, nor even in every part of any country. The presence of miasma in it constitutes the only epidemic constitution of the atmosphere, sufficient to account for all the recorded results.

The sixteenth chapter contains general remarks on the origin of epidemics, and is chiefly occupied in proofs, that they do not originate, as a prevalent cause, in contagion. The reasoning, as elsewhere in this work, all purports to be based upon facts, observation and experience; and at the close, we should deem the author much more authorized in the use of a Q. E. D. than in most supposed demonstrations of the kind. In this chapter he meets and confutes the celebrated argument of Blane for contagion, from the communication of epidemic disease by two ships passing each other on the high seas, where there could be no prevalent miasma.

The seventeenth and last chapter in the first volume, treats of the remote predisposing causes of these diseases. He enumerates among them excessive venery, excessive evacuations, and abstraction of accustomed stimuli.

Thus we have given a brief summary of the chief opinions advanced, and doctrines supported in the first volume. It is an ample, and most interesting compendium of historical facts, touching the miasmatic origin of epidemic diseases. It is written in the way, in which, we conceive medical books ought to be written. The whole earth and all time are explored for facts. It is possible, nay, it is very probable, that many of the readers of this volume, will aver, that the author has his preconceived opinions, also, in regard to the invariable inferences, which he deduces from this great body of facts. But whatever conclusions may be drawn from them, none will question, that the facts themselves are in the highest degree important. They are given in a style, brief, simple, perspicuous and correct. We do not assume to decide, respecting the fulness of his demonstration of his favorite positions. But, we think, it will be granted, that a medical book containing such a condensed mass of historical annals, touching the locality and origin of disease, is a work of general interest. We hope, and trust, that the learned and industrious author will reap the first consummation of the wishes of a wise and good man, alleviation of the miseries of our nature, and the inferior, but still important remunerations of profit and fame.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Florula Lexingtoniensis. Fasciculus I. For February, March, and part of April.

This is *fasciculus*, No. 1. of a promised series. It is precisely the kind of botany, that pleases us. Most of the treatises, which appear on this subject have been too learned and technical for common readers; and of little use to any, but an initiated adept. The description of each subject in this work is comprised in two sections. The first is in botanical and technical language. The second is expressed in popular terms. The plants are described in the beautiful order of nature, which is that of their flowering. The language of the descriptions is pure, simple and classical; and this is exactly such a guide, as we wished to see, to the delightful study of botany, conducting us with ease, pleasantness and utility to our object. We earnestly recommend this little work to all, who have a taste for the pursuit, especially to ladies, for whose use it seems peculiarly adopted.

This *fasciculus* commences with swelling buds, and the first flowers of spring. The first subject of description is our umbrageous and glorious elm, which in this valley attains its highest developement. When winter is passing away, it is the first to exchange its lifeless aspect for the purple of its swelling flowers. The missletoe, so common on the shores of our river, clings to it in preference to any other tree. We have three common varieties, beside the slippery elm, which, the author says, is perishing from the cultivated country from the annoyance of the cattle.

The hazle, also, is destroyed from the more settled districts.—There are still extensive, and thick brakes of it on the barrens. The fruit is there in great abundance and perfection. The seventh subject described, is the *Hepatica Triloba*, or liverwort, which has recently acquired so much celebrity, as a supposed cure for consumption. The author deems it innocent, if no more. It blossoms early, and has purple flowers. It is not found near Lexington; but is occasionally seen on the rocky declivities of the hills of the Elkhorn and Kentucky rivers.

The twelfth subject is *Corydalis*, or larkspur, a plant of great delicacy and beauty, with white flowers. It sometimes blossoms in that climate by the 20th of March. Another variety has flowers of pale purple, or blueish white, and of a delightful hyacynthine odor.

The 21st subject is *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, blood root, or Puccoon. This is a plant both beautiful and common. The root, when wounded, emits a fluid resembling blood. It is powerfully medicinal.

The two last subjects described, are varieties of the *Ranunculus*. We hope, that they, who are in the spring time of life, and love to note the varying aspects of nature, at this season, when the flowers unfold, and the hills become green, and who climb them from the love of study and botany, will patronize this deserving effort to render the study easy and interesting.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST.

An Essay on the Culture of the Grape Vine, and the making of Wine; suited for the United States, and more particularly for the Southern States. By N. Herbemont, of Columbia, S. C.

This is an agricultural periodical, and it seems conducted with good sense, good taste, and in a manner peculiarly calculated to unite interest with utility. It appears, that at last, southern planters have been aroused to contemplate, as a science of experiment and observation, the important agriculture of their own great division of the country. It has too long been the case, that this view of the subject has been sneered at by those, who have deemed, that the only calculation requisite for a southern planter is, to ascertain the value of the crop and the amount of mechanical power, that can be raised upon the living fibre. Interest, humanity and philosophy alike concur in recommending a different order of things.—What prodigious loss has resulted from that disease in cotton, which of late years has been so fatal to the crops, *the rot!* In Louisiana, where we have most observed it, the evil seems to have been regarded as inexplicable, in regard to cause and cure; and to have been contemplated, as the Turks regard the plague, an evil to be endured, as the award of fate, in unenquiring and sullen submission. A devouring species of insects has recently appeared in the cotton fields, sweeping whole plantations, as if a plague of Egypt. We do not know, that even the scientific name of the insect is known. The time has certainly come, to institute agricultural investigation in the south, and excite enquiry, arouse curiosity, and elicit observation through the medium of the press.

The first article of this number is a well written one on the culture of the vine, as adapted to the southern climate, by N. Herbemont. It is part of a series of numbers upon the subject. It contains directions for planting, and pruning the vine, fixing it to the espalier, and training it through all its successive stages, from the planted cutting to the bearing state in the third year. The article is written by a scholar, as well as an experimentalist.

The next article is for adepts in the culture of sea-island cotton. We were surprised to gather from it, that even in these cheap cotton times, there were some brands, that command the price of fifty cents per pound. The writer thinks, that something of this high value is imaginary, depending upon the reputation of the grower, and the fancy of the purchaser. But there must be some basis of cause, to sustain such a marked price. Different theories, to account for this excellence, have been successively overthrown by experiment. The writer inclines to the opinion, that sea air is indispensable to this excellence, as among the first elements; and that the seed for cotton of that staple ought to be distinguished by a pale yellow tuft.

The third article is on *root potatoes*. The fourth is on sea-island cotton by an 'enemy of secrets in cotton.' The fifth is an answer to queries touching the culture of rice.

The second part of the number contains a review of a 'report,' touching sea-island cotton, and an article from a Georgia journal on the cultivation of the cane. It is now deemed, that cane can be cultivated on our sea board, immediately south of 33°. The business is healthy; the labor less, than that of the cotton crop, and as simple and easy, as that of corn. A man in Lafourche, Louisiana, with two sons of ten and eleven, and a negro girl of the same age, sold his crop for 2,250 dollars, clear of expenses. The grinding rollers were made of *live oak*, and the expenses, apart from the kettles, did not exceed thirty dollars. Two brothers, opposed to slave labor, cultivated with their own hands, twenty acres of cane, which yielded them 2,500 dollars clear profit. Three kinds of cane, to wit: the Ribband, the Creole and Owhyhee grew well at judge Bry's in Washita, in latitude 32° 30′. The Ribband cane is getting into common use in the southern country. It is larger, hardier, and grows farther north, than any other known species; and unlike any other cane, it not only ripens a month earlier, but will mature, after it has fallen to the ground. Cane is a hardier plant, than corn, or cotton. The working is completed in June.—The article closes with an account of the mechanical process in manufacturing sugar.

Among the miscellaneous articles, we observe a recipe to restore the germinating power to seeds, when it is not wholly lost. This is done by steeping them in dilute oxygenated muriatic acid. On the whole, this number is prepared in a style of unpretending simplicity; and wears the frank, abrupt, and forcible southern manner. It struck us, as an agricultural paper, that might be read not only for profit, but pleasure.

View of the Livingston county High-School, on Temple-Hill, Geneseo: under the care of Seth Sweetser, C. C. Felton, and H. R. Cleveland. Geneseo, 1828.

This form of literary seminaries is becoming common, and seems rapidly gaining upon public estimation and favor. We know no other definition, than that it is a school, where the studies of universities are pursued, without the degrees and regular classes of an university. The success hitherto has been as great, as the most sanguine anticipated. This of Geneseo is central in position to a delightful, fertile, and rapidly increasing section of the state of New York. We have been informed, that bigotry sounded the trumpet for a crusade against this rising institution, because the instructors came from a university, where it was supposed, as a matter of course, that the *alumni* would be imbued with heresy and latitudinarian principles. We have heard the teachers represented, as exceedingly correct, moral, and high-principled young men; as we are assured they were of the first standing at the university, where they graduated. We have the rather remarked upon this circumstance, as the position is one of easy access for pupils from this region. When our great canal shall be completed, Geneseo will be brought into camparative contiguity with the towns on the Ohio. We hope, and trust, that ere long these noble institutions will rise from our own bosom. Until they do, judging from our own views, aided by the opinion of intelligent friends, we know of no school out of our own state, which offers so many attractions to parents, who contemplate placing their children in such schools, as this of Geneseo. We give the list of school books in present use.

'*In English*, Blake's Historical Reader, Walker's Dictionary, Colburn's First Lessons and Sequel, Murray's Grammar and Exercises, Worcester's Geography and Atlas, Worcester's Elements of History, Lacroix's Arithmetic, Legendre's and Euclid's Geometry, Euler's Algebra, Blake's Conversations on Natural Philosophy, Bennett's Book-Keeping, Conversations on Chemistry, Flint's Surveying, Paley's Moral Philosophy.

'A variety of English Dictionaries are used. Walker's is mentioned here, not because his authority is acknowledged as a standard, but because more possess copies of his Dictionary than of any other.

In Latin, Adams' Latin Grammar (Gould's Edition,) Ainsworth's Dictionary, Jacob's Latin Reader, (First and Second Part,) Cæsar's Commentaries, Livy, Horace.

'*In Greek*, Va'pey's Greek Grammar, Buttmann's do. Jacob's Greek Reader, Græca Majora, Herodotus, Schrevelius' Lexicon.

'It is to be hoped that some enterprizing scholar of our country will soon prepare a Lexicon better adapted to the attainment of a competent acquaintance with Grecian Literature than Schrevelius. The Lexicon lately published in Boston, by Mr. Pickering, on the basis of Schrevelius is a good step towards so desirable an object. We are already much indebted to Mr. Everett, Mr. Bancroft, and others, for adapting works prepared by German scholars, to the use of American schools. The gentlemen of the Northampton Institution are better qualified than any others, to select from the excellent Lexicons of the German, and translate for the use of young men in the United States. May we not hope that some of them will ere long perform this acceptable service?

'*In French*, Wanostrocht's French Grammar, Boyer's Dictionary, Gozalve de Cordoue.'—p. 4.

Other books will be added, according to the exigencies, experience, and advance of the school. There are public prayers at morning, day-light, and at six P. M. Natural philosophy and chemistry are part of the course, and there are frequent lectures on these subjects. Original composition and public speaking are required at regular intervals. The monitorial system and gymnastic exercises are partially adopted. The rewards and punishments consist in *credits*, *checks*, *forfeits*, *&c.* judiciously awarded, either for praise, or blame. One of the school books is 'the historical reader.' The Pestalozzi system, as reduced to practice by Colburn, is adopted. The children are trained to a reverential observance of the Sabbath, while, in a decorous regard to the rights of conscience, each pupil is left to the undisturbed observance of that worship, for which he has a preference, or in which he has been trained. The school is stated always to be open for inspection; and they, who have whispered invidious reports against it, without knowing any thing, touching the ground of their allegations, are invited to come, and examine for themselves.

A series of excellent remarks, upon the subject of education in general, succeed. They have the calm aspect of being the result of conviction, and to be founded on an extent of knowledge of human nature, which could hardly have been expected from the age and experience of young men. These impressive remarks are followed by practical observations upon the importance of the study of modern languages, particularly French and Spanish. The remarks contain a spirited defence of the importance of classical learning, which has been recently denounced in a strain of bitterness by literary *radicals*, who would consign to everlasting oblivion, the splendid monuments of Grecian and Roman genius. These gentlemen seem to us to pursue the happy medium between the bigoted votaries of ancient learning, and those who would renounce it altogether. The pamphlet closes with remarks, equally important and true, upon the vital necessity of sound and enlightened education, to the perpetuity of our free institutions. We speak with some understanding, in relation to the advantages of this school, and its instructors, when we give our opinion, that it promises to take a high place among the best institutions of the kind in the United States.

An Address on the character and services of DE WITT CLINTON, *delivered at Nashville, March* 11*th*, 1828. *By* WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT.

In catering for the public, we sometimes read from a sense of duty. We read this classical address from beginning to end with unmixed pleasure. The language is at once simple, elegant and chaste. The figures display a happy and fertile imagination, and are illustrative, ornamental, in just keeping, and in good taste.—The address is throughout impressive and eloquent; and once or twice rises to the sublime. This will seem high praise only to those, who are incompetent judges, or have not read the address. It might seem odious to institute comparisons with similar addresses of our eastern brethren. We opine, that the candid would allow, there was nothing of the *backwoods* in this, but their freshness, splendor and magnificence. The best praise remains. It seems to us, as discriminating and just, as it is eloquent. We sat down to quote, but found ourselves perplexed, where to commence, and where to close. But, as we have not yet paid our due tribute to the memory of the great man, on whose character this eulogy dwells, and as Mr. Hunt has accomplished all that we hope to achieve upon the subject, and as his sketch is brief, appropriate and condensed, we give Mr. Hunt's view of his character, as a politician and a scholar, entire.

'De Witt Clinton was born in Orange county, in the state of New York, in March, 1769. His family was distinguished and highly respected. His father was a major general in the army of the revolution, and his uncle, the venerable George Clinton, filled, successively, the important offices of governor of the state of New York, and vice president of the United States. Young De Witt received the rudiments of a classical education at Columbia College in the city of New York, being the first student who entered that seminary after the conclusion of the revolutionary war. Having obtained the honors of his *Alma Mater*, he entered with assiduity upon the study of the law, and in due season, was licensed to practise that profession. Other pursuits, however, soon attracted his attention, and prevented him from prosecuting his original design. At an early age he was appointed secretary of his uncle, then governor of New York, and entered with characteristic ardor and signal ability, into the political discussions of the day. After the retirement of his uncle from the executive office, he was himself elected, without opposition, in his twenty-eighth year, a member of the legislature from the city of New York. Here he commenced that career of practical utility and steady devotion to the cause of science and benevolence, for which he was afterwards so pre-eminently distinguished. Already regarded as the leader and most efficient member of a great political party, he was not however so blinded by zeal for the interest of his friends, as to lose sight of the claims of philanthropy and learning, but by directing a large portion of his attention to these important considerations, he was the instrument of much good to others, and added greatly to his popularity and influence. In the year 1802, he was elected to the senate of the United States, and was eminently distinguished as an able and efficient member of that body. For many years he occupied with signal ability and success the very important and responsible office of mayor of the great and growing city of New York. He was afterwards again placed in the legislature of his native state, and was, as before, the zealous and powerful friend of the interest of education and benevolence, urging the patronage of schools and colleges, the incorporation of valuable societies and the support of hospitals and other charitable institutions. Here too he took the lead in behalf of that splendid and magnificent system of internal improvement the success of which,—mainly attributable to his indefatigable and well directed exertions,—has so largely contributed to the prosperity and glory of the state of New York, enkindled the fire of emulation in other states, and reflected a lustre upon the names of all who were active in support of its adoption. In 1811, he was chosen lieutenant governor of New York, and in 1812, he was nominated, and zealously supported by a portion of the people, as a candidate for the office of president of the United States. In 1817, he was elected by an almost unanimous vote to the elevated station of governor of the state of New York, and, with the exception of a single term of two years, during which he declined a re-election, he continued to occupy that station with unrivalled dignity, utility, and splendor, actively and laboriously devoted to the faithful discharge of its arduous and responsible duties, till the hour of his sudden and melancholy exit. During his active life, he was a prominent and useful member, and often an efficient officer, of many literary, scientific and benevolent institutions, of some of which he was the founder; and, in the several orders of masonry and knighthood, he filled, from time to time, all the most dignified and important stations.

'Mr. Clinton possessed a mind of the highest order—original, powerful and capacious—disciplined by habits of patient and laborious investigation and profound reflection. His conceptions were clear, rapid, and vigorous; and his judgment was sound and accurate. He, like WASHINGTON, was distinguished rather for solidity of understanding than for brilliancy of imagination—rather for practical good sense than for the lofty and excursive soarings of fancy. His examination of every subject presented to his notice, was thorough, critical and severe. His opinions were maturely and deliberately formed, and his reasoning in their defence, if not always convincing, was at least forcible, logical and clear. His views were enlarged, liberal, and enlightened, his designs bold and extensive, and his plans for their execution, practical and sagacious. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that courage of the cabinet which has been justly said to be no less rare, and often more important than that of the field, and uniformly evinced a fearless and persevering spirit, which no difficulties could discourage, no obstacles subdue. When convinced of the importance and practicability of an object and once resolved upon its attainment, he marched boldly and resolutely forward, rather animated than depressed by difficulties, dangers and impediments. In the transaction of business he was prompt, decisive and energetic. He was accurate and minute in his attention to details, and displayed no less facility and correctness in the execution of his plans, than originality, and boldness in their conception.

As a politician, Mr. Clinton was early connected with the great party in his native state, which had long borne the name of his family, and of which he afterwards became the rallying point and the head. How far his judgment was biassed and his opinions affected by the partialities and prejudices invariably connected with party feeling, it is perhaps impossible to decide. The peculiar relation in which he stood towards a great portion of the people, who had been closely attached to the principles and fortunes of his venerable uncle, and the zeal with which in the hey-day of youthful ardor, and under the influence of a natural and honorable family and personal attachment, he entered upon the defence of those principles and the support of those fortunes, were certainly eminently calculated to exercise a permanent influence over his political opinions and prospects. Yet, making due allowance for these peculiar circumstances, without undertaking to decide upon the merits of the controversies, which have long and violently agitated the state, between his friends and opponents, we may confidently assert, that, notwithstanding the powerful temptations by which he was surrounded, it could never be justly said of him, amidst all the collisions and conflicts of the day, that he

> narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

On the contrary, he was fully aware of the important truth, and acted under that conviction, that, whatever temporary influence may be derived from mere party association, any reputation, thus acquired, must be ephemeral and local, and totally unworthy the effort of any man of high and honorable ambition.—He sought therefore to build his fame upon a more substantial and durable foundation. He sunk the character of the politician in that of the statesman, and while he labored for the promotion of his party and their cause, he labored still more intensely for the interests of his country and of mankind. By this course he secured, at once, immediate popularity and permanent renown. The one is attested by the remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding all the contests of party and the ever-varying results with which they are attended, he never failed of obtaining his election, whenever he was a candidate for any office in the gift of the people of New York. The other is abundantly proved by the universal and spontaneous admission of all ranks and parties, and by the anxious solicitude with which his warmest political opponents now press forward to proclaim his pre-eminent usefulness and worth.

'As a scholar, Mr. Clinton occupied the most elevated ground. His reading was extensive, various, well-directed and profitable. His ready and capacious memory enabled him to store up vast funds of learning, which were subservient to his call whenever required. Abstruse scientific investigations occupied a portion of his time and aided the discipline of his mind, while classical and elegant literature constituted the amusement and delight of his leisure hours. His style, as a writer, was at once vigorous and rich—distinguished like his mind, rather for solid thought than for brilliant imagery—preserving a happy medium between the inflated and the dull; sufficiently ornamented, yet dignified, perspicuous and strong. His executive messages to the legislature of New York, unlike the great mass of similar productions, have been read with interest and profit far beyond the limits of the state for which they were designed, and have been, not merely useful as matters of form or as temporary state-papers, but worthy of preservation as valuable treasures of practical wisdom.

'The zeal with which this great man employed the energies of his powerful mind, the weight of his personal popularity, and the influence of his official stations for the relief of human misery, and the general advancement of human happiness, will be remembered with gratitude and admiration, for a succession of ages after the political questions and parties of the day shall have been buried beneath the fathomless ocean of oblivion. His disinterested efforts in behalf of charitable institutions, in favor of an amelioration of the criminal code, for the promotion of the useful arts and the encouragement of industry and talent, have not only produced, as their immediate effects, the improvements so much needed and desired, but by their influence as examples to future statesmen, and by their tendency to excite a noble emulation in the glorious work of philanthropy, may be a prolific source of unnumbered and incalculable blessings throughout all future time. As a friend of science, an able advocate for the cause of education, and a liberal patron of seminaries of learning and other literary institutions, Mr. Clinton has, also, left behind him a lasting and brilliant fame. But it is probably as the enlightened projector, and resolute, intrepid, and unconquerable friend and promoter of the great work of internal improvement, that he will be most extensively and permanently known. Without Clinton, or some one possessing the spirit of Clinton, the great canals of New York would not have been constructed. Common minds could not realize the practicability, with the limited resources of a young nation like ours, of pouring the waters of the lakes, through an artificial channel, upwards of three hundred miles in length, over mountains and through valleys, into the great Atlantic. Men even of powerful intellects, enterprising, patriotic and bold, regarded as chimerical and absurd the project of transporting by water to the city of New York the productions of the whole north-western country. But Clinton was not to be discouraged by the ridicule of his opponents, or by the faint hopes and disheartening predictions of his friends. With a firmness of purpose almost unequalled—but which has been, not unaptly, compared to that of Columbus, on the broad and untried ocean, his needle no longer true to the pole and his whole crew heartless and despondent—he maintained with unwavering confidence the practicability, no less than the importance, of the object, rallied the almost extinguished zeal of the few who were willing to remain with him to the last, encountered with unshaken fortitude the shafts of opposition, and, at length, obtained a splendid and trimphant victory—a victory, which left behind it no blood-stained field, but which extensively diffused wealth, prosperity and happiness even among the vanquished; while it has erected a noble and perennial monument to the genius, and firmness, and undaunted heroism of the illustrious conqueror.

'In the private relations of domestic life, in his intercourse with his friends, in his manners towards his fellow-citizens, in the transaction of business and the excerciseof courtesy, Mr. Clinton was all that could be reasonably expected or desired—the kind husband, the fond parent, the ardent friend, the polished gentleman at once dignified and affable, and easy of access, the liberal benefactor and the pious Christian. His moral character was without a stain, and in religion he was tolerant, liberal and devout.'—p. 8.

The remainder of the address dwells on his character, as a mason, and associates his memory, as such, with that of Edward H. Steele, a high officer in the masonic body, who had recently deceased in Tennessee. After an affectionate tribute to their united memory, he closes with the following impressive apostrophe:

> 'And now, sainted shades, as you look down from your blissful abodes upon the fleeting scenes of this transitory existence, how do you exult in the contemplation of the realities by which you are surrounded, and unite in the chorus of gratitude and joy, that at length you have found something durable and certain, upon which you may safely and confidently repose during the future progress of an interminable existence!'—p. 20.

Baccalaureate Address, pronounced on the evening of the Anniversary Commencement of the University of Nashville, October 3, 1827. By Philip Lindsley, D. D. President of the University. pp. 30.

We have noticed similar addresses from this gentleman, on a former occasion. As compositions, they have a character singularly unique. They are serious and yet fanciful, original, ardent and impetuous, marking, we should imagine, peculiar modes of thinking and temperament. The orator seems to have carried into religious writings something of that discursive raciness, which characterizes Mr. Randolph's harangues; we mean the excellencies without the defects. There is hardly a point in religious duty, ethics, or rules for the government of life, upon which he does not touch in passing. But the whole strain of exhortation is, as it should be, plain, straight forward, correct and finely expressed. A strong appeal is made upon one point: he leaves it altogether, and moves upon another with unabated energy. Such addresses exert a salutary influence upon the young men, for whom they are intended in the delivery; and are still more extensively beneficial to society from the press. The following is a just thought, well expressed:

> 'Success is no decisive proof of divine favor, or of individual enjoyment. Could every covetous man become a Crœsus, or every ambitious man an Alexander, or every vain man a Voltaire; it does not follow that happiness would, in any degree, accompany, or result from, the possession of riches, power, fame, genius or learning. These become real blessings only as they are legitimately acquired, and faithfully employed for the benefit of others as well as of ourselves.'—p. 4.

The young ought to digest the following important, though hard lesson:

> Young persons are apt to fancy that they would like to do good on a grand scale—to be great benefactors—to immortalize their names—to fill the world

with the fame of their disinterested, patriotic, noble, philanthropic achievements—to become the Luther, the Columbus, the Howard, the Franklin, or the Washington of the age. This however may be a very selfish, pitiful ambition—a mere coveting of the renown, the glory, or the more substantial rewards, which such men, sooner or later, receive from the equity and gratitude of mankind. I mean not to discourage you from aiming high—very high—even at the loftiest mark. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." But do not mistake your own views and motives. Every eminent man, who has been good as well as great, has served a long and laborious apprenticeship (and most probably) in a comparatively humble and narrow sphere. He has been content to do good every day to the extent of his means and opportunities, without ever dreaming of the honors and the homage which awaited him. Present duty, not future distinction, was the moving principle and spring of action. Unhallowed ambition may indeed conduct its votary to a throne: and the world shall call him great: but the world—the impartial world—will never pronounce him good.'—p. 7.

Nothing can be more true, or important, than the following remark:

'Casuists, theologians, metaphysicians, may argue and speculate (in the same manner as they frequently have done) forever, without contributing one iota to human improvement and happiness: while the humblest individual, who points out to his neighbor a mode of obtaining an honest livelihood, ought to be esteemed a greater benefactor than all of them put together. But the reign of mysterious absurdity and unmeaning *verbiage*, we trust, will have an end—and that men will be induced to direct their energies to the melioration of the character and condition of their fellow men. Many sentiments and usages which have been sanctioned by the authority and wisdom of ages, and the propriety of which, none perhaps, at the present day, will venture to call in question, are destined hereafter, we believe, to be renounced and condemned as erroneous and immoral.'—p. 8.

Dr. Lindsley girds himself in his panoply of the sanctuary, and attacks in succession the reigning vices of the times, beginning with *drunkenness*. The New England people, who deem so highly of their comparative morality, will feel, it may be, something like surprise, to hear the supposition of the orator, that the people of Tennessee are more temperate than those of Massachusetts. Gambling is next assailed, and we might easily infer from his manner, that the orator will hardly handle this fashionable vice with a compromising and complacent view of it. He next deals with the gentlemen of the pistol and the dirk; and while he puts them into the balance of the sanctuary, we need not doubt, that he soon sees these honorable personages kicking the beam. The following paragraph contains important truth:

'Having thus glanced at some of the obliquities and the general character of the dominant system, it may be proper to add, that, I do not mean to censure any thing that contributes to the comfort and well-being of society. Many things fashionable may be very good and useful.—They are so, however, not because they are fashionable, but in spite of fashion. The extremes of luxury and extravagance on the one hand; of meanness and avarice on the other, are to be equally avoided. Amiable manners—genuine politeness—an easy, graceful air and carriage—unaffected refinement and delicate courtesy—are very desirable and are justly prized. Hence it is that they are more frequently counterfeited than actually possessed. Good manners—civility—urbanity—it has been well remarked—may be regarded as the homage which hypocrisy frequently pays to virtue. A man may be, in all his exterior, a perfect gentleman; and yet prove a heartless rake or villain after all. Real good will to others—kindness felt and cherished—an honest, habitual desire and purpose to be useful—must lay the foundation for the most solid, valuable and durable politeness. I would recommend the school and the writings of St. Paul, as infinitely preferable, in forming the gentleman, Christian and scholar, to all the *Maxims* and *Letters* of all the Rochefoucaulds and Chesterfields, dead or living, who have ever written or dogmatized on the subject.'—p. 21.

The address closes with excellent advice to the young gentlemen, whom he is dismissing into the world. The whole is 'fitly spoken,' and would be justly delineated in his own style and phrase, in reference to words so spoken, as resembling, '*apples of gold in pictures of silver.*'

Revue Encyclopedique, ou analyse raisonnee des productions les plus remarquables dans la literature, sciences et les arts. A Paris.

We have often heard of this splendid, extensive and laborious periodical survey of the literature of the civilized world. We have only room to say at present, that this number equals our impressions of the extent, utility and impartiality of the work. We translate an article on North American literature, because it does justice to one of our native poets, a man of talents and merit, against whom there seems to have been a combination of the American fraternity of pretenders to the favors of the 'Nine.' It may be, that there is as much, and as base envy in France, as in England and America. But to us, there has always seemed an amenity, a tenderness, a sensibility and gentleness in French criticism, which, we admit, present that people to us in a more amiable light, than either the English, or our own people. It seems impossible, that a saturnine, envious and heartless critic should have written the following, which we present, as a contrast of American views of the same work and the same author; and as a sample of the estimation of a man, whose heritage was poverty and contempt, and suffering and disease, and whose only counterbalancing boon from Providence was the visitings of the muse.

The appeal for sufferiag genius; a poetical address for the benefit of the '*Boston Bard.*' Daniel Bryan, Washington, 72 pp.

This small poem is an appeal, full of warmth, to public pity and charity. A poet demands for another poet, a bed and food. We can not read with the cold indifference of a critic, this cry of distress. Mr. Bryan, in verses impressed with trembling anxiety, removes from concealment, the misery of a man, who has illustrated the glory of America. He relates the whole life of the 'Boston Bard.' Coffin, destined to misery from his infancy, taken in by distant relatives, eats the bitter bread of charity almost from his birth. Poor, without belonging to the class of paupers, and in consequence repulsed from all sympathy and joy—for in the American organization of society, as in ours, the truly miserable, the *Parias* of the civilized world are found in those, thus excluded from all classes of society, he sought consolations in himself, and found them in the inspiration of his muse. Verses full of energy, an ode, cited by Mr. Bryan, in which the liberty of Columbia, daughter of that of the United States, was represented beaming with hope, were not heeded by a world, in which the poor and dejected poet had neither rich patrons, nor hired dispensers of applause. Soothed for a moment by the dreams of his imagination, an aggravated return of all the bitterness of his misery followed hopes deceived and destroyed. In England, far from his native land, of which he ought to have been the pride, his verses were quoted for the first time with admiration. But it was too late. Overwhelmed with sorrow, seized with a chronic malady, aggravated by poverty, Coffin dies with his aged mother, to whom he can bring nothing, in returning to her to expire, but his misery. Such are the touching verses, which this unfortunate addresses to her, and which the generous admiration of Mr. Bryan hath preserved for us.— 'What shall I bring thee, mother, beloved, when I shall receive once more thy tender embraces, when I shall feel my cheeks wet with the tears of a mother, who once more sees her son? What shall I bring thee? Riches and glory? Pearls, precious stones, once hidden under the waves, or in the earth? Gold? Nothing of all these; and the ray of glory but too seldom falls only on the tomb. Thy son, my mother, will bring thee neither riches, nor ornaments, nor renown. Poor indeed would be such a recompense for all thy tenderness and all thy cares. But I will bring thee that, which thou and heaven will never cast off, an exhausted frame, the prey of sinking malady, a courage dejected, a broken heart.'

'Alas! here is no fiction, no poetic exaggeration, but the most afflicting truth. Such accents ought to awaken sympathy in all those, who honor genius, and who owe it consolations and the means of enjoyment. America, without doubt, will hasten to soothe the last moments of the unfortunate poet, and to surround him with testimonials of affection and esteem. But shall he not know, that he hath friends afar off, generous spirits, that take an interest in him? Shall he not before death, see glimmerings of that glory, which he has so dearly purchased? The poverty of a man of talents, says madam de Stael, is always an honorable circumstance of his life. A thousandth part of the genius, which renders him illustrious, would have easily sufficed to bring about all the calculations of avidity. It is beautiful to have consecrated our faculties to the worship of glory; and we always feel esteem for those, whose most cherished aim is beyond the tomb.'

Remark by the Editor. Appended to this review is a note, which, for its delightful character, we ought also to translate, and preserve. Alas! how differently are such objects viewed in this country.—Our readers will understand, that before any result could spring from this noble effort in a foreign land, the worn out subject was beyond the reach of earthly sorrow, sympathy, or relief.

Note. The editor of the *Revue Encyclopedique* takes pleasure in paying tribute to an unfortunate man of genius, and opens a subscription in favor of Mr. Coffin. His own subscription is twenty francs. Persons, who would take part in this subscription, can deposit their charity at our office.

L'art d'elever vers a soie, pour obtenir constament d'une quantite donneè de fleuilles de murier la plus grand qnantile possible de cocons de premiere qualite, et de l'influence de cet art sur l'augmentation annuelle des richesses des particuliers et des nations; ouvrage de M. Le comte Dandolo.

Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the growth and manufacture of silk, adapted to the different parts of the Union.

The first of these books is a volume of nearly 400 pages, printed at Lyons in France, and translated from the Italian, in which language the work orignally appeared. It is a handsomely executed volume, and is written with care, and even elegance. The history of the worm from the egg, through all the subsequent transformations, is minutely given. The progress of the animal, in building its splendid silken tomb, is diurnally noted, and almost every fact, interesting to an Italian, or French silk raiser in their own countries, is given. It is one of the most compendious, perspicuous, and satisfactory treatises, that we have seen, embracing but very little matter, except such as relates directly to the subject in hand. It would have been desirable to an American reader, to have been initiated into some of the more obvious and palpable mysteries of the manufacture, and dying of silk. Our people will need to know, how the Chinese, and particularly how the French raise those brilliant and most splendid colors in their silks, which vie with the colors of the bow, and the richness of the hues in the gaudiest productions of Flora. These colors at the same time are so permanent, that after the lapse of a century, they display their original brilliancy undimmed, and untarnished.

The work prepared under the direction of the secretary of the treasury, is a most important and useful manual to silk raisers. There is no doubt with us, that count Dandolo's work is the most complete treatise upon the subject, which was ever given. We might expect, therefore, that the American treatise would be, in substance, an abstracted translation. But there is a learned and interesting history of the origin of silk making in the American work, which we did not notice in the other. There are also, many facts collected, which are appropriate to our country, and belong to our climate, and peculiar circumstances. The work is clearly executed with laborious fidelity and accuracy; and there is little, that is very important to a learner, commencing with the alphabet, that may not be found here. From a great number of communications, that we have seen, from every part of the United States, and from our own observations, we consider the following facts, as established, in our mind beyond a doubt.

There are varieties of the silk worm found in our country. One species has been discovered in the state of Mississippi. It feeds on the lime tree, and the cane, *myegia macrosperma*. The coccoon is larger, than the mulberry coccoon; but the silk is not considered to be so fine. The other is discovered in the woods not a great distance from this city. The coccoon is to be seen in this city. It is said to be larger, and the silk equally fine with the mulberry coccoon. This worm feeds on the maple, *acer alba vel aquatica*.

It is out of question, that the matter of silk is animalized, and that the substance, on which the worm feeds, has no other influence on the silk, than, as it bears upon the health and vigor of the worm. Our native mulberry, *morus rubra*, unquestionably feeds the animal as well as any other species. We clearly have one, if no more variety, of the mulbery, so different from the above, as to deserve the name of a new species, of which we may note that called *morus scabra* of Louisiana.

We very lately saw in the 'Albany Masonic Register,' an extract from an English publication, the writer of which asserted, that he had fed worms, and preserved them in a healthy condition, in which they made as fine coccoons, as from mulberry leaves, from a certain species of lettuce. If it be a fact, that lettuce feeds the silk worm as well as mulberry leaves, in our climate, where lettuce grows with so little labor, and in such rank luxuriance, we should deem, that worms could be fed on it easier and with more economy, than in any other way. A good and an earnest spirit of investigation is excited in our portion of the country. It will be seen by a glance, that this subject has been but very little examined in any part of the world, having been hitherto confined almost exclusively to ignorant and envious raisers, who were slaves, and, from every motive, opposed to enquiry, or communication of knowledge. In ten years from this time, the whole subject will have undergone another sort of scrutiny; and the vegetable kingdom will have been every where explored, to learn the secrets of these industrious animals.

We are highly gratified with the perusal of this American work. It is in this way, that a government becomes a real benefactor to a country. We can not but become silk raisers here. The business is simple. It is amusing. It is chiefly performed by people, who could add little to the efficient labors of the field. No country on the globe is better fitted for it, than that of the Mississippi Valley. This species of industry will place us on a footing with the dwellers on the shores of the sea. The value of the staple is so great in relation to the bulk and weight, that distance and transport are removed, as obstacles in the way of competition. The impulse is excited. Enquiry is afloat. Instead of Gros de Naples and Florence silks, and Canton and Nankin crapes, we should be glad to live to see our ladies clad in Cincinnati lustrings, in Kentucky Levantines, and Mississippi India and Louisiana Persian silks. Our fair, might then, with something more of palliation, contemplate themselves in the mirror, or in the transparent fountain, in the splendor of a vesture, wrought and colored by their own industry. Brilliance, beauty, and industry, would enable them to bind their victims by a three fold cord, not to be broken.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Some of our friends show us Falstaff's *backing of his friends*, and assign as a reason, that they do not think with us upon certain points. Others have taxed us roundly with not 'toeing the mark,' as our western phrase is, in point of orthodoxy. All that we can reply, or ought to reply to that charge, may be said in the old maxim, *scripta litera manet.* Every line that we have written, speaks for itself. We hope, that they, who recently saw us charged with offences against orthodoxy, will forthwith repair to our bookseller, and *buy* all, that we have written. We trust, they will be convinced, that we have been honest, and uniform, and earnest in the cause of religion, as we understand it. Let them see, if we are in any way obnoxious to any self-constituted inquisition. If they so find us, let them state our offence, and the *amende honorable*, which we ought to make in the case.

Others again object to us, that we offer no politics, and that they wish to patronize no paper, but a political one. Some find us guilty of the heinous offence to a man of *honor*, of presenting a bill at the end of the year. Others again, with that lofty smile, which editors covet least of all smiles, aver, that so cheap a Journal can be good for nothing. These are all *grievous* offences, and *grievously* hath the Western Monthly Review answered them. Not a few write us discontinuance, a kind of unction as little bland as an editor can be anointed withal, make us pay postage for this pleasant prescription, and forget the while to dicharge their bill; an offence, as we have been informed, as ungenteel, as any that can be committed in the precincts of the republic of periodicals. All editors do keep, or ought to keep, *a black book;* and we have ours. From other quarters we are greeted with the most cheering good wishes, and cordial approbation.

But the worst appendage to our ill starred Journal is *double postage.* This word of evil omen sounds in our ears from every side. We well know, that the people of the upper western states come by their money by the hardest, and cast upon it 'longing and lingering looks,' when they part from it. The post-office law, in this point, is clearly as impolitic, as it is oppressive. To put every species of periodical precisely on a footing, in this respect, would at once highly subserve literature; and the post-office would be a gainer in the end by the increased amount of circulation. What good reason can be given, why a sheet, which is, perhaps, no more than a mere kennel cart for falsehood, calumny, mis-spelling, murder of our native speech, and where people are allowed to deposite every thing, but truth and their prayers, should pay single postage, because forsooth, it is frequently trundled back and forwards, and is supposed to circulate news, while we critics, we, the very salt of the earth, we album fabricators, and souvenir mongers, we liberal preachers, and national preachers, and preachers of every thing wise and good, we stripling monthlies, and mature quarterlies, we, who would not praise a worthless book, or condemn a good one to the pit for a thousand pounds, we, who shake our hands from holding a bribe, and dwell aloft in the cool and serene regions of light and intelligence, we, with whom wisdom and criticism will die, we, who right wrongs, and rent out the pews in the temple of fame, we, who are a city set upon a hill, and intellectually enlighten the nation, we, medical journals with wisdom and healing in our leaves, we, who labor hard, and get abuse, instead of money, that we may gratuitously scatter light and teach ideas how to shoot, is it not as unjust as cruel, that they should tax such wise, disinterested and benevolent labors, double postage?

We saw a rainbow on the cloud, in a recent exposition of the post-office law, touching periodicals. As often happens, we found the comment, to our poor intellect, quite as mysterious, as the glorious uncertainty of the text. In attempting to unmystify this exposition, we were seized with a momentary tremor, lest in our old days, we were about to transmigrate into a lawyer. We began to imagine, that we had discovered a loop hole, through which we hope to creep, and come forth so *anointed and annealed*, as to be subject, henceforward, only to single postage. If we could interpret right, any journal that contains a summary of 'news,' and advertisements, is to be taxed single postage. True, the word '*weekly*,' lay in our path, and the mental process, that converted a monthly journal into a weekly one, cost us some casuistry and labor. But, if we have thrown doubt upon the matter, the postmasters are bound, it appears, to put the most favorable construction, and write to our excellent postmaster-general for instructions. We therefore, hope, henceforward, to pay single postage.

☞ *Summary of News for the two past months.* ☜

It is confidently asserted, that very few Greeks can trace their lineage to those, who fell at Thermopyle. They write from Frankfort, that the Russians have crossed the Pruth and the Danube, and from Odessa, that they have not. Some knowing ones affirm, that we shall have war; others, that we shall not. Those, who are best advised, shake their heads, look sapient, and prophecy after the event. It is announced from Vienna to a certainty, that the emperor of Austria was indisposed, and took physic. Young Napoleon was compelled to have a tooth extracted. The count Lobou returned last Friday to his estate in the country. Price of stocks has recently been observed to excite intense interest in those, who have money invested in them. A suit was yesterday decided in Chancery, which has at length settled the legal question of the extent of female influence. It is whispered in the high circles, that a certain great personage incurred the visible dissatisfaction of majesty, by insinuating, that majesty looked as if growing old. The Thames tunnel yet drips.

Rumors, revolutions, and murders, continue to blanch many of the olive faces in Spain and Portugal. It is supposed, that, not withstanding the depopulation of those fair countries, many fools and bigots yet survive there. In France, a nobleman danced into the Seine, and drowned with great *sang froid and gaietie du coeur.* In England, Sir Charles Blumantle, during the late foggy season, settled into the gloomy conviction, that he had a cobler discharging duty in his stomach. Naturalists have remarked in our climate, that there are more love elopements in June than in November.

In the United States they abuse one another in the papers to such a degree, that all the ribaldry of our journals, is decency, compared with it. Surely all the motive to dignity and self respect, from the consciousness of possessing a good name, must be annihilated in that country. The papers are nearly divided; and the saints of one party are the devils of the other. The one presents portraits of immaculates; the other of Ethiopians. Some of their great men talk about dissolving the Union, and having twenty-four civil and domestic wars, by way of promoting home manufactures. Some of the citizens would not sail on a canal, if the general government had ordered it. In Virginia, it is deemed better policy to spade a field with negroes, than have the general government plough it gratis. We are glad, to hear many of the wiseacres of that distracted country croak predictions, that the government will be overthrown. Such predictions have an admirable tendency to bring about their own completion. Whoever looks into the American papers, must see, that editors there make as much use of the names of the president, secretary of state, general Jackson, Martin Van Buren, &c. &c. as quacks do of calomel. It is affirmed, that in counting the words in a Newspaper, these names made three quarters of the m's, in the printer's phrase, in the whole sheet.

Domestic. Mrs. M. of L. has a fine sprightly boy with two heads. It is said they eat alternately for the body. It has already become a question among metaphysicians and divines, whether this child has one or two volitions, one or two accountabilities. Every one says, this is a very unusual spring. Cincinnati. We recently attended the agricultural meeting, a few miles from this city. There was a ploughing match, shows of Arabian colts, calves, cattle, &c. premiums were awarded. We noticed various specimens of superb cut glass, and different manufactures in iron, saddlery, carpeting, &c. We saw beautiful silk coccoons from our native mulberry, and we were told, that silk half hose were exhibited, of native silk, and the spinning and coloring of domestic ingenuity and industry. An address, at the same time classical, and of direct and appropriate agricultural utility, was delivered by William Greene, Esq. of which we remark, no farther at present, as we hope to peruse it from the press. Wines and fermented liquors were used instead of ardent spirits. The whole meeting, we are told, went off in great hilarity and good feeling; and the effect, in raising the ambition, enlightening the views, and in spiriting the exertions of the numerous farmers present, can not but be salutary. How much more gratifying to every good mind, to witness such a meeting, than a political caucus, the common effect of which seems to be, to ferment ignorance, kindle bitterness and venom, and array one half the people, as deadly enemies, against the other.

We were conveyed to this show on our recently opened canal. Nothing can be more rich and romantic, than the views and landscapes along this canal, and indeed the whole country, contiguous to Cincinnati. We could not but remember, that, twelve years ago, we traversed the route of this canal, which was, for the most part, a region of woods, solitude and silence, and the road little more than an Indian trace. Nothing can exceed the fertility of our soil, the splendor, richness, and depth of our vegetation, the beautiful roundings of our hills, and the fertility of our valleys. They, who court the Arcadian life, can no where find more romantic and pleasant, rural retreats for it, than in the vicinity of our city. It is certainly the chosen domain of Pomona; and we will compare our fruits of all kinds, common to our climate, both in size, beauty and richness, with those of any other country. Let those, who question, come and see.

There seems to be a growing excitement, in regard to the cultivation of the grape and the mulberry. We are pleased to see the opulent, and those, who can afford to experiment, preceding on this occasion. Mr. Longworth, whose fine garden is so generally visited by strangers, we are informed, intends to plant seventy-acres with the mulberry, uniting with it, as it seems to us, it ought to be united, the cultivation of the vine. Mr. Longworth's exertions, to introduce exotic plants, and naturalize all the valuable species of foreign and native grapes, are worthy at once of praise and imitation. The burden and chorus of the western song, ought to be, 'God speed the plough.'

Literary Notices. Since our last, many interesting periodicals and pamphlets have arrived through the mail. Many of them claim a distinct notice, which we are compelled, by the brevity of our plan, to omit at present. We hope to find room for their future consideration. We ought not to omit, that we have received the prospectus and proposals for a Western Souvenir. We regret, that we can not insert them entire. We have the pleasure to know Mr. Hall, the editor, and many of the contributors. We have seen many of the articles, and drawings, that are to be engraved. We are confident, that it will be such a work, as will do honor to the western country. We can not but flatter ourselves, that this arduous and patriotic undertaking will receive the general countenance and patronage of the western people.

In the list of pamphlets received by mail, are the following: Southern Agriculturist, Americal Journal of Education, Christian Examiner, Unitarian Advocate, Methodist Magazine, Spectator, Crystal and Hesperus of Pittsburg. Liberal Preacher, Sermons, Tract Magazine, Account of Sunday School Union, Various Reports of Temperance Societies, Address of chief justice Parker, Problems to illustrate the most important principles of Geography and Astronomy, *an excellent work for schools. It contains a plate of Dr. Locke's newly invented inclinable orrery, by Dr. Locke of this city.* Remarks on Duelling, by Walter Colton, *an eloquent and most faithful delineation of that barbarous and horrible custom. We wish, that every person, who has any lurking predilections for this detestable practice, could read this weighty and important pamphlet.* Pamphlet on the growth and manufacture of Silk, prepared at the request of the secretary of the treasury. Political pamphlets. A Speech of Hon. Mr. Johnston, of Louisiana, on the public debt. Annual report of the superintendant of common schools, made to the legislature of New York. The extent, order and arrangement of that system, and the wonderful minuteness and accuracy of the returns from almost every town in that great state, created in us mingled surprise and pleasure. Horticultural Repository, which we have noticed in another place. Account of the High School at Rock Spring, Illinois, by the Rev. J. M. Peck, one of the board of overseers. From this expose, we should think, that this effort had strong claims on the patronage of the people of that region. Batchelor's Journal, Boston. Masonic Garland, do. Halcyon, New Orleans. Traveller and Monthly Gazetteer, Philad. An account of all the periodicals, and a brief Gazetteer, a very useful publication. Medical and Physical Journal, Cin. Transylvania Quarterly Medical, Lex. Revue Encyclopedique, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENT.

E. H. Flint, No. 160, Main Street, has for sale, a General Assortment of Books, Stationary, and Music; School Books, Atlasses, Slates, &c. He will receive subscriptions for the principal periodical publications in the United States. All orders for books will be filled with punctuality, and all favors thankfully acknowledged. He will shortly receive three hundred volumes of French Books, making a small but choice selection of the classical and standard works in that language.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1828.

It is my lot to inhabit a small village in the western country, where I enjoy but little access to good books, or intelligent society. My neighbors sometimes relieve the tedium of an idle hour, by looking in upon me, and on such occasions I am regaled with copious speculations upon the politics of the day. But these are precisely the kind of politics, for which I have but little taste. The man, who feels that he is a responsible creature, placed in this world to perform certain duties, which are to prepare him for the next, can not look with much interest on the petty squabbles of ambitious aspirants. You are not to suppose from this, that I am a recluse, or a misanthrope. No such thing. I believe this is as pleasant a world, as ever mortal lived in—teeming with lovely scenes and rich enjoyments, and inhabited by a great many agreeable and worthy people. But as these are thinly scattered, I am often forced to recoil upon myself for amusement. Books are the best substitute for society—but this resource is soon exhausted by one, who has but a slender library at command. I have, therefore, turned scribbler and critic out of pure want of employment, and have commenced a diary, in which I shall record the speculations of my solitary hours. I intend to send you some extracts from my *scrap-book*, for the edification of your readers; for I hold it as unpleasant and as churlish to keep my thoughts to myself, as to dine alone. Besides this, I consider your Review as identified with the literature of the western country, and having a claim to the support of those, who have the leisure, and the will, to write. It is a domestic manufacture, and deserves support. It is a strange policy, that would protect bar-iron, glass, and wool, and not authors. I am one of those, that go the whole for my country. If we are to have American cloth on our backs, let us have American sentiments in our hearts, and, while we cherish the man who administers to our external comforts, do honor to him, who gives food and solace to the inward man. For these various, and to me sufficient reasons, I send you the enclosed sheets, from which you are at liberty to make such extracts, as you may think proper.

Your friend and servant,
CHRISTOPHER SLY.

REVIEW OF THE OUTSIDE OF A BOOK.

[Extracts from the *Scrap-Book* of Mr. Sly.]

I have just received from an attentive correspondent, a number of those splendid literary trifles, which are among the first fruits of the New-Year. If all was gold that glistens, it would indeed be a golden harvest. Such a profusion of gilding was never seen, since the days, when beaux wore laced waistcoats, and the lustre of female beauty was rivalled by the dazzling splendor of a spangled skirt. I gazed at the elegant toys with the wistful eye of a miser, but dared not touch them, for fear of doing mischief. An old poet says that 'gold i' the handling, sticks to the fingers like meal,' and it would be a sad mishap, if my rude hand should subtract any of the precious particles, which adorn these volumes.

When a novel matter is presented to my mind, I am apt to become argumentative on the subject. I turn it over, examine the *pro* and *con*, dispute the debatable points with myself, and, although I have no other listener, I probably derive as much pleasure from my own logic, as could be possibly felt by another auditor.

'What is a book made for?' I enquired.

To communicate useful knowledge, or innocent amusement.

Very well—now pray, what has all this gingerbread-work to do with either of these objects?

With the first, very little I grant—but with the latter a vast deal. It is an innocent amusement to look at that, which is beautiful. The sight of a pretty girl, for instance, carries me back to the days of my youth, fills my fancy with delight, and my heart with virtuous sentiments. I love to gaze at the dear little souls, as they trip by me; and this I hold to be an innocent pleasure. Now the same rule, by which a beautiful exterior renders woman the loveliest and brightest ornament of human existence, may apply, though in a less degree to inanimate objects. A plain woman, of good sense is, like an old family bible, a respectable piece of furniture in any gentleman's house; but a handsome one, particularly if her embellishments be fine, is the most splendid object, that can be presented to the human eye. Solomon, who was not only wise, but a connoisseur of decided taste, was the greatest ladies' man of his day; and assembled more pretty women at his parties, than any other gentleman. Those, who are not Solomons in wealth or wisdom must select cheaper and simpler toys; and there can be no fitter substitute for a fine woman, than a fine book.

Women and books then are to be estimated by the splendor of their binding; a female, like a Souvenir, must be valued by her decorations, and described as being elegantly bound, gilt, and lettered.

No, not *lettered*—a lady may be accomplished, witty, sensible—but not lettered, literary, learned, nor blue-stocking—a *lettered lady* is to all intents and purposes a blue-stocking.

Then you must drop the comparison.

I do—with a full conviction that it is a wicked and worthless simile. A book is, after all, a cold and cheerless companion, that, like a parrot, has one lesson, tells its tale, and is silent; while woman is always eloquent, appealing continually to the heart, the judgment, and the fancy, captivating by her benevolence and her virtue, her beauty and her tenderness—soothing the bitterness of affliction by her kindness, and brightening the hour of pleasure with her smile. A bright eye is more potent, than a thousand volumes. The love of knowledge has transformed men into hermits, but the love of woman has made them poets and heroes. No man ever fought for a book—the most ponderous folio could not have awakened the tenderness of Petrarch—libraries could not have elevated the imagination of Milton into that sublime, and tender, and descriptive beauty of thought and language, which he poured forth in honor of the first woman. The intercourse of love is the sweetest communion of the soul, and an acquaintance with the female heart is the highest knowledge, because it is the knowledge of good and evil.

But I am wandering from this little volume, continued I, taking it up cautiously between my thumb and finger—and yet it is so fine, I fear to open it. Well, I am not the first critic, who has reviewed a book, without ever seeing the inside of it—but I have this apology, that I intend to review the outside only. Without further preface, I shall proceed to give the best account, I can, of the 'Ladies' Literary Cabinet, and Pocket Almanac.'

Pocket Almanac! bless me what a solecism! The ladies do not wear pockets now, and how can that properly be termed a pocket almanac, which never will, nor can, by any possibility be pocketed. Time was, when our worthy and truly excellent grandmothers wore hoops, under which were suspended a goodly pair of paniers of sufficient capacity to contain their keys, their knitting, and other emblems of housewifery, with perhaps a miniature bible, a version of Sternhold and Hopkins, and, peradventure, an almanac. A good lady of those times never returned from a tea-party, without several pounds of sweet cake for the children, stowed away in the same convenient receptacle. A belle of that period carried her love letters, and three or four volumes of Clarisa Harlowe, or Sir Charles Grandison, in the like manner. But no belle of that day or this—no buck, not even the most daring dandy, that ever set propriety at defiance, would have ventured to carry an almanac. The thing is quite ungenteel—altogether heathenish, and out of the question. A gentleman may pocket an affront, or a tooth pick, but not an almanac; and to a lady, who wears not this barbarous appendage of ancient damsels, the thing is morally impossible. I am seriously alarmed at the carelessness displayed by our editors and authors, in giving names to their literary offspring. Had it been my lot to perform that responsible office, in relation to this little book, I should have entered upon it with a solicitude commensurate with its importance. Nothing is so important as a good name—the world is governed by names, and yet no where is more bad taste shewn, than in the titles of books. 'The Ladies' Pocket Almanac!' Shocking barbarity! only to think of a young lady having to carry an almanac—and, worse than all, to carry it in——a pocket.

'The Ladies' Cabinet,' is not much better. Among politicians a cabinet is a council of state ministers, who regulate the affairs of the nation. In this sense, a lady's cabinet would be composed of her maid, her milliner, and her single aunts, who would be called in to advise, touching the disposition of a ringlet, or the merits of a dress. Now these are matters, which like the secrets of a certain fraternity, are never committed to paper, but are discussed by certain words, signs, and grips, known only to the initiated. To call a book, therefore, a ladies' cabinet, is as *malapropos*, as it would be to call the president of the United States a *cabinet maker*. The term, however, is a very general one, and has other applications. Antiquaries have their cabinets of old, rare, and curious matters. Now these are precisely the sort of things, which a lady does not keep, or keeps at a distance. They have no great love for antiquity, and neither a lover, a novel, or a dress, is the more esteemed for being old, odd, or outlandish—and as for curiosity, if a lady was to put her curiosity in a box, it would burst the lock. There is still another kind of cabinet. An auctioneer at Washington city, some time since, advertised 'three cabinet secretaries' for sale; and as there are *four* great functionaries at that metropolis, who are entitled to this appellation, I was at a loss to know, which of them was to be knocked down to the highest bidder, until I learned, that the gentleman of the hammer was only authorised to dispose of a few portable writing desks. This title is too vague.

Upon the whole, I feel it my duty, as an honest critic, to condemn the outside of this book, and I most affectionately advise my female readers, not to pocket such an affront upon their habits and understandings. They may ridicule it, if they please; for my part, I set it down as naught, and shall proceed with due caution, after getting my copy carefully covered with brown paper, to examine, if there be any thing within to compensate for the foppery of the outside.

ADDRESS ON INTEMPERANCE,

Delivered before the Cincinnati Temperance Society, by TIMOTHY FLINT.

Perhaps some will object, that the matter of the following address is foreign to the general character of our miscellaneous articles. Whatever interest the subject may possess, it will be admitted, that no other is more important. If apology were necessary for its insertion, it might be found in the fact, that the Temperance Society of Cincinnati requested its publication in the Western Monthly Review, or in the customary pamphlet form. The funds of the infant society being small, it was preferred to insert it here. The introduction is omitted as being local in its application.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Even here, in the industrious and moral city of Cincinnati, what do we learn in relation to the extent of the drinking of ardent spirits? Why, that the city derives a revenue for granting annual licenses for taverns and coffee houses of six thousand dollars. This, together with the incidental expenses of these several establishments, cast into one sum can not be less than fifty thousand dollars. We are a people very sensitive and tender about paying taxes; but here we are taxing ourselves, through our appetites and for our vices, fifty thousand dollars; and not a murmur is heard at the enormity and pressure of this tax.—Murmur did I say? We are told that the murmurs are all to be apprehended from the other side of the house; that it is remonstrance against paying this enormous and oppressive tax, that will excite the murmurs. For our part, we will not believe it. We will rather believe what our honest friend said the other evening, in the meeting of our society; in rebutting apprehensions, that some statements proposed might be unpopular. He affirmed, that he knew well those, who were the worshippers of 'Diana of the Ephesians,' those, who were most interested to keep up the existing order of things, and that, in a question between grog drinkers and no grog drinkers, half of the former would vote for a candidate from the latter, in preference to one from their own side of the question. We believe it. We believe, that we may confidently rest our cause upon the good sense and honest feeling of the community. Honest and correct publicans will not feel themselves implicated in any thing, we have to say. On the contrary, every remark is intended, as an implied compliment to them. Every honest and correct retailer of distilled spirits will feel, that he is wholly out of the question, so far as censure is implied. Every man, who uses ardent spirits, without abusing them, will consider, that he is wholly out of the question, so far as blame is concerned. Let the galled conscience wince. Let them, who feel that the painting is a likeness, not, however, resent it against the painter; or if they do, we shall receive it as an admission, that the arrow has sped to the right point. Neither need they, who are really in fault, have any fear. They tell us, that the people will drink, and that we can not help ourselves. We are painfully aware, that they have too much reason. We may brandish against them our war of words; and they in turn may flourish back in our faces the brilliant points of the potent cut glass vessel, full of the tempting ruin, that *sparkleth and giveth* its color in the cup, and they need have no fear, that they, who are with them, will continue to be stronger, than those who are with us. We feel but too sure, that men will drink on, say, and do what we may; —and Diana of the Ephesians need have no terrors for the workmen of the craft. To dispense the fatal mischief to the people, we have, no doubt, will long continue to be the most profitable calling among us. But this is no reason, why good men and true should shrink from their vocation, because they can not achieve, all that they could wish.—With the same propriety it might be said to the ministers of the gospel, shut up your pulpits; to the moralist, forbear your labors; people will live on as before. Our business is to do our duty; and we have no right to demand, before we enter upon it, that we shall be assured of success. The world will go on, as it has done; but this is no good reason, why we should not be found in our place, at our post, and using our best efforts to render it wiser and better.

Having premised these remarks, having disavowed in the most pointed manner, any thing like a personal remark, or a personal feeling, regretting, that it can be supposed possible, that any thing, we have to say, can be imagined offensive, we proceed to more general views of our subject.

We remark then, that as regards the vice, against which we are leagued as a society, man, wherever he has been found on the earth, has been discovered, tasking his invention for drugged and unblest cups of inebriation; and when found, prone to cease looking upwards, or within, while he swallows the poisonous and oblivious draught, that causes him for the moment to madden with feverish joy, to *forget his sorrows, and remember his miseries no more.*

The only fact to our present purpose is, that man has every where been found on the earth with a fatal propensity to inebriation. It would enlarge our survey beyond our purpose, to search beyond the obvious temptations to this vice. Some are propelled to it by feeling their intellectual and immortal nature a scourge and a burden. Some drink from want of conscience, and some to drown it. Some drink the medicated cup to inspire mad expectations for the future, and some a frenzied forgetfulness of the past.—

Some drink from excess of joy, and others of sorrow. Some drink from guilty pride, and others from guilty shame.—Some drink from loss and disappointment, and some from the rapture and fullness of felicity. Some drink from high health, and some from debility. Some drink to prevent the mind from preying on itself, and some to stir up the energies of a torpid brain. Some drink to call up the remembrance of joys that are past, and some drink to drown all the past in oblivion. Thus it is, that the enticements to intoxication thicken from various, and the most opposite conditions of the mind. Hence the fatal prevalence of this potent mischief; and hence the utility of societies, like yours, whose holy and benevolent purpose it is, to join hands and call into action every exertion and every motive, that can be supposed capable of influencing the mind; to raise the note of warning; to *stand between the living and the dead;* and, if possible, *stay the plague.*

Let no guilty scruples, let no dishonest delicacy restrain the pencil, while we attempt to pourtray the aspects and the consequences of intoxication. Let us allow, that if ignorant barbarians, in remote countries, drink intoxicating cups, they are harmless, compared with ours. Their Circean draughts are saps, milks, infusions, juices of fruits, rendered intoxicating by the simple and obvious process of fermentation. It was reserved for Christians, and the finish of their attainments, to invent the grand laboratory of the enemy of God and man, the distillery. It was reserved for Christians to torture bread, the staff of life, bread, for which children in whole districts wail, bread, the gift of nature to the poor, bread, for want of which thousands of our fellow beings annually perish by famine; it was reserved for Christians to torture the material of bread by fire, to create a chemical and maddening poison, burning up the brain and brutalizing the soul, and producing evils to humanity, in comparison of which, war, pestilence, and famine, cease to be evils. We declaim upon the light, morality and evangelical character of the protestant and reformed worship. But the catholic population of the countries, where the hills and the valleys are clothed with the vine, and where the presses burst out with new wine, drink cups that cheer and exhilarate, without intoxicating; and use the bounties of providence, without abusing them. It is among the thinking and reformed Germans, among the calculating Dutch, the gay protestant Irish, half intoxicated with animal spirits in advance, the shrewd Scotch, the proud English, and we blush to add, the people of our own independent and happy country, that the distillery furnishes its potent aid, its bad ingenuity, its torture by fire, its changes of the elements, its waste of the staff of life, to scatter its liquid poison with the besom of destruction among the people; first brutalizing their minds, and then *drowning their souls in perdition.*

Over all our abundant and happy country, in the cities, and among the simple and rural people of the interior, rise these laboratories of liquid fire. Around them, in numerous instances, we are told, are whole villages of people, in the various stages of intemperance, from him who has commenced his morning promenade to swallow the inebriating draught, just reeking from the freshness of the distil, and to give the filthy and disgusting poison, to be sipped by his babes, and his children, down to the reeling and worn down victim, dozing over his open grave. We are ready to believe, that few cities have better regulations than ours. We would be slow to credit the assertion, that any could be found more moral. What disgusting intemperance is there, that we can not avoid witnessing even here?—Within my own limited circle of observation, little as I traverse the streets, it can not be less than twenty times, during the past year, that I have paused in the streets, or the environs of this city, to contemplate a spectacle, which must fill every one, that has a heart, with loathing and abhorrence, and an indescribable train of gloomy and disheartening reflections, a breathing corse beside the fence, or on the pavement, who has committed mental suicide, who has extinguished the angel, while the brute still breathes on. Your benevolent purpose is, to arrest this wide spreading and horrible mischief; to shut up, if possible, the abhorred haunt of intoxication; to purify the place of mixed smells, of ruffian dialect of blasphemy, of babbling discussions of men and measures, of profound reasonings upon religion, under the profane inspiration of ardent spirits; of all the disgusting actings of the maudlin senses, of alternate paroxysms of love and wrath, kissing and fighting. Your generous effort is, like the prophet's, to throw salt into these fountains; or rather to dry them up. Your desire is to bar up this downward declivity to the pit. Every good man will cheer you to your task, and bid you God speed.

In the following remarks, we propose summarily to survey the amount of intoxication—the tendency of intoxication—the means to arrest the evils of intoxication, and the results, included in reclaiming and reforming a single subject of this vice. We ask patience, because our subject is important, and because our discussion shall be brief.

1. The amount of intoxication. Instead of contemplating, to arrive at this result, the great lazar house of the human race, we give intensity to the view, by inspecting a spectacle near at hand, our own beloved country, of course the chief field of your operations. By calculations, based on statistical tables, and which are far more likely to fall short of the truth, than exceed it, the people of the United States annually swallow between forty-five and fif-

ty millions of gallons of ardent spirits, at an expense to the consumers of between thirty and forty millions of dollars; a sum which would support the national government for years; which would four times support all the schools in our country; and dig ten canals, like that glorious one, which is to connect our river with the lakes. Ask yourselves, how many tears might be dried, and how much good achieved, by the wise and benevolent bestowment of forty millions of dollars? This is a dark but striking outline of the extent of the mischief.

2. In the next place, what has been the tendency and effect of this immense consumption? What have we gained by this lavish appropriation? In the first place, it is calculated, that, at the most moderate computation, ten thousand of our countrymen annually fall victims to intemperance. Ten thousand annually die not the death of nature. That counsels the submission of necessity and resignation. That opens the sources of tears, that yield relief. That ordinarily admits the alleviation of hope. Not from pestilence. In the awfulness of that visitation, there is terror and desolation, but no shame. Not by the sword on the high places of the field. In the language of the world, they who so fall, sleep under the green turf, which is watered with a nation's tears, and repose gloriously in the bed of honor. But they fell prematurely, fell in guilt and shame. Their Christian friends dared not contemplate their moaning spirits, as they entered the eternal regions of retribution. Their relatives shed no tears, but those of humiliation for the tie, that made them relatives. Their children wept, but only in view of the heritage of reproach and poverty and bad example, that descended to them.

But what further results have been gained by swallowing nearly fifty millions of gallons of ardent spirits? Why, each individual of these ten thousand was surrounded, in the closest relations of life, by ten survivors, who felt their example, shared their shame, heard their blasphemy, suffered from their ideot lavishness, were drawn into their quarrels, watched over their besotted and hopeless decay, and saw no term of relief and hope, but in their drawing their last sigh.

But what further benefits flowed from this enormous expenditure of more than thirty millions of dollars? The training of at least three hundred thousand recruits, in the various progressive stages of intemperance, from the hot and maudlin head of him, who has begun with morning bitters and julaps, through all the regular drill of discipline, down to the reeling, bloated, tottering, stammering wretch, who sees objects double, and offers himself on the forlorn hope, to furnish one of the ten thousand victims for the coming year. We omit as results comparatively unworthy to be named, friendships broken, secrets betrayed, children trained for poverty and the gallows, wives broken-hearted, the members of the family, by a misjudging world, too ready to punish the innocent with the guilty, pointed at in the streets; the reckless dirk, the hospitals filled, the jails emptied into the penitentiaries, employment for the criminal courts, theft, prostitution, every form of misery and disease, leaving death the last and least abhorrent shade in the picture. Do I exaggerate? Do I overcharge? Do I color too deeply? Will you not all sustain me in saying, that this outline strikes not the mental eye, with a hundredth part of the blackness of darkness of the real picture? Who can trace in one discourse all the streams of misery, that flow from the fountain of drunkenness?

But is there no case, in which we have been benefitted by this expenditure of more than thirty millions of dollars? Has any individual, who has taken a share in the potations, only in a degree, that has not essentially, or perceptibly injured him, been the happier for his momentary exhilaration? We answer decidedly, no. Nature knows her business, and keeps unerring debt and credit. When you raised the pendulum of existence and enjoyment too high, on the one side, it never failed to vibrate to the extreme on the other side. Not only so; but by this forced and unequal movement, the exquisite structure of the machine was injured. On the balance you were infallibly a loser; and nature, who has a most retentive memory of injuries, will one day refresh your recollection, touching your fault. But has no form of alcohol benefitted the invalid, who raises his medicated dram to his lips? Is it possible, that, what we daily read in the public journals, is not true, that there are no alcoholic bitters, that cure heart-burn, and dyspepsia, and jaundice, and hypochondria, and lowness of spirits, and fever and ague, and incipient consumption, and most of the *ills, that flesh is heir to?* Is it possible, that drams, and cards, and lottery tickets, will neither open the fountains of health and joy, nor the gates of the temple of fortune? Is it possible, that the hypochondriac, feeling his pulses, and examining his tongue, can hope no relief from those glorious bitters, which as the papers tell us, not only kill the spirits in which they are infused, but render them healthy? We say, and every physician of judgment and experience will sustain us in saying, no; none at all. Every alcoholic extract, in a form more copious than drops, is a disguised fiend, an abomination in the sight of God and man. Drunkenness never plays the part of Judas Iscariot with more success, it never steals upon its victim with a more deceptive and cat-like tread, than when it comes in the form of morning bitters, for jaundice and ill health; when the patient lays the flattering unction to his soul, that his health calls for it, as a mean of restoration. Wise and enlightened physicians are coming every day into closer union with all moralists and and good men, in declaring, that all cups of alcoholic mixture, under whatsoever form or guise, are equally unblest, in a medical and a moral point of view; and that it would have been infinitely better for mankind, if this vile present had never been emptied from Pandora's box upon the earth.

Had we the choice of banishing from the earth by a word, war, pestilence, famine, or drunkenness, we think, that a wise and good man could not hesitate to pronounce the latter.

But is there no case, in which alcohol may be indicated as a medicine? Is there no case of watching, of cold, of wet, of exhausting labor, of great exposure, of faintness, of the necessity of sustaining nature, until relief may be brought in a less questionable shape, in which the use of spirits may be serviceable? Undoubtedly there are; though we are of the number, who would always prefer, to see it administered in the form of wine, rather than alcohol. But to the single and clearly indicated purposes of medicine, ought the use of alcohol always to be limited, and allowed to no other. Alcohol, we grant you, may in some cases be medicinal; and so is arsenic; and so are cicuta, and hyoscyamus, and tobacco, and poppy, and the other deadly narcotics, which far more innocently, and safely minister oblivion, and wrap the soul in the elysium of frenzy, than alcohol. No. We have toyed with this poison, until we have become blind to its malignity and danger. Let alcohol be placed in the same class of medicines with belladonna, and tobacco, and poppy; a poison, which may sometimes be administered, to save from the effects of a deadlier evil, than itself. But let the invalid, the hypochondriac, the convalescent, the feeble, the low-spirited, the poor, the involved, those, over whose prospects gloom of any shade has gathered, not listen to the cry of depth calling to depth; not seek deceptive relief in deeper misery; not fly to the embraces of a fiend, who wears smiles of relief and promise on his countenance, but conceals a poisoned dagger. Let them avoid the Syren. Let them stop their ears, before they are metamorphosed into brutes, as in the ancient fable of Poesy. Let every alcoholic cup be inscribed, ***touch not; taste not; handle not.*** Let them fly, as he did, who sped from burning Sodom. But a more general and detailed view of this part of my subject, I cheerfully dismiss to the only person capable of doing it full justice, the enlightened and benevolent physician.

Surely it will be the amount of his instructions on the subject, that it must be utterly unreasonable, to expect, that the article, which, used in perfect health, is allowed by every one to tend to disease, resolutely persisted in, after it has brought sickness, will react, change its nature, and first bring disease, and then by perseverance in its use, bring health again.

The amount of intemperance and the evils of intemperance need no painful research to discover. Unhappily, they force themselves upon the most careless eye. A few strong touches sufficiently mark the black outline. The details are every where obtrusive and obvious, in the haunts of the guilty and degraded, in populous cities, in tipling houses, in jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, gambling houses, brothels; in short, wherever there is vice and misery.

3. But the more specific object of your society, is, to search for the means of staying this spreading pestilence; and not only to stand efficiently between the living and the dead, but to reclaim back to self-respect, comfort, society, hope and God, those, who are already the subjects of this fatal spell of fascination. In this case, as in most others, it is much easier to describe the magnitude of the evil,

than point to an adequate remedy. But much may undoubtedly be done, for much has been done. Where societies, like yours, have labored wisely and faithfully, their labors every where have told, in the reduced amount of the consumption and sale of ardent spirits, and in the visible and unquestionable diminution of drunkenness. Your cause is that of God and of man. The fruit of the labor of others should inspire you with courage and hope. I can do no more, than glance at some of the obvious means, that it seems to me, give the best promise for adoption in the case.

In the first place, let the just vengeance of the law be measured, prescribed and directed against intemperance, in the legislative hall. Let no guilty delicacy, or false decorum hinder, that drunkenness be not denominated crime. Let the guilt be fixed by fair and legal investigation; and let the drunkard be deprived of his elective franchise.— What, the glorious and priceless heritage of freedom and good laws passed over to the discussion and keeping of drunkards! Let the drunkard be deprived of the privilege of managing, or rather mismanaging his family, and disposing of his property, and making contracts. If he persists in making himself an ideot, treat him as such. Bind the straight waistcoat and the manacles of the law about him. Let him see, and feel, at every descending step, the fruits and consequences of his course. Let courts of justice invariably act on the stern, but salutary maxim of the law, that he who offends the laws, when drunk, shall expiate his guilt, when sober. Instead of the guilty tenderness, which, in decisions in some parts of our country, allows one crime to extenuate another, and considers drunkenness a palliation of offences committed under its influence, let it be adjudged as it ought to be, an aggravation of the crime, that the precedent guilt of intemperance led to it. In this case, as in a thousand others, misnamed lenity to the guilty, is the last degree of cruelty to the innocent.

In the next place, let taverns and places of authorized retail of ardent spirits, be placed under the strictest and most faithful survey of the proper magistrates, who shall take charge, that all the salutary provisions of the laws shall be carried into complete effect. Let every rigorous method be adopted, which is not inconsistent with the freedom of the citizen, to purify these places, and restrain the abuses and excesses, to which they are naturally liable.—Your police ought to be a thousand times more vigilant, to watch over the moral, than the physical health. Your obligations of duty are far more imperious, to remove moral, than physical nuisances.

The pernicious cheapness of ardent spirits is an evil in our community, over which every benevolent man will mourn. So long, as a few cents, saved by some mean and dishonest act, will enable the perpetrator, to intoxicate himself every day in the week, the temptation is triple to petty avarice, cheating and intoxication. Instead of heavy licenses for the sale of indispensable merchandise, and articles of prime necessity, why not tax the vice and intemperance of the community? Why not tax them, who have the means and the inclination to swallow liquid poison? Let them, whose maxim is 'a short life and a merry one,' fatal as their error is, be compelled to do something for the community in their short life, before they go hence, and are here no more.

May you not do something for your cause, by encouraging those publicans by every allowed immunity and preference, who substitute innocent for guilty amusements, and soda-water, and coffee, and the lighter wines and fermented drinks for ardent spirits? What a stain would be removed from the robe of our country, if this transformation could take place in all our public houses!

Encourage the culture of the grape, and the making of wine. What has been, will be again; and we seldom make mistakes when we reason from analogy and experience.—There are, no doubt, instances of men, who are intemperate in the use of wine. But the experience of all time demonstrates, that a country, where the use of wine is general, is a country of general sobriety and temperance. Encourage the disuse of spirits by boatmen, manufacturers, and the laboring classes, in general. Let men of wealth and influence, by whom these concerns are generally managed, join hands with each other, in the honorable pledge, that they will not allow ardent spirits to those, whom they employ; but will grant them an equally expensive allowance of milder and less noxious drinks. Or, let them appropriate the customary sums spent in that way, in premiums and gratuities to those, who may cheerfully fall in with this arrangement. Incalculable benefits have been achieved in this way; and the very subjects of the experiment, at first refractory, and dissatisfied, have finally been brought not only to acquiesce, but to confess, that they have felt the advantage, and been convinced of the benevolence and utility of the interdiction.

Let the members of the '*Temperance Society*,' agree, that they will resolutely offer the example of strict abstinence, from the use of ardent spirits in all cases, except where they are indicated as necessary in medicine. Let the several religious denominations, instead of struggling for the supremacy, and which shall show the greater number of members, make it one point of correct emulation, which shall show members generally most moral, and particularly most free from the vices of intemperance. Let ministers of the gospel hold in abhorrence the custom of either taking spirits themselves, or offering to their friends. Let innkeepers be encouraged to form fraternities, where the point of honor shall be, who of their number shall show the most quiet and orderly house, the most uniformly free from the disgusting practices of intemperance. Let every member of the community, who claims morality and self respect, set his mark of avoidance and neglect, upon every man, who disgraces himself by known habits of intoxication. These, I am aware, may seem harsh, and perhaps, unpopular recommendations. But there is a delicacy, that savors of defective principle. There is a want of earnestness and independence, which no honest and benevolent man ought to show. A cancer is not to be removed with an unction of bland oil; nor may you expect to dispossess those, who harbor the fiend of intemperance by palliatives and smooth words. These great ends, which you propose, are only to be brought about by firmness and vigor, and determined purpose, and high and persevering resolve.

Let the 'Temperance Society' here inform itself, what has been done elsewhere. Let it be the duty of the members, to acquaint themselves with the extent, character and degree of intemperance, that prevails in the proper sphere of their observation. Let them note all its aspects of misery and ruin; and let them be encouraged to exertion, by learning the success, which has crowned the efforts of sister societies. Let the moralist assail the vice from the press; and let the eloquence of the pulpit perform its legitimate function, in portraying the character, the consequences and the end of this odious vice. Let us all, in our several places and vocations, labor for the diffusion of the gospel. This benign and sublime religion is reared on the purest system of morals, that the world has yet seen. A Christian is a temperate man of course. Any other view of him would be the grossest solecism. In diffusing the gospel, then, you *lay the axe at the root of the tree;* and attack the evil at its source. But this important view of the subject belongs to another discussion and another occasion.

I need not inform you, that these brief remarks are but hints. A volume of details crowded upon my thoughts as I proceeded. I equally spared my own strength and your patience. Go on, gentlemen, and prosper in the prosecution of your benevolent and holy design. God generally carries into effect his great purposes of mercy, through the instrumentality of means and of men. If you are in earnest, his blessing will attend you. You will save multitudes from the infection of example, and reclaim and heal other multitudes, who are already diseased. Let me present you with a brief view of the results, in a greater or less degree, involved in the reformation of a single head of a family from the guilt of confirmed intemperance.

The subject was once temperate and respectable, like yourselves. Some one of the ten thousand temptations to drunkenness crept upon him insensibly. His friends scarcely marked the progress of the disorder, in his downward course. He began with ardent spirits in the form of medicines. He sipped, and loved by insensible degrees; and in the same proportion his conscience became callous, and shame forsook him. His self-called friends shamefully whispered behind his back, instead of honest and faithful remonstrance to his face. As they withdrew, his companions in iniquity exulted over him, as a veteran convert. Disgrace fixed upon him. His children hung their heads. The heart of his wife sunk within her, as he became brutal, quarrelsome, and neglectful of every duty, and as she foresaw the gathering storm. Whoever passed the house, saw the habits of the owner legibly inscribed upon every appendage around it. The voice of brawl and railing, on the one part, and that of lamentation on the other, is constantly heard within. Instead of any effort, to take a single step upwards towards light and reformation, every shade of misery becomes an accumulated weight, to drag him deeper down the gulf. At every noise by night, the wife and children tremble, lest it should prove a concourse of friends, bringing him home, an impotent, loathsome and living corse, or a lifeless one, in some of those reckless and senseless brawls, generated in the resorts of blasphemy and strong drink. *The spirit of a man may sustain him under many evils, but the wounded spirit of* the members of this family, if they have any feeling still left, who can bear? I see the assembling of this family in the morning, not for prayers; not for mutual counsel, what is to be done through the day; not for words of cheering, love and encouragement. The cheerful shinings of the sun show only the haggard countenance of the author of all this sorrow and gloom; only render the darkness of the picture visible. I see the reaction of slumbering temper and passions, heightened by shame, and debt, and remorse of conscience, and imagined upbraidings and reproaches in the countenances of his wife and children; by the irritability of disordered nerves, the pressure of pain, the hopelessness of present gloom, and the fearful looking for of a judgment to come. Trifles, light as air, kindle his wrath, and create a quarrel. Curses and threats ensue. The children weep. The mother trembles; or perhaps worse. Dishonored, discouraged, in want and in sorrow, they have adopted the same horrible expedient to drown a sense of their evils in momentary forgetfulness. It is unnecessary to say, that this man babbles about every thing, but most about religion and politics, when he is in these ways. It is useless to describe his real value, as a religious teacher, or a member of the body politic. But, contemptible as he is, every such *sinner destroys*, in the words of the scriptures, *much good*. He becomes a nucleus of evil example. Those, seduced by him, become examples in their turn to others; and the mischief goes on broadening, like the circles of the ruffled lake, spreading wider, and extending an influence, which may continue to operate forever.

Is not this a field, in which benevolence will delight to labor? Oh! how much nobler, than all other earthly achievements, is the work of him, who hath been the honored and happy instrument of *converting one such sinner from the error of his ways!*

We will suppose, that your exertions, to reclaim this unhappy being, have been blessed; that you have found him, and been instrumental in bringing him to an unchangeable purpose to reform. If there were any thing to envy on earth, I should envy you the scene of carrying this reclaimed prodigal home to his family. What rejoicings! What embraces! What a scene of sublime and intellectual joy! Home, the only place, where enjoyment is to be found on the earth, which had been the scene of nameless and hopeless misery, is now that of tender greetings, and of words of repentance, promise, forgiveness, hope and affection, which fall upon the ear, like the *dew, that descended upon the mountains of the Lord. Behold, how good and how pleasant it is, for kindred to dwell together in unity!* You have brought back an offending member to society; a citizen to his country; a father to his family; a husband to his wife, and we would hope, a penitent to his God. This is true joy. The benevolent rejoice with you. Not only is a family made happy, a prodigal reclaimed, positive good achieved, the evil of his example averted, and all, that witness the scene made happy; but there is joy in heaven. The angels set the event to music, and the benevolent on earth rejoice with the blessed above.

Let others pursue the empty ambition of the earth; and strive to have their names inscribed on a pillar. If either of you should be instrumental in achieving this deed of love, in my view, you will have won more true glory, than to have been written a conqueror, or gained the wealth of either India.

POETICAL.

In a literary conversation, the practicability of the sojourn of the Israelites in the wilderness, and the conquest of Canaan was discussed, as a theme for an epic. An individual, gifted with the visitings of the muse, was urged to the undertaking. The following was produced as a sample, and the project was dropped. *L.*

The man, whom God ordained the oppressed tribes
Of Israel to redeem from servitude
Severe, and cruel scorn,—to be his own
Elect, peculiar people,—and to lead
Them far from Egypt's fertile plains
O'er desert wastes wide spread, till they arrive
At Jordan's rapid flood, to rest at length
'Mid Canaan's verdant vales and vine-crowned hills
And olive groves, a fair and fruitful land,
Of Abrah'm's seed the promised heritage;
The wonders wrought for their deliverance
By the Almighty arm;—their wand'rings, toils,
Rebellions, chastisements and tears, their laws
Divine, and sacred rites from Sinai's top,
Proclaimed, and all their various discipline
I sing. Ancient of days, before whose eye
All that is past, is now, or yet to be,
Is present, me instruct in measure, as
Thou shalt see meet. As Thou did'st go before
Thy people, with thy heavenly ensign raised
On high, a pillar'd flame by night, by day
A darkling cloud, in form the same, their guide
To marshal them, and point their course, so Thou
Direct my way, 'till I my arduous course
Accomplish. Nor alone while I essay—
Haply with aim presumptuous—a theme
For holier lips and saintlier minds more fit,
Thy guidance, Lord, afford; but as through all
Their pilgrimage, thy people thou did'st lead,
And bring them to their long sought rest at last,

So me conduct, a traveller, like them
Thro' this dim vale of tears, a desert tract,
Seeking a better country, e'en an heavenly,
'Till all my wanderings o'er, the wilderness
And death's cold current passed, I reach secure
The city of my God, and rest in bliss.
  Far to the east of Nile's fam'd stream, that pours
O'er Egypt's level realm its annual flood
Of fertilizing waters, stretch'd between
The mount of God towards the orient sun
And other heights, that westward overlook
That narrow sea, whose waves of rubrick die
Have given its name, the plains of Midian lie.
There dwelt of old the Midianites, a race,
Descended from the illustrious friend of God,
The father of the faithful, &c.

SOROTAPHION.

  I wandered long and far in that lone world,
Where Mississippi rolls his endless tide;
Midst thousands, rude and shaggy, as the bears
Of their own dark, mephitic, tangled woods.
I found, retired in a lonely vale,
One family, in thought, in discipline,
And manners widely severed from the rest.
They had seen better days; had felt reverse:
And sheltered in these depths of woods a pride,
Without reproach. I sojourned long; and won
Esteem, before I turned my wandering steps away.
'Twas on a Sabbath's eve, when first the spring
New greens the earth; and tender leaves, half formed,
Begin to rustle in the southern breeze.
The air was balmy, bland; and the low sun
In purple splendour broadened in the haze.
  They led me to a closed room, the place
Of prayer, and high festivity, of song,
And dance. There came the infant to the fount
Baptismal, to receive, with christian rites,
And emblems of deliverance from the stain

Of sin, a name. There came the wedded pair,
To join their hands. Admittance here was barred,
But on occasions rare of grief or joy.
This evening was an era; and 'twas decked
With flowers, and evergreens; and o'er the hearth
Were urns. The word of God was read; the voice
Of prayer was heard. The evening hymn was sung.
We after talked the flowing heart. I heard the tale
Of all their toils, and wanderings to this time;
And many a gay and festive theme discussed.
The father on a sudden changed his tone,
His look, his theme. Attention held me mute.
You know, he said, how kindly we are viewed
By those around us; and what inference
Is drawn from our strange manners. As they pass,
By night, their locks erect, they swiftly tread;
And still look back, to see the sheeted ghost
Stalk on behind them; and because we shun
Converse with them, undoubting, they infer,
That by unhallowed meeting with the powers
Of darkness, amply we supply this want.
But, let it pass. Perhaps, it is not wise,
Widely to differ from the common race,
'Mong whom we dwell. Perhaps, the dying sage
Gave deep, and useful counsel, who enjoined
To sacrifice to Esculapius
The promised offering of the wonted bird.
Perhaps the members of no family
Were ever bound by mutual ties, so strong,
And tender as the intercourse of ours.
Repelled by all around, like rays of fire,
Concenter'd by the cold, our glow of love
Was more intense, converged to a point.
  But love alas! was powerless, to bar out
The rude ingress of death. Thrice he hath come,
And left his dread, unfailing summons here.
And they, departing, left in dying charge,
That their remains be gathered in these urns.
There rest two children's ashes, each endeared
Beyond all words, to tell. That larger urn

Contains the ashes of their mother. We
Come here to pray, and smile; and find, the heart
Is bettered by the hallowed sojourn.
A tear still starts behind our chastened smile.
We look. 'Tis memory's sacred call,
To double diligence in care, and love
For those still spared to love. We read, and feel,
As though they dwelt with us, and shared our joys.
That holds the ashes of my eldest son.
A kinder, braver heart ne'er chilled in death.
We lived beyond the sea in Britain's isle.
He was a soldier; and he won high fame
In bloody fields against the veterans
Of fierce Napoleon. In that dread fray
Upon the fields of Waterloo, he gained the praise
Of Wellington; and bought it with a wound,
Which, slowly cankering, brought him to this urn.
Our troubles were not single. We lost all
Our wealth, and hied us from that scornful pride,
Which takes the form of pity for the poor.
And, like the wounded deer, we sought a lair
Far in the wild. O'er the blue wave we came,
And o'er the lengthened range of Western hills.
And, as the shyer wanderers of the air
Seek surest shelter in the cedar's top,
We found our nest in these far distant woods.
My hero son faced sorrow, and decay
As he had faced the foe. And while these sons
Still made the adjoining woods resound with crash
Of falling trees; or reared luxuriant fields
Of waving maize, he calmly pined within.
The sword, the axe, the plough his trembling hand
Alike refused. But still, as we returned
From toil, he welcomed us with the sad smile
Of him, who felt the cheerfulness of all
The scene; felt, and was inly fortified, to leave
The whole; for he had shaken hands with life.
By slow degrees his mighty heart gave way;
And, uttering words of peace and hope, he died.
In him the mother's, sister's love so deep

Was centered, that this single, deadly blow
Struck with paralysis their bleeding hearts.
All words were weak, to tell the bitter smart
We all endured. But by his dying wish
On a vast pile of wood, by summer's heat
Made dry, we laid him in the soldier garb,
In which he met his fatal wound, and crossed
His good sword o'er his breast. We said
Our forms of prayer. We sung the hymn of wo;
And when the sun cast shadows from the trees,
And early twilight mid the dark brown woods,
We bore him, mourning, to the funeral pile.
All weeping stood around. The owl began
His note lugubrious; and wolves afar
Responded their sad dirge from cliff to cliff.
Mournful, and low, we uttered our farewell.
I, with averted face, applied the torch;
And soon the flame rose high among the trees.
The trembling birds fled their green nightly haunts.
Ere noon of night, the flame had sunk away.
The sacred ashes still remained; and ere
They ceased to glow, bedewed with tears, we poured
Them in the urn. His sister pined, and drooped,
Our second born This brother, deeply loved,
Was basis for her teeming thought, to paint
The sweet day dreams of youth; and when he died,
Rudely awakened, all her visions fled.
All earth was vacant. Beauteous though she was
As day; and young; and with a piercing eye,
To view this fair world in its rainbow hues
Of youth's illusive promise; smiles ne'er came
O'er her fair brow. Consumption rioted
Deep in her throbbing bosom; though a rose
Still marked its blushing circle in each cheek.
And oft she pressed, as mothers do the babe,
Close to her hectic breast her brother's urn;
And, fondly moaning out his name, she died.
'Twas when the yellow, sear, and dropping leaf
Of autumn plashes in the stream; and mid
The roar of mustering winds, and storms, we laid

The faded flower on the high funeral pile,
And in that urn are her remains. It reads
Alone, that she was loved, unhappy, good,
And fair. Bright intellectual gleams of thought,
Aspirings high, and holy, after worth;
An angel's tenderness and truth of heart,
And honied converse dropping, as the dew;
All these, with her pure spirit fled, have left
No record, but the tablet of our hearts,
And the enduring page, reserved above
For final audit. Her sad mother mourned
Awhile, with broken heart; her wildered thought
Still holding converse with the cherished shades;
And fondly deeming, that they wandered near,
Still beckoning her away. She passed in grief;
And in this urn is all of that kind breast,
On which my aching temples have been laid
So oft. Beloved children! mother dear!
Wife of my youth! Oh, will you ne'er return,
And cheer my lonely steps along the track
Of the brief sojourn, that remains? Till then,
At stated times, we gather here to pray;
And from the depths I cry for needed strength,
To wait in patience all the appointed hours,
Till my change come; and on these urns I pour
My tears. I need not wander to the place
Of graves; to bow my head upon the earth.
I grasp these urns. They thrill the deepest string
Within. This urn is empty. It will soon enclose
My cares, and sorrows. Earth has not for me,
But calls of duty, and of discipline.
I fondly clasp, alternate to my breast
The dear ones, that remain, and these cold urns.

M. P. F.

REVIEW.

A Search of Truth in the science of the human mind, part first. By the Rev. Frederick Beasley, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and a Presbyter of the Episcopal Church. pp. 561. Philadelphia: J. Maxwell, printer. 1822.

Our readers may remember, that we recently gave a notice of a work upon the subject of phrenology. They will know, that in every society, into which we enter, metaphysics, however little understood, is one of the subjects discussed. Very few are willing to pass merely for biped animals; and one may as well do it, as not pretend to know something about this subject. Even our young ladies are now examined in metaphysics, when they are *graduated.* We have more than once, in these strange days, been in the society of the young and the beautiful, when the conversation has turned upon the differences between Locke, Reid, Stewart and Brown. One need not demand stronger proof, that every person, with the least pretensions to scholarship, must put himself to the study, if haply he has not done it before. His motives to acquaint himself with metaphysics ought to be irresistible, when we add the consideration of the intrinsic importance of the study of mind—that part of our natures, by which we are so gloriously distinguished from the lower orders of being, and united with intellectual and immortal existences.

Our first motive, in the following pages, is to hammer out of the mountain of metaphysical research, a few fragments, such as will meet the present exigencies of enquirers in this walk of literature, and induce them to repair to the fountain, whence the greater portion of these hints was drawn. We wish to divest the subject, if we could, of its mysteries and difficulties, and clear it from the rubbish of detail, with which it is encumbered; and present it in an abbreviated and intelligible shape to the reader.

With these views we took in hand a volume of metaphysics, of nearly 600 pages of close printing. It was certainly a formidable castle to attack. Our astonishment increased, as we advanced in the reading, that this great, and we may emphatically add, excellent work, a production of our own country, and in a department of thought, in which it has been less prolific, than in any other, should have been so little known, at least in our section of the country. We have scarcely met a single person, who has heard even of the title; and yet the work must have been one of prodigious research to the author, evincing profound study, and various and extensive reading. It is, also, written with singular clearness and perspicuity; and in many passages we find eloquence and fine writing. That such a work should have been so little known among us, presents the aspect of our habitual neglect of the works of our own country, in a humiliating point of view. Dr. Beasley's book ought to have been published in Edinburg, as written by a Scotch metaphysician. We imagine, that it would then have been reprinted, and have made its way into all our colleges and higher seminaries.

In purposing to devote a part of two numbers to a notice of this work, we expect to do no more, than to fix upon some of the land marks of thought, as we pass along; abridge some of the leading views in the most condensed form, and give one or two of the most important and characteristic positions of the distinguished metaphysicians of different ages and countries. We are obliged to presume upon the circumstance, that the reader is acquainted in general with metaphysical technics, and understands the general bearing of the points, upon which the book treats.

The book is inscribed to bishop Hobart, in the affectionate language of a fellow-student, who had studied in the same halls, and grown into life in the same pursuits with him, to whom the work is inscribed. Sweet is the remembrance of the dawn of discipline, and the remembered delight of the prelibations of truth to such minds. There is no friendship, like that of great and good men, who have thus ripened in intellect and virtue together. The introduction to the work discourses eloquently upon the pleasures of the contemplation of nature, and the noble and divine satisfaction, that results from the investigation and the discovery of truth.

The first chapter divides philosophy into its two great departments. The first embraces the enquiries of the human mind, touching matter, its properties and laws; and is denominated *physical science.* The second includes the same enquiries, when directed to the *nature and laws* of the human mind. The latter has generally been denominated *metaphysics*, implying after the study of physics; because in the schools, where the term probably originated, the order of studies commenced with natural philosophy, and afterwards proceeded to the study of mind. The author lays down the usual and well known proposition, that we know nothing about either, but their properties.

Pneumatology enquires, touching the foundations of truth and certainty; weighs the degrees of evidence, upon which mental assent is founded, and shows where we can have demonstration, and where we must rest content with moral certainty, or even probability. At the same time it furnishes a clue to the sources of error, and enables us to detect it. Certainly no eloquence is necessary to prove the importance of this study.

The second chapter defines the terms *cause*, *phenomenon*, *law of nature*, *&c.* The ancient metaphysicians spoke of various kinds of causes, of which the author retains but two; *efficient causes* and *final causes.* The former he has not defined, and we shall take leave to denominate them *causes adequate to their effects.* *Final causes* are the ultimate ends, which the Creator had in view in the formation of his works.

The third chapter gives the different opinions of philosophers, respecting the import of these terms. The result of this chapter, which manifests extensive and profound research, in general, is, that Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, and Dr. Samuel Clarke had views upon the subject, which had general features of resemblance. So far as authority can go, he could not have found three higher names in the whole empire of intellect. The amount of their views is, that the first cause of the phenomena of the Universe is inexplicable; and that observation and experience are our chief guides in tracing the links of the chain of causes and effects.

The fourth chapter gives an exposition of the opinions of Mr. Hume, touching *cause* and *effect.* We need scarcely remark to the general reader, that Mr. Hume is one of the most acute and subtle disputants, who has lived; and that the amount of his philosophy is called *scepticism;* that is to say universal doubting, on the general persuasion, touching all matters of human inquiry, that one opinion is as probable as another. The author considers it a fact, that the first hints, which led to the systems of Reid and Stewart, and that of the Scottish metaphysicians in general, most of whom appear to be firm believers in the gospel, seem to have been borrowed from Hume, and to have been commenced in his famed effort to disjoin the ideas of *cause* and *effect.* We give the compressed amount of Mr. Hume's views on this point in his own words. 'Not only our reason fails us in the ultimate connexion between *causes* and *effects;* but even, after experience showed us their constant conjunction, it is impossible for us to satisfy ourselves by our reason, why we should extend that experience beyond those particular instances, which have fallen under our observation!'

This same idea, connected with substituting the words *antecedent* and *consequent*, for *cause* and *effect*, is the predominant feature of Mr. Brown's famous treatise upon the subject. The chief bearing of that famous treatise, if we understood it, is, that there is no necessary connexion between cause and effect; or the cause does not involve the idea of the necessity of effect—that the supposed relation should be called *antecedent* and *consequent*, and that we have no right to infer, that this order will always prevail in time to come. In other words, we think, Dr. Brown ought to view every new consequent, as connected with its antecedent, as a new miracle. We confess that this same book of Dr. Brown, which we have heard so lavishly, and generally commended, struck us, as the most idle trifling imaginable; notwithstanding all its appearance of solemnity. Who ever had a doubt, that what we call cause, and what we must always call by a name tantamount to that, involves the necessity of what we call effect. Call the relation that of antecedent and consequent, and it still remains the same, raises the same conviction, and is equally indispensable in all our processes of reasoning. A stone is projected. We say it returns to the earth by gravitation. True, this is a term, the exact amount of which, we do not understand. But what advantage could accrue to science and reasoning, if the impression could be establised, that the experience of all time, that the projected stone has returned to the earth, was no warrant for the persuasion, that it will so return in all time to come?

We ought to remark, as we proceed, that the comparison between the views, which Locke, and Newton, and Hume, and Reid have taken of this subject, shows that the author possesses clear and discriminating powers of reasoning. He inclines in this point, as we shall see, he does in most of the succeeding ones, to the authority of the two first great names.

The fifth chapter continues the same subject, giving, at the commencement, the views of Dr. Priestly upon the relation of cause and effect. It does not appear, that they differ materially from those of Hume and Reid. Professor Stewart, though in many respects he coincides with Reid and Hume, touching the relation of cause and effect, in some points seems as confident, that he has detected Reid in mistakes and contradictions, as Reid is, that he has found them in Locke's views upon the same subject.

The common tendency of all these views is so wide from practicability, or being of any use in guiding our researches after truth, that Dr. Reid tells us himself, that he once believed in bishop Berkeley's theory, that there is no such thing, as a material universe, sun, moon, stars, the earth, mountains, rivers, men, &c.; and that all our convictions about these things were mere reverie. Plato believed, that he could construct a world out of *matter*, *ideas*, and a *creating mind*—Aristotle, out of *matter*, *form* and *privation*. Among the wisest ancients, the chief province of philosophy was held to be, to inquire into the causes of things—'*cognoscere causas rerum*.' The poets beautifully held, that the great chain of effects rose, link above link, until the last one hung to the throne of Jove. Mallebranche maintained, that God was the only efficient agent in the universe, and that every event, or effect, was the result of his immediate acting, as the cause.

The same investigation is continued in the sixth chapter. Great acuteness and ability are shown, in examining the opinions of professor Stewart upon the subject of *cause* and *effect*. He considers the learned metaphysician rather, as having given form, simplicity and intelligibility to the system of Dr. Reid, than as having claims, as though he had substituted a theory of his own. True, he mingles in the compound enough of his own opinion and phrase, to give it a new form. With Dr. Reid, he thinks, that we do not obtain the conviction, that for every effect there must be an efficient cause, either from *reason*, *intuition*, or *experience*. He traces the conviction to an original and instinctive principle. For instance, a stone, thrown into the air, returns to the ground. Why? You answer by the law of gravitation. What is gravitation? A something, that causes bodies to bend to the centre. Why should bodies have such a law? The answer, after all, must be, such is the will of God.

But by this convenient invention of an instinctive conviction of the chain of cause and effect, professor Stewart finds, that Mr. Hume's theory tends more directly to pure theism, or the necessary existence of the being of a God, than any other whatever.—It keeps, he thinks, the divinity constantly in sight; and never suffers him to depart a moment from the thoughts. Such are his estimates of the views of Dr. Reid, and of Hume, on whose theory they were based. Yet the author thinks, and as we deem with reason, that more men have been reasoned out of the clear and undoubting persuasion of a Divinity by Hume, than by any other writer, ancient, or modern. The subsequent Christian Scottish metaphysicians may not have intended this dreary and desolate result. But we are persuaded, that, their opinions carried out into their remote consequences, and their fair and full inference, tend to inspire universal doubt, sap the foundation of all truth, and finally, but certainly lead to the most gloomy sentiment, next to annihilation, that can enter the heart of man, doubt of the being of a God. This chapter, we remark, is of considerable length, and, along with the customary acuteness, discovers not a little warmth of temperament, and perhaps a higher standing of the thermometer of feeling against these reasoners, whose labors have tended to this issue, than might be expected from the calmness of a metaphysical philosopher. There are, occasionally, also passages of great felicity and eloquence, as regards the manner. The whole theme turns upon points of discussion, the most interesting and elevated, which the mind of man can contemplate. Dr. Beasley still turns with a decided preference to those views of the subject, which have been taken by Locke and Newton. With them effects are inseparably linked to causes in a connected chain of sequence; and the last link of the chain in all its golden brightness and strength, is made unchangeably fast to the throne of God.

The opinions of Dr. Barrow, touching cause and effect, are incidentally discussed. He is represented, as having held sentiments midway between those of Locke, Bacon, Newton and Clarke, who formed one school, and the Scottish metaphysicians, who formed another. Towards the close of the chapter, the theory of Dr. Brown, of whom we have spoken, is cursorily contemplated. The chapter closes with an eloquent extract from Locke, in reply to Mr. Norris, a follower of Mallebranche.

The first chapter of book second, explains, what is meant by solving a phenomenon in nature. The amount in brief is this. A *phenomenon* is explained, when it is referred to some *cause*, *adequate to its production*, and when the *law or laws*, under which that cause acted, *are explained*.

The second chapter opens with the investigation of the proper subject of the book, the science of the human mind. It is, unquesably, the most important of all subjects. More has been written upon it, than any other. Each theorist, in turn, has cried *eureka*. Each one has shown dispositions to mar, and find fault with that of his predecessor. For us, we consider Newton's *Principia* in physics, only taking the same place on that subject, that Locke's '*Essay upon the Human Understanding*' does in metaphysics. Not that we consider either to have been perfect works, or to have included all necessary truth upon their respective subjects; but as the works of leading and master minds, that have produced *chefs-d'œuvre* in their kind; and in their main features never to be improved. Why? When the truth is discovered upon a given subject, all supposed discovery, that deviates from it, is error. After tasting the refinements, or being puzzled, and confused with the subtleties of the Scottish metaphysicians, we return with new zest and satisfaction and confidence to the calm and reasoning John Locke.

The first metaphysician, whose name has been handed down with any celebrity, as such, is Aristotle, the Stagyrite. What are called the schoolmen were the monks and *religious* of the church in the dark ages, who reared a prodigious empire of subtleties, *quiddities*, *entities*, *species*, and *substantial forms*, on the system of Aristotle, as they explained it. The whole science, as they managed it, consisted in endless, though often ingenious quibbling about terms.

Descartes and Mallebranche, perceiving, that metaphysics ought to be cultivated to a higher and more useful end, threw off the shackles of the schools, which had been rivetted by ages of opinion, and improved upon the acknowledged discoveries of Aristotle. Behind them, walking in the sober consciousness of power, we see the inimitable John Locke, who seems almost to have performed for the powers of the human mind, what Adam did for the newly created objects in paradise, placed before him to receive their names.

It would be amusing, if such a term might be applied, in Dr. Beasley's view, to see with what an overweening estimate of self superiority Dr. Reid and Stewart treated some of the fundamental propositions and opinions of this great master of thought. Stewart, in particular, arrogates to his predecessor, and in some sense his master, Reid, the honor of first applying Lord Bacon's principles of philosophizing to mind. Those principles, as all scholars know, are, that it does not subserve the interests of truth and science, to reason from theory and *a priori;* and that instead of this course, which had been for so many ages that of prescription, we ought to turn our chief attention to recording the observations of experience. Dr. Beasley considers, and justly, as it seems to us, that this honor more eminently belongs to Mr. Locke. No student of his 'Essay' can have forgotten, how often this maxim is inculcated. It was the precise object, in fact, of that masterly work, to aply to the science of mind, the same principles, which Newton applied to matter.

The third chapter enters upon the fundamental metaphysical subject, *perception.* By *perception,* we mean that power, in the phrase of the author, *by which we hold converse with the external world, and the operations of our own minds.* It is a generic term, including two species, *sensation* and *reflection.* By *sensation,* we become acquainted with the external world; and by *reflection,* or *consciousness,* with the *operations of our own minds.* Bodies have two kinds of qualities, those, which are in them, whether we perceive them or not; and those, which have the power of exciting certain sensations in our minds. Sensation and reflection, according to Mr. Locke, are the sole inlets of all knowledge. These are the fundamental principles of this faithful scribe, this great and unequalled historian of mind.

Dr. Reid, his very acute and learned Scotch successor, has handled these positions, as indeed most of those of this great master, with very little ceremony. It is amusing to consider, that phrenology now treats his system with still less respect, than he has shown towards that of Locke. Indeed, the truth of the fundamentals of phrenology may be much more easily reconciled with Mr. Locke's opinions, than those of the Scottish metaphysicians.

The author proceeds to a detail of the points, in which Dr. Reid objects to Mr. Locke's theory of perception. Dr. Reid admits, that sensation must be the prime inlet of knowledge, since a man, born blind, can have no idea of colors, or a deaf man of sounds. But he objects to Mr. Locke's theory, *that all our knowledge is admitted by the senses,* leads to materialism. The author considers this objection to Mr. Locke's theory, as evidencing, at once, want of clearness of ideas and fairness of induction. That body and mind do reciprocally act upon each other, every one knows. What are the mysterious ties, that unite them, or the *modus* of their mutual action, is a mystery, which human reason never has explained, and probably never will. Dr. Reid, acute as he generally is, seems to have committed upon this point, a palpable blunder of thought. He deems materialism to consist, in maintaining, that the action of external objects upon the senses, and through them upon the mind, is the efficient cause of thought. The real theory of materialism consists, in making thought the result of that action upon the bodily organs. The essence of materialism lies, in making all our perceptions mere modes of motion in the different bodily organs. The doctrine of Mr. Locke is no such thing. He clearly holds it absurd, if not impossible to suppose, that matter can think. He holds, that the body and mind are bound by an inexplicable tie; that they mutually act and react; but that, as to the *modus operandi*, we are left completely in the dark. This confounding of obvious and important distinctions, is a palpable mistake, into which Dr. Reid himself falls, while imagining, that he has caught the great English metaphysician napping.

Dr. Reid appears to consider it foolish to suppose, that the several *media*, which act upon the senses, are the real efficient causes of perception in the mind; in other words, that the qualities of bodies are the efficient causes of our sensations in relation to them. Take, says the author, the example of vision, by way of illustration, as every conclusion, which can be deduced from nature, as applicable to one sense, will be found equally applicable to the others. We say, that the rays of light passing from the object, and converging towards a point, forming an image upon the retina, and the brain, is the cause of our seeing. As Dr. Reid denies, that this explains the phenomena of vision correctly, the author asks him, what is the efficient cause of seeing in this case? He would answer, mind altogether; and that matter, or the external objects of vision, had nothing to do in the affair. It only acts, as an *occasional cause.* Thus are we plunged into the ideal mysticism of Mallebranche.

Mr. Locke certainly did entertain the idea, that there must be something in rock, properly termed hard, to raise the idea of hardness; and that a globe and a cube must be of different shapes, to communicate the distinct ideas of a globe and a cube, as raised by touch. The denial of these facts is mere idle quibbling, or useless play of words, because it may be said, that if there were no sentient beings, there could be no idea of hardness, or the difference between a globe and a cube. The utility of such trifling subtleties is little more, than the premature attainments of the young collegian, who proved to his wondering rustic parents, that fire was not hot, nor snow cold, because these terms related to sensations, which neither of these elements had. In such efforts the extremes of subtlety and ignorance meet, and the only tendency is, to turn the thoughts from things to sounds, from reasoning to quibbles, and from ideas to words. That is no real philosophy, which wars with common sense.

Dr. Reid urges a second objection against Mr. Locke's theory of perception. Mr. Locke supposes, that in perception an impression is made upon the mind, as well as upon the organ, nerves and brain. Aristotle believed, that an image of the object perceived enters by the senses, and impresses the mind, in the same way, as phrenologists now affirm, that they move the brain, by appulse. Locke phrases this mode of producing ideas *impulse.* Supposing this an idle theory, Dr. Reid admits, that Mr. Locke, in his famous letter to the bishop of Worcester, retracts it. The truth is, that neither did Aristotle, or Mr. Locke, hold to this theory of impulse, in the sense, which Dr Reid attempts to confute.

It is very true, that Mr. Locke sometimes speaks, as if the way, in which material things act upon the mind, was understood; and to describe the *modus operandi*, he uses the terms *impulse*, and *impressions* made upon the mind. But scholars will readily understand, that he uses these terms in a figurative and popular sense, from the absolute necessity of availing himself of some mode, to express this relation of cause and effect. It is curious to remark, that Dr. Reid, in correcting the supposed erroneous impressions of Mr. Locke, in describing the *rationale* of perception, falls into errors still more gross and crude, than those, which he ascribes to Mr. Locke. Hear him upon the subject: 'When I look upon the wall of my room, the wall does not act at all, nor is capable of acting. The perceiving it is an act, or operation in me.' No one, the author remarks on this passage, was ever so foolish, as to suppose, that the wall acts upon the mind, or even the organs of sense. The schoolmen accounted for the phenomena of this sort of perception in this way. They supposed a certain something, which they called *sensible species*, or *films*, passed off from the visible object, and, impinging upon the senses, made their way to the mind. But even their view of perception did not suppose any acting of the wall upon the mind; but *sensible species* flying from it, and by passing through the proper media of communication, coming in contact with the mind.

Aristotle and Mr. Locke entertain very simple views of vision. In one word, they make it to be this. When I look at a wall, the wall does not act upon my mind, or even my senses; but rays of light, reflected from it, pass into the eye, a wonderful optical instrument, fitted up with its living powers, by the great mechanician of the universe. It collects, and refracts these rays; forms an image on the retina, and causes such motions on the nervous coat of the brain, as enable the mind to have a perception of it. Notwithstanding all Dr. Reid's charges against Mr. Locke, we have never understood him to say, that this is an explanation of the mode of perception. The contiguity, or the distance of the rays, makes nothing to the purpose. The manner, in which the rays at last cause the mind to perceive the image, is inexplicable. The mind of Mr. Locke was as modest as it was powerful; and he was the last person, as every one, who has read him attentively, knows, to think, that the mental powers could reach beyond their mark. No author ever had clearer views of the narrow limits, within which human investigation is confined.

The author proceeds to give a comparative abstract of the views of Mr. Locke, Dr. Reid, and father Mallebranche, upon the subject. It forms a very instructive and important discussion, for which we regret, that we have not space. We can only remark, that Dr. Beasley kindles in defence of his favorite author, and speaks of the ignorance and disingenousness of Reid and Stewart, almost, as if the point in question, were a political one. We hurry to the last objection, brought by Dr. Reid, against Mr. Locke. We give it in the words of the book, and at the same time, by the extract, enable the reader to judge of the general manner of the writing.

'We come now to the last and capital objection brought by Dr. Reid, against Mr. Locke and the philosophers; an objection which lies at the very foundation of his system, and which if it be refuted, overturns his whole superstructure; which is again and again repeated in his essays, until the reader is sated and fatigued with its recurrence. The objection is this. "There is another conclusion drawn from impressions made upon the brain in perception, which I conceive to have no solid foundation, though it has been adopted very generally by philosophers. It is, that by impressions made on the brain, images are formed of the object perceived; and that the mind being seated in the brain as its chamber of presence, immediately perceives those images only, and has no perception of the external object but by them. This notion of our perceiving external objects not immediately, but in certain images or species of them conveyed by the senses, seems to be the most ancient philosophical hypothesis we have on the subject of perception, and to have, with very small variations, retained its authority to this day." Again—"Plato's subterranean cave, and Mr. Locke's dark closet, may be applied with ease to all the systems of perception that have been invented. For they all suppose that we perceive not external objects immediately, and that the immediate objects of perception, are only certain shadows of the external objects. Those shadows or images, which we immediately percieve, were, by the ancients, called species, forms, phantasms. Since the time of Des Cartes, they have commonly been called ideas, and by Mr. Hume impressions. But all philosophers, from Plato to Mr Hume, agree in this, that we do not perceive external objects immediately, and that the immediate object of perception must be some image present to the mind." This is the grand heresy with which Dr. Reid charges the philosophers; and which is represented as having had such a disastrous influence, as to have hood-winked the whole order from Plato to Mr. Hume; jaundiced their views of moral nature; deprived them of common sense, and laid the foundation upon which was built a system of errors, follies and absurdities, that have infected and vitiated the science of mind, and which, unless they had been happily detected, must forever have closed the door to its advancement.

'No terms appear too strong for the Dr., when he is descanting upon the mischiefs which have been occasioned by what, to most persons, would appear to be a very innocent and inoffensive thing; the theory of perception, or the theory that ideas are images in the mind. He may, indeed, be considered as rising to the sublime, when he speaks with so much feeling and eloquence on this subject. At one time he exhibits the ideal theory, as a "penurious and malignant ray," sufficient only to "shed a darkness visible upon the human faculties;" or an "ignis fatuus, leading us into bogs and quagmires;" or as "making an attempt no less audacious than that of the giants to dethrone Jupiter, in waging an unequal war with common sense, from which it must come off with dishonor and loss." At another time, it is represented as "one of the main pillars of modern scepticism;" as the "parent of those many paradoxes so shocking to common sense, and of that scepticism, which disgrace our philosophy of the mind, and have brought upon it the ridicule and contempt of sensible men;" as the "forbidden tree of knowledge, which we no sooner taste, than we perceive ourselves naked, and stript of all things, of our very selves; nay we see ourselves and the whole frame of nature shrink into fleeting ideas, and like Epicurus's atoms, dance about in emptiness." In fine, the theory of ideas, "like the Trojan horse, had a specious appearance both of innocense and beauty, but carried in its belly death and destruction to all science and common sense." Such is the representation given of the theory of all the philosophers who lived before the time of this author. Could Aristotle, Des Cartes, Mallebranche, and above all Locke, names that should ever be repeated with profound veneration, and to whose illustrious shades the votaries of science will ever pay the most enthusiastic homage, have heard such an account of their systems, with what resentment and indignation would they have listened to it? Had Dr. Reid, as we have before allowed, confined his invectives to the ridiculous theory of Berkeley and the sceptical fooleries of Hume, we had willingly and liberally indulged him in as severe a style of animadversion and vituperation, as he might have thought proper to adopt. But when, losing sight of the distinction between truth and error, between a just philosophy and an indigested mass of follies and absurdities, he would confound them all together; when he would represent the scepticism of Berkeley, and the intellectual fooleries of Hume, as legitimate inferences, from the principles of that sublime philosophy, whose foundation was laid by the Stagyrite, and whose structure was carried on and completed by Des Cartes, Mallebranche, and above all Mr. Locke, we crave leave to enter our protest against such unfair dealing, and our most decided reprehension of such egregious mis-statements.'—p. 139.

In the next chapter, Dr. Beasley proceeds to consider Dr. Reid's views of perception, as he understands Mr Locke to explain it. He makes Mr. Locke suppose the brain a wonderful little map, in which every thing, perceived and remembered, was a minute material image. If it were so, what a wonderful mixture of odd little paintings would the brain of some men exhibit! But Mr. Locke neither says, nor appears to think any such thing. We can not but remark, as our own thought, that Dr. Reid manifests here much of that common kind of disingenuity, that we so often observe from the pulpit and the press, putting the person's own ridiculous views and words into the mouth of his antagonist, in order to have an easy task in confuting him. To prove, that no such views of perception, as Dr. Reid here ascribes to him, are to be found in Mr. Locke's 'Essay on the Understanding,' Dr Beasley advances four presumptions, and then proceeds to demonstrative proof of the falsehood of the charge. By copious extracts from him and the comments of the Scotch metaphysicians, he appears to be satisfied, that he has abundantly proved, either, that Dr Reid did not understand Mr. Locke, or misrepresented him.

But Dr. Reid prefers a still heavier charge against Mr. Locke, in his representation, that the soul at first is *tabula rasa*, a blank, as respects ideas. It is true, Mr. Locke uses this figurative expression, in relation to the original state of the human mind; clearly supposing all its ideas to be derived by experience, through the inlets of the senses. But does he in this way curtail any power, that does really belong to human nature? Does he not expressly recognize the action of all our powers, during our progress in knowledge, and assign to each one its appropriate function? At the close of this chapter Dr. Beatie is mentioned, in terms of praise, as a powerful writer, whose chief metaphysical views were coincident with those of Mr. Locke. A note at the close of this chapter, paints, in terms of proper indignation, the cold, heartless and dreary scepticism of Helvetius, in his unjustly famous 'treatise upon man.'

The fourth chapter proceeds with the discussion of the theory of perception, and presents us with a synopsis of the opinions of the philosophers of different ages upon the subject. These theories have floated through their period, in the different ages, like bubbles upon the intellectual ocean. All, that were not based upon observation and experience, have passed away, and have not left a wreck behind. We shall take a passing glance at some of the chief of them.

Epicurus is supposed to have derived his philosophy from Democritus. He supposes, that the mind becomes sensible of the qualities of external objects, by means of certain *species*, or *images*, which are perpetually passing, like their films, from bodies in forms, like the surfaces of the bodies themselves, and striking upon our organs. In like manner, hearing is an efflux of certain particles from the body, which is the cause of sound, so formed and arranged, as that when they strike upon the auditory nerves, they become audible; and so of the operation of the other senses.

We have all read much of Plato, whom Cicero styles *Deus philosophorum*. But Plato is rather admirable for his eloquence and subtlety, than for the clearness and intelligibility of his writings.—He had studied in the Egyptian school, where knowledge was couched in hieroglyphic enigma and obscurity. The views of Tertullian, Brucker and Cudworth, in relation to his writings, are given. The chief idea of his philosophy is, that all actual existence had a previous existence, as ideas, or archetypes, in the divine mind. An anecdote is given by Brucker of the *cynic* Diogenes. He was dining with Plato, who, it is probable, was a free liver. Plato amused the cynic, as authors sometimes do their guests, by reading their own works. He was mounted, as usual upon his favorite theme, and talked about *these eternal abstract models in the divine mind.* It is not unlikely, that the philosopher and the cynic were both mellowed to good feeling. I see, said Diogenes, grinning a little, we presume, I see that table and that goblet, Plato. But I do not see *tableiety*, or *gobleiety*. Plato replied, blinking also, we prepend.—That is, because you look at them with the eyes of your body, and not of your mind.

The author proceeds to discuss what Plato intended, by his famous subterranean cave; and afterwards gives us the views of Spens, touching his celebrated treatise on 'a republic;' the leading position of which treatise is, that states will be happy, when they have philosophers for their rulers, and when the citizens fly, rather than desire public offices. It is obvious to remark, that our country is far from political happiness on Plato's principle. Dr. Spens gives a striking exposition of the allegory of Plato's cave. Brucker's view of the same allegory, is clear, eloquent, and impressive. We regret, that we cannot present it to the reader entire.

From Plato the author proceeds to Aristotle. Hermolaus Barbarus, bishop of Apuleia, is said to have consulted the devil in the earnestness of his desire to discover the meaning of Aristotle's *entellecheia*, a term famous, and of frequent use by that philosopher. The author smiles gently, we opine, adding that as no satisfactory answer has been received from his Satanic Majesty, it is to be presumed, that the learned Sorbonnists are still puzzling their brains in the dark upon the subject. Touching the character of the writings of Aristotle, every scholar knows, that he was the simplest, the most unostentatious, and the least regardful of words of all the writers of antiquity.

On the subject of perception, there is a wonderful coincidence between him and Mr. Locke, though there is little reason to suppose, that the English philosopher borrowed from the Greek. Dr. Reid, misinterpreting him, as the author supposes, makes him speak a language upon perception, very similar to that, which he holds to be so incorrect in Mr. Locke. He is supposed to say, that in perception sensible species fly off from bodies, and through the several senses produce impressions upon the mind, like that of a seal upon wax. So far is this representation from being just, that all he maintains is, that in perception an action is necessary upon an organ through a medium. Hence in the treatise of Aristotle *de cœlo*, we find him reproving Democritus for saying, that if there was a perfect vacuum, *we could see a pismire in the heavens;* asserting, on the contrary, that if there was a vacuum, we could see nothing, as the operation of some medium upon the organs is essential to vision, as well as every other perception.

The author next proceeds to consider Dr. Gillie's views of Aristotle's opinions upon this subject, which he seems very attentively to have studied. Dr. Reid affirms, that Aristotle is the author of that maxim of the schools, *nihil est in intellectu, quod non prias fuerit in sensu.* That is, there is nothing in the intellect, which had not first been in the senses. Dr. Gillie denies this fact, and seems moreover, from deeper study of his author to have the most tenable ground. Then a French quotation is given from Mallebranche, from which it would appear that he had fallen into the same mistake, touching the opinons of the Stagyrite, making him speak the same sort of language which he had found in the mouth of the schoolmen, who, also, by misinterpretation represented it, as the opinion of their master.

The author next presents the sentiments of Des Cartes upon the subject of perception. They seem remarkably coincident with those of Aristotle and Locke. In evidence of this, the author makes Latin quotations from Des Cartes, which would be to most of our readers unintelligible, and which give the ideas of the philosopher in such an unbroken chain of sequence, that we could hardly translate, and transcribe one passage, without the necessity of giving the whole. It seems evident, that, whether he be so or not, Dr. Reid intends to find him guilty of the ideal philosophy. In this long quotation, Des Cartes combats the doctrine of the school men, that there must be images in the brain, resembling the qualities of objects without, and affirms, that there is no such necessity, in order to account for perception.

Mallebranche held to the Cartesian philosophy, adding to it some peculiar tenets of his own invention. It is well kown that he resolved all the operations of nature into the volition and agency of the Deity; and held, that by contemplation we see all things in God. The author gives an ingenious exposition of his theory of perception, divesting it of much of the mysticism and unintelligibility, in which it had been previously stated.

From Mallebranche the author passes to Dr. Hartley, who explains all the operations of the human mind upon the plan of *vibrations* and *vibrantiuncles*, in the medulary substance of the brain. He seems to have been a kind of phrenologist without knowing it.—Des Cartes made the *pineal gland* the seat of the soul. Sir Isaac Newton seems to suppose, that the *commune sensorium*, is the place where the sentient substance is present. He has a sublime idea respecting the intelligence of the omnipresent Being, who he supposes, may perceive things in infinite space, as man does in the sensorium. Mr. Locke calls the sensorium the presence chamber of the soul. Dr. Clarke affirms, that the soul could not perceive things, unless it were present to them. It follows in his view, that, in perceiving things, the soul either goes out to the objects perceived, or they come to it. The author deems, that Dr. Reid misinterprets them all, and quotes Leibnitz in French, in an answer to Dr. Clarke, touching these points. He says, that he has no idea, that the images of things are carried by the organs to the soul. It is idle to attempt to explain how an immaterial substance can be affected by matter. The whole subject is clearly beyond the limits of the human powers, and the author thinks that neither Reid, nor Stewart made the first discovery that it was so.

The fifth chapter is chiefly occupied with the theory of Bishop Berkeley, which it is well known, was to disprove the existence of the external world, and to reduce every object, of visible nature, the sun, moon and stars, &c. to ideas and unreal images. Starting with petitio principii, with begging the question, the bishop reasons very acutely upon his assumed principles. But the same argument, which, according to him, proves the external world a phantom, pursued to its consequences, would equally prove the internal world the same. As bishop Berkely was an exceedingly amiable man, these idle whimsies of his brain have been treated by all succeeding writers with great indulgence.

From the theory of Berkeley the author proceeds, in the sixth chapter, to that of Hume. He divides all our perceptions into *impressions* and *ideas*. *Impressions* he divides again into those of *sensation* and *reflection*. The first arise in the soul originally at first, from unknown causes. The second are derived chiefly from our ideas. An impression first strikes upon the senses. Of this impression a copy is taken by the mind, which remains after the impression ceases; and this is what he calls an *idea*. The Scottish metaphysicians exalt him to the clouds. The author affirms, that even the schoolmen, whom he treated with such unsparing ridicule, held no system more idle and unintelligible, than this. He maintains, that we have no ideas whatever of substance, and no abstract ideas. He denies, that we are sure of the truth of the axioms of geometry.

'He maintains, that it is imposible for us to form any idea of any thing specifically different from ideas and impressions; that all our arguments concerning causes and effects, consist both of an impression of the memory or senses, and of the idea of that existence, which produces the object of the impression, or is produced by it. "He asserts, that it is impossible to distinguish the memory and imagination; that the belief or assent which always attends the memory and senses, is nothing but the vivacity of those perceptions they present; that the necessity which makes two times two equal to four, or the three angles of a triangle equal to two right ones, lies only in the act of the understanding, by which we compare these ideas; and that in like manner, the necessity or power which unites causes and effects, lies in the determination of the mind to pass from the one to the other. Mr. Hume maintains, that any thing may produce any thing, creation, annihilation, motion, reason, volition, &c. defines reason to be nothing but a wonderful and unintelligible instinct in our souls, which carries us along a certain train of ideas, and endows them with particular qualities, according to their particular situations and relations. He asserts, that all our reasonings concerning causes and effects, are derived from nothing but custom; and belief is more properly an act of the sensitive, than of the cogitative part of our nature. Finally, to hasten to the conclusion of this list of absurdities, he asserts, that the doctrine of the immateriality, simplicity, and indivisibility of a thinking substance is true atheism, and will serve to justify all the sentiments, for which Spinoza is so universally infamous; that we have no idea of self or personal identity; that the true idea of the human mind, is to consider it as a system of different perceptions or different existencies, which are linked together by the relation of cause and effect, and mutually produce, destroy, influence and modify each other; that identity depends on the relations of ideas; and these relations produce identity, by means of that easy transition they occasion; and lastly, he defines belief to be a lively idea associated to a present impression." Was ever such a chaos of absurdity, such a despicable jargon attempted to be imposed upon the world, under the respectable name of philosophy!"—p. 230.

From this theory of perception he proceeds to that of Dr. Reid himself, whom he has so often seen animadverting upon the views of the other metaphysicians. It would be impossible for us, at any length to point out the features, in which it differs from that of Aristotle, and Locke, without extending this article entirely beyond our customary limits. We shall endeavor to compress as much as possible of it into a narrow compass. In smelling a rose, he says, there is sensation, and perception. The agreeable odor is merely a sensation. The very essence of this sensation consists in its being felt, and when it is not felt, it is not. On the contrary, perception has an external object, and this is that quality in the rose, which raises the sensation of smell, and this quality exists, whether we perceive it or not. The conviction of the existence of this quality is what he calls perception. The author disserts with no small degree of ingenuity upon the superstructure, raised upon this system. On the whole, he thinks, it has small claims to originality, and that Dr. Reid has erected no new or more effectual barriers, than had been reared by his predecessors, against the inroads of sophistry and scepticism.

Chapter seventh treats upon the *primary and secondary qualities of bodies*. Upon this chapter we shall only remark, that Dr. Reid represents Mr Locke as erroneous and unintelligible, as upon the theory of perception.

The eighth chapter treats of simple ideas derived from sensation and reflection. Mr. Locke maintains, as we have seen, that all our simple ideas must be derived from these sources. To this assertion Dr. Reid, as usual, takes exception. It is, as every philosopher knows an established maxim in philosophy, to admit no more causes of things, than are sufficient to explain the effects, or phenomena. Dr. Reid, then, has to prove, that there are ideas in the mind that could not gain access there through these avenues. In his strictures upon this position, the author finds no new distinctions, that have not been known from the time of Aristotle.

Dr. Reid instances *substance, duration, personal identity and power*, as exceptions from this principle of Mr. Locke, as ideas, that can not be traced to sensation or reflection, or both. The only improvement, proposed by Dr. Reid, is to change Mr. Locke's terms of *active and passive power*, to the terms *active and speculative power*. The author decidedly objects to the proposed substitution, as he does generally to the strictures upon Mr. Locke's notion of our derivation of the idea of power. On a view of the whole ground, he finds, that the notion of our idea of the derivation of power from sensation and reflection, is not justly liable to objection. It is familiar to metaphysicians, that Mr. Locke's discussions of *power*, *duration* and *personal identity*, are among the most masterly writing in his Essay.

Dr. Reid objects, in different ways, to Mr. Locke's notion of duration, which, it will be remembered, he derives from the succession of ideas. He finds fault, also, with a consequence of that view of duration, that the same period will be long to us, when the succession of ideas is rapid, and short, when it is slow. The author finds both the positions wearing the appearance of truth, and closes by adducing testimonies in their favor, by facts from the experience of an officer, in relation to his estimate of the lapse of time in a battle. Nearly a similar disposition is made of the objection against Mr. Locke's view of what constitutes personal identity.

In discussing the very interesting question, what it is, that constitutes the *principium individuationis*, Mr. Locke evidently committed a slight mistake in his Essay. Bishop Butler with great clearness put him right. When it is asked, says the bishop, in what identity consists, the answer should be the same, as if we were asked wherein consists similitude, or equality? We should find it to be such an idea, as that all attempts to define would but perplex it. Mr. Locke evidently shows some hesitancy upon this subject, sometimes making identity to consist in consciousness, and at other times in something else. From one of his positions, it would seem to follow, that as soon, as we lose the memory of an act, we are no longer the persons, who perpetrated it. Here the question is started, could the soul of Percy have passed by miraculous transmigration into the body of Sir John Falstaff, would he have been the same person?

The author says, that Dr. Reid, in animadverting upon Mr. Locke's views, touching personal identity, falls into the same sort of inaccuracy, that he censures; that is to say, he objects to Mr. Locke, for attributing to consciousness the conviction of our past actions. It should seem elsewhere, that he predicates his own opinions upon the subject upon the same ground. He illustrates the case of the different acts of memory in the general, who was flogged for robbing an orchard, while young. He was afterwards made a general, for taking a standard from the enemy. Suppose him, when made a general, to have forgotten the flogging, which he received in his youth, would that forgetfulness destroy his personal identity? On Mr. Locke's views, Dr. Reid thinks, it would. The author considers all this structure, as arising from a cloud of subtlety and trifling disquisition. We are obliged to be figurative in the discussion of metaphysical points; and it seems no great stretch of figurative language to say, that we may be conscious of our past actions. By no extravagance of figure, we may say, that memory presents all the past events of our lives, as so many objects in that little interior world called *our spirits*, which are the objects of immediate vision, or perception to the mind. The author's views of the subject are given near the close of the chapter, in the well known story of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, from the 'Arabian Nights.' It will be remembered, that Abou Hassan was carried while asleep to the palace. When he awoke under the imperial canopy, and saw himself treated as an emperor, he was amazed, and could not conceive of his transformation from the obscure citizen, Abou Hassan, to the condition of an emperor. The next time he slept, he was carried back, and reinvested with his former circumstances. The citizen had no remembrance of the emperor. The ephemeral emperor had no remembrance of the citizen. Yet the citizen and the emperor had undoubtedly the same identity.—By violent attacks of disease, men are sometimes completely deprived of all memory of their past lives. Would it be impossible, under such circumstances, to convince them, that they are the same persons, who entered into certain previous engagements, or performed certain previous acts of their lives?

It will readily be seen, that we have only dipped here and there, into this large, and well written book. We are aware, how important it is, that the reading people of the West, that those, who are training in the higher schools and colleges, should know, where to repair for instruction of this kind. This book may be called a kind of abridgment, a dissertation upon all that has been written on the subject. The style and manner are remarkably clear and simple. But from his introducing so many different writers and subjects, and from the brief and hurried manner, in which they are noticed, there is sometimes difficulty in ascertaining, who is the speaker, and some appearance of want of clearness arises from this source. We have made a painful effort, to compress a few thoughts from it, to show metaphysical inquirers upon what it is, that the book treats. We have given an outline of some of the most distinguished systems of metaphysics. We have been obliged to take for granted, that the reader was generally acquainted with the subject, and the terms of the science. The main scope of the work is to review the Scottish metaphysicians in the points, where they differ from Locke. Reid, Stewart and Brown were believers in the gospel. He seems to consider them too close in the footsteps of Hume; and that their opinions have a general sceptical tendency; that by subtilizing too much, they have confounded the discriminating powers of the human intellect; and that by weakening the settled conviction of the connexion between cause and effect, they have broached a series of inquiries, which naturally tend to Atheism. Such, we understand, to be the author's views of the general tendency of their theories. They seem to be opposed to the infidel speculations of Hume, and yet their opinions, in their consequences, tend to the same end.

Though we think the author regards the English metaphysician with the eyes of favoritism, we have always been impressed, that the public has attached an undue importance to the Scottish metaphysicians compared with him. They have found mistakes in him. But we have thought, that all their important departures from him were so far departures from the truth.

There has been one Iliad, one Æneid, one Paradise Lost, one Locke's Essay. We do not say, that the former include all beauty, in reference to their subjects; nor the latter all truth. But we despair of ever seeing another treatise, which shall exhibit the same noble simplicity, vigor and luminous clearness of discovery and investigation, in analizing the powers of the human mind. We regard it, compared with all the subsequent writings upon the subject, as cubic gold, compared with gilding. We have always regarded it, as one of the noblest human efforts ever accomplished, in exploring the shadowy and intellectual domain. We have touched on the chief themes through nearly half the volume.— The remainder descants on subjects of more general interest to common readers; and we hope will furnish an article of interest. If this sketch should seem unintelligible, from its extreme compression, or tedious in itself, if it should induce the scholar to repair to the book itself, a book eloquent, learned and important, as well as of great clearness and force, we will consider ourselves, as having rendered service to the noblest of all inquiries.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A treatise of Pathology and Therapeutics. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE, M. D. Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, in Transylvania University. 2 Vols. 8 vo. pp. 1086. Lexington, Ky.

(*Concluded from page* 51.)

Chapter 18th. Weakened action of the heart being assumed, as an effect of the remote causes of fever in general, the next question, that occurs, is, what is the immediate effect of weakened action of the heart? The direct consequence is diminution of the quantity of blood, propelled through the arteries; whence weakness of the pulse, paleness and coldness of the surface, shrinking of the features and shrivelling of the skin.

Another result is, the accumulation of blood in the *vena cava*, indicated by the same symptoms. The author proceeds, on a broad anatomical survey of the arterial system, to consider what parts of the system will be immediately affected by this accumulation, as being acted upon by branches, or continuations of the *vena cava.*—The liver, the stomach and the head will be of course directly and strongly affected. The 19th chapter presents a view of these effects. They are sensation of the pulsation of the *vena cava* in the abdomen and the breast, occasioning those feelings which are commonly called palpitation, beating in the head, shortness and difficulty of breathing, enlargement of the liver, pains in different parts of the body, general debility, hæmorrhages, increased, and in some instances, decreased secretion of bile, atrabilious color of the blood, countenances and passages, highly colored urine, increased or decreased secretion of the gastric fluid, and consequent disorder of the digestive process, convulsion and stupor.

At this point of the discussion, the author proceeds to account, which he does with great plausibility and ingenuity, for the whole train of spasmodic symptoms connected with fever, and more strikingly with its incipient stage. As Dr. Cooke here describes symptoms, which, in different forms and degrees of violence, are common to all fevers, and are most conspicuous in the most prevalent disease of the whole Mississippi Valley, and as the symptoms are moreover described forcibly, and with great minuteness and fidelity of painting. We transcribe the whole description.

'Those who are affected with convulsions, are at intervals affected with tremor, both in the intervals of the attacks of convulsion, and in those of the convulsions on any particular attack. Involuntary stretching is a convulsive motion of the muscles in action. This also occurs in convulsion, and precedes the violent contraction of the muscles. Sometimes all appear in the same case; the patient has a slight tremor, at length begins to stretch, very much in the manner of a person awaking out of a sleep, and is finally strongly convulsed.

'When exposed to a considerable degree of cold, at the very instant of the sensation we call a chill, we perceive on close attention, an involuntary action of the muscles of the trunk. This is not only involuntary, but any effort we make to prevent it, to hold the body still, is vain. It is immediately followed by relaxation; the duration of which is at first considerable. Gradually, however, the contractions become stronger, and are more frequently repeated, until at length the affection becomes most violent and distressing, shaking the whole frame in such a manner as sometimes to alarm all around. This affection, which we call by different names, according to the degree, a chill or an ague, is therefore an involuntary contraction of the muscles; that is a convulsion.

'This identity is supported by a variety of considerations.

'Convulsions are often preceded by a creeping sensation in different parts distinctly perceived by the patient until his mind is overpowered. It is often compared to the creeping of an insect on the part. The same occurs on the approach of an ague; and the same words are used to describe the sensation in both cases.

'In both convulsions and ague, a feeble pulse and pale countenance precede the involuntary motions; but during the violent exertions, the pulse generally becomes stronger, and the countenance flushed.

'In convulsions, the symptoms preceding every repetition of the convulsive motion, viz. tremor and stretching, are often precisely the same with those which precede an ague.

'The convulsive motions in ague are often so violent as to prevent ready utterance, and they are sometimes attended with loss of sense and even death.—A man in an ague is often so violently shaken, that if he could get the better of his alarm, sufficiently to feign insensibility, his affection would readily pass for a convulsion—on visiting a patient who, I was informed had very violent agues, I found him so excessively agitated and with such a look of stupor, that I could not believe that he was sensible, until I had asked him the question.

'If in this situation, a man becomes really insensible, it is said the chill ended in convulsion, whereas he was evidently convulsed throughout; and it is only from the presence of a higher degree of the cause, accumulation of blood in the venous cavity, that the sole additional symptom, insensibility, has appeared. Convulsions sometimes go off with an ague, and an ague frequently ends in convulsions.'—p. 100.

This convulsive action drives the blood from the extremities to the heart. The overcharged heart is stimulated to increased action, which fills the arteries, expands the features, raises the heat, causes the countenance to glow, or in other words, constitutes what is called in common parlance, the fever fit. But the heart, excited to an action not only preternatural, but greater, than it can sustain, gradually sinks its action under the influence of exhaustion and debility. The aorta becomes flaccid. The *vena cava* becomes again distended, and overcharged. This order goes on increasing, until the heart, by the accumulated blood, is again aroused to increased action, which continues, until the reaction sinks to relaxation again; and this order of antecedents and consequents, continues still to prostrate the powers of the system, as one stage succeeds the other. Our medical reading we admit, is very limited. We do not know in what degrees this solution of the phenomena of spasm, shaking, convulsion and paroxysm, the hot and cold stages in fever, recurring with such wonderful regularity—appearances in every age and country so impressive, and by the community deemed so inexplicable, be correct. But to us these views are admirable for the simplicity and clearness of the reasoning, and for the force, with which they strike us, as being the real and true *rationale* of these wonderful phenomena of disease.

The infinite varieties of forms, which fever assumes, arise from the ever varying state of the excitability of the heart in different cases. The author proceeds to develope the remote causes, which vary the forms of fever. Miasma, for instance, renders the blood black, and lessens the pulse. Cold, on the contrary rapidly diminishing the action of the heart, swells the pulse, and produces more violent forms of fever.

The twentieth chapter proceeds to lay down the curative view of the preceding morbid affections. It would carry us altogether beyond our limits, and we may add our knowledge of the subject, to enter with any degree of minuteness into the author's mode of treatment of febrile diseases. The general intention is to excite and sustain the action of the heart, and reduce the accumulation of blood in the *vena cava.*

When the disease is the consequence of using spiritous liquors, narcotics, tea and coffee, it is obvious, that they must be laid aside. Poor fare through an uncommon cause of disease in this country, sometimes occurs; and then the diet should be more generous.—Excessive indulgence in the use of meat, the much more frequent cause of disease is to be exchanged for temperance. Excessive fatigue, want of exercise, vigils, want of rest, intense mental application, cold, and miasma, are all to be as much avoided, as possible. Increased action of the heart is to be obviated by bleeding and other depleting remedies. Great and sudden reduction of the action of the heart is to be met with warm drinks, warm applications to the surface and emetics. Hot water is nearly as useful, as any tea. Warm toddy and wine are useful in cases of extremity, and are to be given until the pulse rises. Warm applications are to be made to the surface generally, particularly to the epigastrium. Salt water excites the action of the heart more than fresh. The addition of muriatic acid increases the efficacy. In sudden and alarming cases, an emetic sometimes produces reaction and strong and full pulse in a very surprising degree.

The utility of stimulant medicines is considered more doubtful. Opium combined with camphor, is deemed effectual and safe.—Walking fast and riding hard sometimes cures obstinate quartans.

The charmed remedies such as *boring a hole in a tree*, driving a pin into it, and running home without stopping, undoubtedly derive all their real efficacy from the exercise, they require.

Of tonics, Peruvian bark and Columbo are in the most common use. The author prefers the solution of arsenic to these, or even quinine. He depends most on cathartics administered towards the decline of the hot stage. The first reliance is placed on calomel. Among the other cathartics, he gives the next place to aloes, and combats the common opinion, that this medicine operates chiefly on the lower portion of the intestines.

The discharge of black blood, which sometimes ensues from the use of cathartics often alarms the patient and his friends, and sometimes the physician; but the author affirms that he has not often seen this complaint terminate fatally. It sometimes manifestly relieves the patient. Bleeding in these cases is frequently indicated. He recommends doing this from a small orifice, and sometimes from the jugular. The affusion of cold water in the hot stage, as recomended by Currie, is safe and of great efficacy, when practised with judgment. The internal use of cold water is useful in reducing the action of the heart, although the popular dread of administering it to the thirsty and clamorous patient is well known. We confess we were not a little surprised to read, that the author has been for twenty years in the practice of allowing his patients the use of cold water, and even ice, at the moment, when they were taking calomel. It is well known that the prevalent impression is, that it is a practice of great danger, and often attended with fatal consequences. The author has never seen harm result from it.—He makes little account of nauseating medicines and febrifuge powders.

In the twenty-first chapter he applies these principles to various diseases. He commences in the twenty-second chapter with apoplexy. High living, inordinate eating, the free use of wine and spirits, sedentary life, excessive devotion to literary pursuits or business, and libidinous excesses, are the prominent remote causes of this disease. Various other remote causes are assigned. The symptoms are well known. The immediate cause is the accumulation of blood in the venous cavity. It is commonly supposed to be chiefly the result of extravasated blood, or serum in the brain. This is sometimes an attendant symptom; but by no means a necessary one. The author discards the distinction of *serous* and *sanguineous* apoplexy. As usual he goes into extensive citations of various cases of apoplexy in confirmation of his principles. In the mode of cure, bleeding is resorted to, when the pulse is full. A continued laxative state of the bowels is important. He mentions cases, where benefit was derived from the most copious bleedings, and he prefers, that it should be from the jugular. He has never used either stimulants or emetics, although he thinks they might be of service in apoplexy with weak pulse, which as far as his experience goes, is more common, than that attended with a strong one.

The twenty-third chapter treats of epilepsy, a common and terrible disorder, and as well deserving, as any other, to be called *opprobium medicinæ.* A long series of remote causes is assigned.—Probably the prominent one is intemperance. The author does not forget to add the grand general mischief of miasma, as one of the causes. The result is weakened action of the heart, and accumulation of blood in the veins.

In the method of cure, the main reliance is on bleeding, during the paroxysm, if the pulse be strong, and not otherwise. A calomel cathartic should be administered, and the operation accelerated by injections, where the case will admit. These remedies are for immediate relief. The cure should be chiefly sought in the intervals of the paroxysms. Tonics are of doubtful efficacy. Where bark, nitrate of silver, and sulphate of iron relieved, or cured the patient, he has seen them act as cathartics. His experience has not been extensive of late years in epileptic cases, and he can not judge by experience of the effect of emetics, which some authors have strongly recommended. He mentions one case of Chorea, that of a delicate girl most affected with convulsions in her forearm and jaws. She took 108 cathartic pills in the first month, and in the next five months 180. She was entirely cured.

The twenty-fourth chapter opens with a view of *dyspepsia*, at present the most abundant source of all the physical ills of disease, to which our suffering nature is subject. The long and formidable enumeration of symptoms ensues, sounding in our ears, like the *vagitus* &c. heard by Æneas and the Sybil, as the dreadful gate was opened, disclosing to their eyes and ears the miseries of the shadowy country before them. This many faced disorder, too, is caused by weakened action of the heart, and accumulation of blood in the venous cavity. Dyspepsia, therefore is not the effect of the loss of tone in the stomach, as has been supposed. Miasma does not fail to be enumerated on the best authority, as one of the causes of this disease. A number of interesting cases are given, together with the treatment and result. As this same disorder has been among our common and easily besetting evils for a great number of years, we read these cases, it may not be doubted, with intense interest.

The mode of cure on which the author chiefly relies, is cathartic medicines. A detailed account of the successful treatment of a female dyspeptic in this way is given. This case is followed by an account of a striking case of the treatment of the same disease in a male. The author put him on a course of cathartics, in which calomel was for the most part an ingredient. He was indiscreet and had relapses. After experiencing much benefit from this course, he resumed ill-judged diet and toddy, and died. The next case is that of another man, who had long been ill. He was put on a course of cathartics. He took, in the course of six weeks, ten ounces of scammony, four of rhubarb, near an ounce of calomel, near four ounces of aloes, above two ounces of jalap, about half a pound of senna and magnesia, with a little crem. tartar! and strange as it may seem, recovered better health than he had had for a long time.

The author remarks, that the evacuation of the bilious matter is necessary. If two or three doses fail, he perseveres, until the desired result is obtained. If he succeeds in purging the patient in this way, he recovers. If not he dies; and perseverance in this way saves many who were formerly left to die.

The case of another patient is given, whose disease had been aggravated by bitters. He was relieved by the same energetic course of cathartics. A dyspeptic lady was cured in the same way. Two other cases with the same treatment and the same result are given. The Bedford spring in Pennsylvania, we suppose, is spoken of, as celebrated for the relief of dyspeptics and Epsom salt is well known to be the principal ingredient in those waters. The chief doctrine inferred from the history of all the cases is, that stomach affections are to be treated with such remedies, as will produce three or four consistent evacuations in a day. Emetics are considered, as being only sometimes useful.

The twenty-fifth chapter treats of Nephritis. It is not necessary to repeat, that the author after enumerating the symptoms of this painful disorder, finds its origin in the same causes as all the preceding. In the treatment the main dependance is upon cathartics. An interesting case is recorded of a man, who suffered severely from a stone of such a size, that he could feel it roll, when turning suddenly. He was relieved by the following prescription: two ounces spermaceti, one ounce of castile soap, half an ounce of pulverised curcuma, aniseseed oil 60 drops, with honey to mix in a mass. He took of the size of a nutmeg three times in a day.

The twenty-sixth chapter is on gout. The division into regular and irregular, and of the latter into atonic, retrocedent and misplaced gout, are retained. These differences depend on the vigor of the constitution, and consist in the presence or absence of increased action. Among the remote causes of gout commonly assigned, the author thinks there is strong reason for adding miasma. The cause of all the preceding disorders is that, also, of this.

The gout, it is proverbial, is occasioned by immoderate and full living. It is to be relieved, if at all, by labor and abstinence. A sick and *bon vivant* priest was cured, by being enslaved by the Barbary pirates, and put on the regimen of the galleys, for three years, as a slave, with plenty of pulling at the oar, and very meagre and moderate fare.

A gentleman from the West Indies, who had the gout, no doubt from *riotous living*, was cured by being thrown, without any view to his cure, into jail by one of his creditors, and there restricted to the very temperate fare of that fine school of regimen. Vomits are of great utility. Lime water cured it in a case which he has recorded—but it always purged the patient, two or three times. Tansy was also serviceable in two cases. Cicuta is said sometimes to bring the gout down to the extremities. On the whole, the author has every reason to believe, that the use of such medicines, as produce two or three loose evacuations every day will effectually cure the gout.

One of the author's first cases of practice was a patient, who was addicted to high living, and had an attack after dining on rich food and drinking liberally. He was bled copiously, and took active mercurial cathartics. The next afternoon, he was free from pain, and capable of conversing. Another patient, with pain under the ribs, and strong pulse, was relieved by blistering and purging. Various similar cases are given. Application of cold in particular cases, as dipping the feet in cold water, &c. was used with manifest benefit. Cathartics are highly proper in the paroxysm. The empiric medicine in such high repute, *eau medicinale*, is a violent cathartic. *Vinum colchici* has the same character. The author has blistered the side with marked benefit. Dr. Chalmers, of South Carolina, removes gout by blistering the feet.

In the twenty-seventh chapter, hypochondria, melancholy and mania, come under review. We pass over the long and learned discussion of these disorders, uniting the terrible of mental and physical evil. The remote causes produce weakened action of the heart, and consequent accumulation of blood in the venous cavity. Sometimes these disorders operate in the line of joy, and sometimes of melancholy. Sometimes the patient imagines himself a decanter, and at other times dirty linen. The milder methods of curing the milder forms are in taking regular sleep, gentle exercise, mild and nutritive diet, ripe vegetables, soups, and such medicines, as discharge the black bile. This is the advice of Boerhaave.

The twenty-eighth chapter treats of Hysteria. This has been commonly considered the same form of complaint in female patients as hypochondria in males. The chapter is a long one. The causes of the disease are similar to those of the foregoing. They are most apt to occur at periodical eras in the female life. The symptoms are detailed. One of the most striking is the *globus hystericus*, occasioning a sense of suffocation. Low and variable spirits are also sure attendants upon this disease. The treatment is very naturally divided into such, as may be proper during the fit, and at other times. The author has found far less benefit from the use of all the active stimuli, than from an emetic. This is exemplified in a very striking case. In the intervals of the paroxysms, the author depends much on laxative medicines. Various cases are given in proof.—Whytt is highly recommended as a writer on nervous disorders.—We agree with him; and add, that we do not believe any subsequent writer has treated that subject with the same intelligence and advantage. The strengthening remedies recommended by him, are bitters, bark, preparations of iron, cold bath, cool and dry air, proper aliment, exercise and amusement. Remedies which lessen the too great sensibility of the system, are opium, camphor, castor, musk, the fœtid gums, and the warm bath. The occasional use of blisters, vomits and gentle purging is enjoined. The case of a lady, afflicted with nervous complaints is given. She derived signal benefit from the use of mercurial cathartics. Tonics and stimulants only afford temporary relief. Purgatives conjoined with them are often effectual. The former relieve the patient, but the latter yield permanent advantage. Rhubarb, aloes and calomel constitute the prescription, on which the author chiefly relies. The combined operation of gentle and continued purging with occasional emetics, when the constitution is not entirely broken down, promise every thing that can be expected from medicine.

The twenty-ninth chapter is on hemorrhage. The remote causes of this form of disease have been little considered. It is of common occurrence in low fevers. It is frequently periodical. Suppressed in a customary direction it often shows itself in another.—That it proceeds from venous accumulation is manifest from the circumstance, that, except in hæmoptysis the blood discharged is venous blood. Epistaxis of all the classes has the strongest claim to be called active hemorrhage. The complaint arises from the accumulation of blood in the veins. Cathartics are the main dependence for a cure, and emetics for immediate relief from this complaint.

Fullness, or plethora of the veins is greater in proportion to the weakness of the pulse, and consequently the emptiness of the arteries. Therefore lessening the quantity in the arteries by bleeding will not lessen the hemorrhage, but by still farther weakening the action of the heart, increase the fullness of the veins, and consequently the hemorrhage. In hæmoptysis bleeding in common cases is necessary, while stimulant and tonic medicines are injurious. In the other hemorrhages, they are recommended.

The next fifty pages, to chapter thirty-third, are devoted to hemorrhage that belongs to the female constitution. Besides, that they lie more entirely out of our plan, it is only necessary to remark of them that the same general principles are predicated of all these complaints, and the author considers the same general mode of cure indicated. The subjects seem to be treated with the same ability and industry, that have marked all the cases, that have previously passed in review. A great many examples are selected in illustration of each view, and the author seems determined here, as elsewhere, to reason only from facts.

The thirty-third chapter is on dropsy. Excessive use of ardent spirits, and great evacuations of blood are common causes of dropsy. That miasma produces it, is familiar to practitioners in warm and swampy countries. Mental uneasiness sometimes gives birth to it. Various circumstances prove that accumulation of blood in the venous cavity is the proximate cause of dropsical effusions.—From these general positions the author proceeds to numerous and detailed cases of this formidable and most discouraging disorder. The same general doctrines are laid down in regard to the mode of cure, as in that of the foregoing diseases. The remaining chapters treat of diabetes, of asthma and of several affections of different parts. But having greatly transcended our customary limits of notices, we pass them over, by remarking, that the views all tend to confirm the general theory of the author, and his confidence in his general mode of cure.

It is useful sometimes, that a layman should give his views of a religious book. We see not, why an uninitiated reader may not sometimes take useful views of a medical book. Such reader may be supposed to have some advantages in impartiality and freedom from *esprit du corps*, to throw in, to counterbalance his want of professional information. At any rate, this is a western book, and probably the largest, that has yet been published in this country. It is beautifully printed and with great accuracy. It is written in a clear, simple and unaffected style, and in language intelligible to common readers. At every advancing step, our respect for the talents, industry and learning of the author has increased. We wish all medical books were written in the same way; and that, instead of theory and speculation, they might contain, if it were possible, the history of every disease, that occurs. An immense amount of medical reading and compilation is visible in these volumes. We can scarcely imagine a more useful book for western physicians; and not for physicians alone. For, who is there, that is not interested, in knowing the causes of disease—the means of avoidance, and the modes of prevention and cure? Who is there, that will not be interested in reading these grand and comprehensive views of Therapeutics? Certainly, none need be told, that, next to a good conscience, health is our best possession here below. We think clearly, that Dr. Cooke, in his great and excellent book, has been a benefactor to the western country, in particular, and to his country and the human race in general.

Yet we must be allowed to say, after all, that it is impossible for a physician to lay down such a mass of connected medical matter, without a system or hypothesis, a theory of his own like the rest. We would not smile for the world while looking over a sensible and learned book, the production we doubt not, of a wise and a good man. From the theories of Hippocrates, to the bleeding and warm water of Sangrada—and from the sthenic and asthenic scale of Brown to the theory of Rush—and *the weakened action of the heart, and the accumulation of venous blood of our author*, each one has his hypothesis, and each one has more or less of the lawyer's acuteness, to interpret all the facts of the case in one direction.—Each one finds every fact, in his history of a disease, favoring his own theory. For ourselves, we speak, as unenlightened men, and only seeing things, as the people see them. We consider Dr. Cooke, as firmly based on reason for his opinions and hypothesis, as any medical writer, that has preceded him.

We are verily with him, in most of his positions. We think that no theory with which we are acquainted, requires less wresting of facts, to make them yield a plausible testimony than this of Dr. Cooke's. The explication, or the rationale of the cause of spasm and convulsion in intermitting fevers, and that class of them, that we call fever and ague, seemed to us exceedingly acute, ingenious and original. We have no doubt, that it is the real and exact account of the matter, and that the periodical paroxysms are predicated on the true causes. We could have wished, that our notice had been more strictly a medical one. We have taken it in hand, because we felt it to be a duty not to suffer so large a western work to pass without a notice in our journal. We have been the rather induced to this notice, because our views do not at all preoccupy the ground, which a Medical Review would take upon the subject. We close, by expressing the earnest hope, that the sons of Apollo will cheer with their plaudits this great effort to diffuse the principles of the healing art through the western country.

A discourse on the evidences of Revealed Religion. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING, D. D. Boston: Isaac R. Butts, & co. 1826.

Most people from the nature of things imbibe their views of religion from the circumstances in which providence has placed them. The teaching of all countries, of all time, and of human nature, concurs to establish an experimental conviction, that the religion of the great mass is one of feeling, of example, of inheritance, and founded on an implicit faith, derived from the creeds and instructions of doctors and masters in Israel. But there are not a few, and the number is continually increasing with the increasing light of the age, who must have a reason for the faith and hope, that is in them. To them it is of no use for any one to say, my faith is that of the fathers of the church, or of New England. My faith is orthodoxy, and every thing beside is heresy, that leads to perdition. Fear, authority, excitement, example may draw a man into a profession. But nothing, but conviction produces genuine Christian faith. It is easy for one man to declare to another, you ought to believe this. You must believe this. God will destroy you, if you do not believe this. Unless that unchanging order of mental influence, founded on the exhibition of evidence, has operated in the case, a man may aver his faith, but he declares, and affirms without ideas, or declares a falsehood. God has so formed the mind, that it can believe upon no ground but evidence.

One great class of our religious teachers have chosen a vocation to aver, and declare, and enforce, and denounce on authority, and constantly to sanction their high argument by the penalty of eternal destruction, in case of doubt, or disbelief of their dogma.

Another class hold the function of the christian ministry to be, to persuade, to reason, to urge a calm appeal to the understanding; to be gentle with the flock, *even as a nurse cherisheth her children.*

The former are often useful. Fear, terror, the dread of eternal punishment awe thousands and millions, that could be influenced by no higher motive. There are others, to whom it would bring no evidence, that a proposition was true, or false, even if they were assured, that they would perish eternally, if they did not believe or disbelieve in the case. To the reasoning and thinking part of the community, it is of unspeakable importance, that there should be men in the ministry, who should have powers of persuasion, strength of reasoning, dignity of style, calmness of investigation—and sobriety of deep thought, as well as sanctity of life, and christian example. A prodigious mass of our misguided fellow beings, if they even bestow a thought upon the grand subject of religion, have been led to believe, that there is no halting place between bigotry and atheism, and of course have their religion yet to choose. Whoever will look into the writings of Dr. Channing, will see, that the most important of all subjects is the most certainly true; and that indifference and unbelief may be merged in a conviction of the truth of the gospel at once rational, and operating in the heart, clear, convincing and conclusive—calling the believer to renounce no self respect, or dignity of character, and none of his reasoning powers, appealing to no idle terrors, but to unchangeable conviction, and the deepest and most immovable motives of action.

The sermon before us is one of an annual series upon this given subject delivered at Harvard College, at the Dudleian lecture, which we may remark in passing, has produced some of the most convincing, argumentative and admirable sermons upon the evidences of the christian religion, which have appeared in our country. We were attracted to the perusal of this sermon, by remarking, that it was the third edition. It bears throughout the distinctive marks of the mind and character of this eloquent and excellent minister of the gospel.

Dr. Channing delivered this discourse in a desk, where, perhaps, forty had preceded him on the same subject and occasion; and they were the selected, wise and worthy of the whole New England clergy. The footsteps of countless multitudes had been marked in the same course in every age and in every walk of the christian church. To make a certain kind of a sermon upon such a subject and in such a situation is the easiest thing in the world; that is, to walk the common place round which has been hackneyed by so many thousands. But to give dignity, interest and variety to so beaten a theme, to present arguments, that have been a thousand times urged before, in such a new form, and in such new and copious combinations, as to invest them with the interest, the zest and the air of novelty, this we conceive one of the most difficult, as it is surely one of the most useful of all mental efforts. In one word, we conceive, that it requires more talent, more eloquence, genius, learning and power, to write a good, interesting and impressive sermon upon the evidences of Christianity, than it would to write a discourse upon a subject which had never yet been touched.

Dr. Channing, in the sermon before us, goes over the usual ground; but in tracing the causes of scepticism, though we may not affirm, that he has urged original thoughts, that had never been advanced before, the manner, the associated thoughts, the new views, which he has presented of old thoughts give his subject the weight and conclusiveness of new and original argument. In no part of his discourse, is this more manifest, than in the impressive and satisfactory way in which he disposes of Hume's famous argument against miracles. From the disposal of this argument, he proceeds to plain, important and practical views of the character of Christ, and his religion. We have read more eloquent sermons of this distinguished divine, but perhaps, none more calculated for more extensive usefulness, and deep impression upon a reasonable mind, than the plain, unpretending discourse before us. There is little of labored effort or visible attempt at display in the eloquent passages, which follow: but the person who can read them, without looking upwards, and beyond the grave, must be good, or bad in the extreme.

'The Epistles, if possible, abound in marks of truth and reality even more than the Gospels. They are imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the first age of Christianity. They bear all the marks of having come from men, plunged in the conflicts which the new religion excited, alive to its interests, identified with its fortunes. They betray the very state of mind, which must have been generated by the peculiar condition of the first propagators of the religion. They are letters written on real business, intended for immediate effect, designed to meet prejudices and passions, which such a religion must at first have awakened. They contain not a trace of the circumstances of a later age, or of the feelings, impressions, and modes of thinking by which later times were characterized, and from which later writers could not easily have escaped. The letters of Paul have a remarkable agreement with his history. They are precisely such as might be expected from a man of a vehement mind, who had been brought up in the schools of Jewish literature, who had been converted by a sudden, overwhelming miracle, who had been entrusted with the preaching of the new religion to the Gentiles, and who was every where met by the prejudices and persecuting spirit of his own nation. They are full of obscurities growing out of these points of Paul's history and character, and out of the circumstances of the infant church, and which nothing but an intimate acquaintance with that early period can illustrate. This remarkable infusion of the spirit of the first age into the christian records can not easily be explained but by the fact, that they were written in that age by the real and zealous propagators of Christianity, and that they are records of real convictions and of actual events.

'There is another evidence of Christianity, still more internal than any on which I have yet dwelt, an evidence to be *felt* rather than described, but not less real because founded on feeling. I refer to that conviction of the divine origin of our religion, which springs up and continually gains strength, in those who apply it habitually to their tempers and lives, and who imbibe its spirit and hopes. In such men, there is a consciousness of the adaptation of Christianity to their noblest faculties; a consciousness of its exalting and consoling influences, of its power to confer the true happiness of human nature, to give that peace which the world can not give; which assures them that it is not of earthly origin, but a ray from the Everlasting Light, a stream from the fountain of Heavenly Wisdom and Love. This is the evidence which sustains the faith of thousands, who never read and can not understand the learned books of christian apologists, who want, perhaps, words to explain the ground of their belief, but whose faith is of adamantine firmness, who hold the gospel with a conviction more intimate and unwavering, than *mere* argument ever produced.

'But I must tear myself from a subject, which opens upon me continually as I proceed.—Imperfect as this discussion is, the conclusion, I trust, is placed beyond doubt, that Christianity is true. And, my hearers, if true, it is the greatest of all truths, deserving and demanding our reverent attention and fervent gratitude. This religion must never be confounded with our common blessings. It is a revelation of pardon, which, as sinners, we all need. Still more, it is a revelation of human immortality; a doctrine, which, however undervalued amidst the bright anticipations of inexperienced youth, is found to be our strength and consolation, and the only effectual spring of persevering and victorious virtue, when the realities of life have scattered our visionary hopes; when pain, disappointment, and temptation press upon us; when this world's enjoyments are found unable to quench that deep thirst of happiness which burns in every breast; when friends whom we love as our own souls, die; and our own graves open before us.—To all who hear me, and especially to my young hearers, I would say, let the truth of this religion be the strongest conviction of your understandings; let its motives and precepts sway with an absolute power your characters and lives.'—p. 35.

The Boston 'Amaranth and Masonic Garland' is a neat octavo monthly journal, apparently edited with taste and care. The number before us contains an extract from Mr. Knapp's eulogy of De Witt Clinton. It is in his happiest manner. Let masons reply to charges against them by fearing God, upholding order and government, relieving misery, and wiping away tears, and the fury of the present popular tempest will soon spend itself in *brutum fulmen.*

The 'Masonic Souvenir and Pittsburg Literary Gazette' is a quarto weekly periodical, in form and appearance the handsomest, that we see in our valley. We have looked over the contents, and we are pleased with the matter and the manner.

As we think, all efforts to improve the character of western periodicals, praiseworthy, we step out of our usual limits to express our hope, that this attempt may be successful. Judging from the number and respectability of the journals, which we see from Pittsburg, there must be among its inhabitants a great deal of literary emulation, reading and patronage.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1828.

Extracts from the 'Valley of the Shoshonee'—an unpublished tale,

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANCIS BERRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

Peace to these dwellers 'mid the mountains!

The Shoshonees are a numerous and powerful tribe of Indians, who dwell in a long and narrow vale of unparalleled wildness and beauty of scenery, between the two last western ridges of the Rocky Mountains. They are a tall, finely formed and fair haired race, more polished, mild and inclined to civilization, and farther advanced in the arts, than any of the contiguous western tribes. From them were unquestionably formed the interesting fables of the earlier travellers in these wild regions, touching the existence of a nation descended from the Welsh. Their common hunting grounds are in the wide grass plains stretching from their native mountains to the western sea. They sometimes, to diversify their range and the objects of pursuit, made their way over the granite peaks and snow clad summits of their mountains to the plains on the Missouri to hunt the Buffalo. They could number either of their own tribe, or their subjugated allies, perhaps ten thousand warriors, and fear of them was so impressed upon all the Indian nations within their range, that, being themselves a peaceful people, they had far more occasion to cultivate the arts of peace than of war.

They trapped on the Sewasserna and its waters, and from that beautiful stream supplied their whole nation with an ample abundance of the finest salmon. The Sewasserna comes winding along through their valley, a broad, full, clear mountain stream, neither foaming, nor still; but with a strong, though unbroken current easily stemmed, however, by the Indian canoe. The Indian, as he glides down the stream sees the shining rocks at the bottom, covered for the most part with green moss, at the depth of twenty feet. Pike and trout and innumerable fishes of undescribed classes dart away in the transparent depths from the path and the shade of his canoe. A splendid variety of wild ducks is seen, either pattering their bills among the grass on the shore, or roused by the intrusion of man among them, their wings whistle by in two disparting flocks, the one tending up and the other down the stream. It would be useless to think of enumerating the strange birds that build, play, sing, or chide in the huge sycamores and peccans, that overhang the stream. If in the highest heats of summer, you dip your hand in this mountain stream, filled from the recently melted snows of numberless and nameless mountains, the invigorating chill, is as if you plunged your hand in ice water.

The mountains on either side of the Shoshonee valley, tower in peaks from six to ten thousand feet high. More than half the peaks are covered with ices, that never melt, and snows that ever glisten in the sun-beams. The rocks and cliffs and boulders partly of granite and partly of volcanic character, are black, ragged, and show in their dispersed masses like the ruins of a world. Yet between these savage and terrific peaks, are seen the most secluded and sweet valleys in the world. Under the dark brown shade of hemlocks and mountain pines are seen tall and tender grass, an infinite variety of plants and flowers, a rich and tender mould, deer, elk, antelopes and mountain sheep. In the clear, full and brawling brooks play the trout and the pike, and the repose, verdure and beauty of the little landscape, are infinitely heightened by the contrast with the threatening and savage sublimity, that surround it. As you look upwards from the hemlock, under which you recline, the eye, dazzled with the radiance of the sunbeams, playing on the perpetual snows in the regions of mid air, reposes with solace and delight on the deep blue of the sky, that is seen between, undimmed, except by the occasional passing of the bald eagle, or falcon hawks, as they cross your horizon sailing slowly from the summit of one mountain to another.

In a valley of this sort, spreading ten leagues in length from north to south and scarcely a league in width, was the chief residence of the Shoshonees, and their humble allies, the Shiennes.—This valley is divided into two regular belts or terrace plains, the one something more than three hundred feet above the other. The partition between the two terraces was a prodigious arching wall, which for more than a league projected a concave summit, more than an hundred feet over its base—forming for all that distance a vast alcove, sheltered from all the inclemencies of nature except in front. From the base sprang up a thick grove of hemlocks of such a depth of verdure and so impervious to the light, that under them it was a solemn twilight at noon-day. These tall trees at their tufted summits, just brushed the external front of the wall. Thus was there formed at this singular spot, an alcove, the grandeur and extent of which, mocked all the petty contrivances of art. In the rear and above, nature had wrought the work in everlasting stone. The wall in front was the interlaced branches and the straight columns of living hemlocks, in whose tops the ravens and jackdaws cawed and fought, and built and inhabited their aerial cities. A hundred paces from the foot of the cliff rolled the Sewasserna.

The Shoshonees with a tact and calculation very unlike the general heedlessness and want of forecast, that is seen in that race of people, had chosen their winter habitations in this strange and spacious alcove. Vistas cut at regular intervals through the hemlock thicket to the banks of the Sewasserna, at once let in light upon their dwellings, marked off the compartments of the different families, and gave them the view of the river. Rush screens, and doors of skins were occasionally used to exclude the inclemency of some of the winter days. But such was the depth of the shelter and the perfection of the enclosure by the hand of nature, that the temperature must be severe indeed, when artificial heat, or artificial exclusion of the cold were necessary to comfort. Here they passed their winters.

Their summer dwellings were on the upper belt, in large and cone shaped rush tents. The change enabled them to look down upon the vale and river below. From this level, and but a few paces from the summits of the hemlocks, rose the buttresses of the noble peccans, that shaded their tents above. At present the Shoshonees proudly defied the fear of any foe. But it had not always been so; and in the days of their forefathers, rude ladders had been formed by thongs of hide and the branches of the hemlock, by which, when danger was apprehended they fled from their summer tents to their ropes, and like opposums evading their pursuers, they all dropped in a few moments to the unassailable fastnesses of their winter retreats.

During the winter they made their dwellings bright with the fat splinters of burning pine. They smoked, trapped, told tales, pursued their loves, arranged their summer plans, lived indolently on dried venison and salmon, and prairie potatoes, and occasionally diversified the scene by hunting, or a descent of the Oregon to the sea. In the summer, they speared salmon and hunted east or west of the mountains, as had been previously settled in council. Nature furnished them inexhaustible supplies of wild fruits and strawberries, and the Sewasserna and its branches not only afforded them an abundance of the finest varieties of fish, but it teemed also with beavers, otters, and muskrats.

Here in these quiet and undisturbed retreats, for countless generations, had been successions of the Shoshonee. The thread of their history, as regarded its public texture, had been for the most part, an unbroken line of peace, abundance and prosperity.—Their general holiday had been the whole three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Happy for them if an impassible gulf, an adamantine barrier could forever have protected them from the ingress and communication of the white race, their avarice and gold, their lawless love, and their withering influence, their counsels, and the new train of thoughts, excitements, schemes, and passions, new habits and new necessities originating from them. But the white men had found their way into these mysterious hiding places of nature. Their ever restless feet had scaled the snow clad mountains. Their traps had already been set upon the remotest mountain torrent of the Sewasserna. The ingress of the whites among them had had as many ostensible motives, as there had been emigrants. Some had come among them in the form of supplicants, and emaciated with hunger, and perishing with exposure, had appealed to their pity and hospitality. Some had come among them to sell their guns and gunpowder, and new ways of killing game and each other. Some had come among them as traders to create artificial wants and furnish them with trinkets, vermilion and blankets for their beaver and other furs. Unhappily they had all and from various motives, brought ardent spirits among their other evils. Following the steps of the intrepid Lewis and Clark, their first visitors had been from the rising sun and the sources of the Missouri. Not long after, canoes paddled by white men, were seen ascending the Sewasserna, from Astoria and the shores of the western sea. The dwellers in these secluded valleys, though separated by a space of twenty degrees from the Muscovite on the one hand and the Spaniard on the other, and from the shores of the widest sea on the globe, to the lower courses of the Missouri in the other direction from the dwellings of the white men, began to entertain a dim impression, that they were every where surrounded by the whites, as on a vast and solitary island.

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Another singular family of white people, by one of the curious freaks of fortune, had been for many years fixed among the Shoshonees. Never was there more ample confirmation of the thought in the beautiful verses of Gray, touching the gems of ocean and the roses that waste their fragrance on the desert air. As this family will be often brought to view in the following pages, it will be requisite for us to go into some detail in regard to the circumstances, that had fixed this family in the valley of the Shoshonee. The head of it, William Weldon was originally a Yankee sailor of superior education, a good family and the most careful training. He had been intended for one of the learned professions. But he was cursed in a very unusual degree with that endowment called genius—and his imagination was forever rioting with the fool's thoughts at the ends of the earth. His temper was variable and irritable. He laughed without reason, was sad without cause, and for the most part preserved an uncommon taciturnity, and a countenance of thought and care generally mistaken for one of ill temper. Of course he had here and there a warm friend—but the greater part of those with whom he had intercourse, were either indifferent or enemies. Still his instructors said he had genius. Every body said he had genius, and his fond parents were sanguine that he must rise in the world. Bitterly were their hopes crushed, when they discovered in him an unconquerable propensity for the sea. They reasoned, and struggled, but to sea he went, and the parents, with the common versatility of self deception, commenced pleasant visions, of seeing him an India, and thereafter a first rate merchant. But with more acquaintance with navigation than any on board, with an unimpeached reputation as a sailor, nobody spoke for him—nobody moved to advance him. He rested at the scale of second mate. Again and again he went long voyages with the same result. The stripling and the novice were exalted over his head. Disappointed hopes, humbled pride, and a consciousness of ill requited merit, forever corroded his nerves. This taciturnity increased. The sailors almost dreaded him, they knew not why. They felt his powers, acknowledged his nautical learning and seamanship, but called him Sulkey Will, shook their heads and intimated, that he held conversation by night on the deck with personages invisible to them. Sulkey Will grew misanthropic, wrote verses and threw them in the sea, and determined, when he should arrive at the north west coast, whither he was bound, to join the Indians.

It happened on the last voyage, that a young man going out to trade at Canton, became intimately acquainted with him. Their natures were somewhat congenial. A strict friendship was the result. This young man died at sea—but before his death he bequeathed his whole adventure and capital on board to Sulkey Will. The possession of some thousand dollars, increased the respect of the crew for Sulkey Will, who was now designated by the added epithet, 'the rich.' But this increase of fortune seemed to have no effect in propitiating the good will of the officers of the ship, nor to offer the slightest prospect of tending to his advancement.

While he was discharging his duty of second mate, for this office capped the climax of his promotion, and while his ship was lying in the river half a league below Canton, a violent squall, attended with thunder and hail arose. A Chinese custom house junk had been laying near the vessel for some days. This vessel, with many others, was capsized. Three or four persons thrown into the foaming waters swam with perfect ease. Not so, a single young woman, who was observed to struggle with the waves for a moment, and then sink a few yards from the ship. This was plainly seen amidst all the commotion and uproar, and excited a general cry of sympathy. The thunder, the fury of the storm, and more than all, the cry and the general interest excited by the view of the sinking woman, recalled the thoughts of Sulkey Will from the thousand leagues distance, where they generally sojourned. He perceived the unhappy woman rising, and holding to an oar with the convulsive struggle, which arose from the instinctive desire of life. He plunged over board. The river was exceedingly rough, and the crew considered the chances of saving the poor women or even himself desperate. At the same time all the idolatrous fondness of sailors for manifestation of generous feeling and reckless intrepidity and disregard for self arose within them. William Weldon became popular and a favorite in a moment. He had reached the woman, and she clung to him, as is usual in such cases with a spasmodic grasp. The waves washed over them. The lightning glared; and the elements above and below seemed lashed to a fury. .The crew threw over coops and casks, and cheered William, and cried huzza my brave fellow; hang to her! Hang to her! In a moment the gale will fall. We will have you a rope in a moment. Meanwhile another intrepid fellow had sprung overboard and had reached him, when apparently exhausted, with a rope. William caught it, and they were dragged on board, the woman in a state of insensibility, and William well nigh exhausted.

The squall passed away. The woman was recovered, and found to be a young lady of a most interesting person and apparently of rank among the Chinese. She was restored to her friends; and William won the acclamations of officers and crew, by an act of a character always to go direct to a sailor's heart. A clear vista was opened for the prospect of his promotion. But their voyage was destined to be continued to the Oregon, before their return. It had happened that one of the hands had died, while they lay in the river. The captain had advertised in the customary way for another hand. The evening before the ship was to sail on her return voyage, a young Chinaman of a singularly pleasant countenance, and speaking the usual amount and dialect of English, appeared on deck, and offered for the advertised sailor. The captain looked at him with the common kind of scrutiny in like cases, and objected to the slenderness and delicacy of his form, as not promising sufficient muscle and power to qualify for a sailor's duty. The interesting countenance of the young Chinaman became overclouded with anxiety and distress, and he showed extreme earnestness to be engaged. Some trials of his power and adroitness were proposed, which he passed with competent readiness. He seemed entirely indifferent about the amount of wages, and only anxious to fill the place. His gentleness and docility, his whimsical way of speaking English, and the tones of his pleasant voice gained on the captain. William Weldon seemed to have aroused, too, from his wonted apathy. He asked as a favor to him, that the young Chinaman might be employed, and promised that himself would supply his deficiency of duty, when it resulted from his inability to perform it. In short, Yensi, for so the Chinaman was called, was shipped.

The foreigner proved mild tempered and affectionate; and young and slender as he was, never tired in his efforts to understand and perform his duty. His musical and monosyllabic dialect afforded an unfailing fund of amusement and novelty. He became a general favorite, and there were others of the crew, as ready as William, to discharge for him those extra duties, for which his want of strength disqualified him. But Yensi, though civil and obliging to all, seemed to have no particular liking for any one but Sullen Will. This seemed a mystery to the crew, for William was as silent and reserved, as Yensi was affable and colloquial. But so it was, that they chose contiguous births, and messed and cooked and conversed together; and it was remarked with surprise, that with Yensi, William was as voluble in conversation as a Frenchman. While the ship was wafting with the gentlest gales, that ever blew, across the calm sea between China and the Oregon, while the rest of the crew drank their grog, and told their stories, and talked of their sweet-hearts under the radiance of the moon, tempered by fleecy clouds, William and Yensi on the extreme stern or bow, appeared to court seclusion, and never to be weary of each others society. The companionship had ripened to a deep and settled friendship. The sailors soon learned to amuse themselves by teasing Yensi in ridiculing his friend. He had inquired the exact import of the phrase Sullen Will, and nothing would so soon overcome his customary placidity as to apply the term Sullen to his friend. On the other hand, William had never shown a pugnacious propensity, until some one of the crew passed an opprobrious remark upon Yensi. A slight gale arose and Yensi was severely sea sick. He would accept no nursing but that of William. In short, sick or well, on duty or at leisure, Yensi and William were inseparable companions. This singular kind of Platonic sentimentality between a Yankee sailor and a Chinaman, naturally become a subject of conversation and curiosity. Two or three days before the ship reached the mouth of the Oregon, William was remarked to be prodigiously disturbed by an insinuation apparently thrown out at hazard, that in Yensi, he had a woman concealed in the garb of a sailor.

This agitation was remarked. Suspicion was excited, and rumor was soon afloat, that Yensi was in fact a woman. It was as fine a subject for ship gossip, as it was harrowing to William to know that such a report had reached the ears of the captain. Some jesting proposition was made to William to bring the matter to the test of search. But the wit, if wit it was intended to be, was met by William with such a look as caused none of the crew to care to repeat the proposition. A more formal investigation was, perhaps, contemplated by the captain, but approach to the northwest coast was attended with squalls and stormy weather, and the captain and crew were too much occupied by a sense of danger and duty to go farther into the rumor. But William and Yensi had been made painfully aware, that such reports were afloat, and on the return of pleasant weather would lead to painful consequences.

The moment the ship anchored in the Oregon, and put out her plank on the bluff shore, fearful of some official interference or examination, William Weldon informed the captain in private, that the report was true, that the sailors had divined rightly, and that Yensi was a woman. He was now on American ground, and demanded the discharge of both. The captain made some remonstrance, complaining, that he should not be left with a sufficient number of hands to work the ship. A remedy was found for that difficulty, in the fact that there were many discharged American sailors at the settlement on the river, who wished to hire. William was resolute and persevering in his purpose, and circumstances were so, that the captain deemed it best not to attempt to use compulsion. So William Weldon and Yensi were paid and discharged. A considerable colony of adventurers had already formed a kind of rude town on the banks, remaining there to barter furs with the Indians and to pursue sea otters and seals on the coast. William moved his trunks, his Indian trinkets and goods and a very considerable sum of specie into one of the houses of the adventurers, and left the ship with Yensi.

As soon as they had taken possession of their rude lodgings, Yensi changed her sailor garb for an appropriate dress, and William and herself entered into a solemn covenant, as a substitute for the marriage ceremony, the one appealing to God and angels to witness the sincerity of heart, with which the act was performed, and the other to the Universal Tien.

Yensi proved to be the very Chinese girl, whom William had saved from drowning during the squall. A young woman, who has a heart, whether her hair be dressed in the fashion of Boston or Canton, whether she wear Indian rubber or Chinese crimping shoes, has the same grateful nature over the whole globe. She felt, that William had brought her out of the water at the imminent risk of his own life. It may not be amiss to add that they had exchanged kind looks before, that she had come to the deck of her junk, when William stood on the deck of his ship, that certain glances of magnetic attraction had passed, that certain bows had been exchanged between them previous to this intrepid exploit. That settled the affair. She loved William. They had an interview. The plan which succeeded so well, was arranged for her elopement with him. She was the only child of an officer in the Chinese customs. His duty compelled him to reside in a junk on the river, and Yensi officiated as his house or boatkeeper. Her father was neither affectionate nor endowed with much feeling of any sort.—

Love was a new perception to the inexperienced girl. She was for a Chinese woman exceedingly pretty. She excused to herself her love for William, by saying that Tien would have it so, and that Confucius had declared that men and women ought to be grateful.

They remained only long enough at the settlement on the Oregon to make all the necessary purchases and preparations for their intended ascent of the river. Disgusted with the whole race of civilized man, William now determined to put in practise his long meditated plan of domiciliating himself among the Indians. In the freshness and vigor of a first love, for his new born affection for Yensi might be so termed, he consulted her first on the project. But Yensi was of a nature and in a stage of affection to say with the generous and confiding Ruth, 'Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God, and where thou diest, there also, will I die.'

The useless specie was locked in an iron trunk, as a thing that might be useful in some future changes or chances of their life. Guns, blankets, traps, utensils, such things, as might be wanted in their contemplated residence and modes of life, were purchased and loaded in a periogue, which a couple of Shoshonee Indians, on a bartering trip on the coast, agreed to conduct up to the falls of the Oregon, and thence by another periogue above the falls up the Sewasserna to the valley of the Shoshonee. A Kentucky adventurer, who understood the Shoshonee speech interpreted between them, and moreover spoke of the Shoshonee valley in terms of enthusiastic admiration, and of the people, as a people exactly of a character to meet all the long meditated plans of William to domesticate himself among them. They began to ascend the river, and at every stage of their progress they viewed the country with increasing delight. The season, and the weather were temperate, and charming, and no accident occurred to give them pain during the whole voyage. The Shoshonees received them kindly, and through the Spanish wife of Els-watta, as William understood her language, he could communicate with them.

William fixed his dwelling midway between the Shoshonees and the Shiennes. Yensi and himself learned the speech of the Indians, and became favorites with them. Sometimes he hunted and trapped in company with them. At others he scaled the apparently inaccessible side of the mountains, where the beavers rear their wonderful cities beside the roaring torrents, to take them on the points, where they slept. He caught sea otters. With the Indians, he kept the jubilee of the return of the salmon, and the freedom and loneliness of this illimitable, but beautiful desert was all to him, that he had hoped it would be.

Yensi was happy, for William continued to love her. William could not draw comparisons, as there was no one with whom to compare Yensi, but she need not have feared even that trial, for her image had entered his heart when its deep fountains were first moved, and none could now replace it. In her he saw, 'whatever good or fair, high fancy forms or lavish hearts can wish.' One worshipped the Jehovah of his fathers in frequent communications of prayer, and hallowed the Sabbath. The other burned incense to the Universal Tien after the fashion of her own country, though she listened with profound attention to William, as he expounded the scriptures, and love would no doubt have finally swayed her to that holier worship. William occasionally descended to the mouth of the river, when he heard from the Indians, that a ship was there. Yensi always insisted upon accompanying him, and on the stream, at the foot of the mountains, in their remotest travels, William and Yensi were inseparable companions. The produce of his traps more than furnished all their articles of rural need.

Will it be credited by the dwellers in palaces in the midst of artificial splendor and wants, that William and Yensi were calm and happy, and would have asked for nothing more on the earth, than thousands of years of the same half dreaming and yet joyous existence. A daughter was born to them, and new and unmoved fountains of mysterious and slumbering affections were awakened in the remotest sanctuary of their hearts. In a clear spring brook, which ran over pebbles, and between banks of turf, wild sage and flowers, in front of his dwelling, and overshadowed by noble sycamores and peccans, William performed himself, as father and priest, the ceremony of baptising his babe. Altering a little the mother's name, this nursling of the desert was called Jessy. The evening on which this sacred rite was performed, was that of the Sabbath, and as Yensi received the beloved infant in her arms, after it had been consecrated as an inmate of the family of the Redeemer, she declared with tears of tenderness and piety, that the God of William should be her God, and that they would both invoke the same name, when they prayed for the dear babe.

Among the articles which William had preserved with most care, was his chest of books, which he had so often perused while tossing on the billows. As soon, as the infant Jessy grew to be a child, she became the idol of her parents, and well she might. Philosophers, who have prosed gravely, have asserted that all children are born alike, that education makes all the difference, and there are those who believe these stupid fables. But there is far more difference between the intellectual endowments of individuals of our race, than there is between the lower grade of rationals, and some of the higher order of brutes. The little Jessy was the embodied painting of all that her father had imagined of beautiful, lovely, intelligent and good, during all the lonely years of his meditations, until he loved. From her mother she inherited an oriental imagination, and Chinese warmth of character. It was the mother's business in the intervals of duties, that occupied but a small portion of her time, to teach her every thing of Chinese science, letters, and arts, that herself knew. The whole mind of William was concentred in the wish to impart to her all the knowledge which he had acquired.

The beautiful child drank instruction even as the flowers of her valley drank the dew. Instructors, who have hearts, have felt the pleasure of training minds, that go out with eager elasticity to meet instruction, minds that anticipate the thought of the teacher, and upon which new truths fall, as the electric spark upon the receiver. When we add to this feeling of pleasure, that the instructor, a man of the highest order of genius, whose thoughts and feelings had been gathering power, during his life, by having been locked up in his own bosom, taught in the pupil his only child, the very seal and impress of his own character, and whose loveliness and intelligence would have been deemed surpassing even in the eye of a stranger, that the parties were alone among the Indians in the most romantic spot in the world, we may arrive at some vague views of the zeal of this instructor, and of the progress of his pupil. At eight she had mastered all the simpler books of her father's collection. The fervor, simplicity, grandeur, truth and nature of the bible, delighted her mind, while its grand truths imprinted themselves deeply in her young and pure heart.

In the important hunting and trapping expeditions of the Shoshonees it was their immemorial custom to emigrate all together. Tents, baggage, wives, children all moved off in a body. William Weldon and his family followed the example, partly from inclination, partly from necessity. The nation journied by easy stages, and the little Jessy and her mother were always provided with a safe and pleasant conveyance.

Thus in the perpetual change of place and scene, and amid the varied aspects of nature, in a wild and mountain region did the little Jessy spend a portion of all her summers. The first objects that impressed her opening mind, were foaming mountain torrents, peaks touching the clouds, covered with perpetual snows, terrific precipices, and in contrast, green, quiet and wooded valleys with clear streams flowing through them. When they tented for the night the fires blazed around, wolves howled on the mountains and the roar of torrents was heard. While her parents arranged their evening comforts, Jessy was delightedly noting in her childlike simplicity of manner, the incidents of the past day, the beauty or grandeur of the country, which they had traversed, or sketching from information the itinerary of the next. When they came to a pause of days, or weeks, she culled flowers, sought the coldest and most shaded springs, imitated the sweet notes of the birds, or accompanied by her father and mother, clambered up the mountains to find something new to survey and admire.

William Weldon's place in an encampment was always assigned next that of Els-watta. The temper and character of the chief assimilated as nearly with that of William, as the civilization and cultivation of the one, and the want of them in the other would allow. Of all the children, which his Spanish wife had borne him, none survived but Areskoui. This child from infancy, had manifested endowments almost as singular, as Jessy. He was admirable in form, tall, erect, with the clean limbs and lofty port of the savages. Like them he was silent, stern and destitute of tender and keen sensibilities. He had all their pride and ambition.—Like his mother's race, he was ardent, impetuous, voluptuous, and devoted to his desires and passions from his infancy. A kindly feeling between the savage and the white man, had strengthened with their intercourse into an attachment. The two families were in some sense identified together. Areskoui was two years older than Jessy, and they had played together in the unconscious days of infancy. They had been conveyed on the same litter in the emigrations of the tribe.

The first dawnings of character in the young savage were manifestations of fondness for Jessy. His mother often intimated to Yensi her wish, that Jessy might become the wife of the young chief that was to be. The boy himself early caught the impression, that this fair child was destined for him, and deeply was this infant propensity nursed in his impetuous and fierce nature, and unchangeably was it incorporated with every fibre of his frame.—When Jessy smiled, the restless spirit of Areskoui became composed. When she wept, he clenched his fists, knit his brows, and was angry with every thing around him. This feeling grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Jessy had reached her tenth year, when taught by native tact, she began to dread his irascible, determined, and ungovernable character, and to shrink from him, although from his having been her earliest playmate, she regarded him with a portion of sisterly feeling.

CHAPTER II.

Strange garbs and sun-burnt faces from all climes.

It is believed, that the interesting little village on the Oregon, called Astoria, received its name from the circumstance, that the celebrated fur company, which collects furs on that river and sends them to China, was founded chiefly by John and Jacob Astor of New York. A thousand circumstances belonging to this village, concur to furnish inexhaustible food to the imagination. Not far from the calm bosom of the widest sea on the globe, it rises from the shores of one of the noblest among rivers. Thick, dark and wide forests of hemlocks and pines are seen in the distance, and skirt it sea-ward. Flowering, and to the eye, interminable plains stretch away, gradually rising from it to the Rocky Mountains.—Log houses, tents, Indian huts, two or three stores, palisaded and fortified with cannon, and a few more commodious dwellings constitute the place.

The earth sees no place, called a town, more lonely or more romantic in its position. Yet here, in this distant spot, apparently isolated from social nature, the fluttering pennons of ships from different nations remind the inhabitant of the all-searching eye and enterprise of commerce. Here is the Yankee ship with its motley crew with quick step and eye, all hands in motion, and all hearts beating with the fur-gathering and money-getting impulse. Here is the more unwieldy English ship manned by sailors with round and ruddy faces, and its captain wearing on his brow and in his port the impress of taciturnity and national pride. Here is the uncouth Russian ship, commanded by a German captain, and with a crew half Muscovites, half Kamschadales. Here, also, may sometimes be seen the Spanish felucca with its swarthy crew occupied in bartering jerked beef, hides and fruit. The 'mélé' is rendered more striking by greater or less sprinklings of Chinese, distinguished in a moment by their national look and manners. At a little distance is another group of beings, apparently of another world.

It is hard to say, whether their copper, stern and silent persons show thoughtlessness, or deep thought; whether they are ruminating or half asleep; whether they survey all this bustle of commerce, this assemblage of representatives from so many countries, that have been borne they know, and inquire not how, over the dark bosom of the sea, with the look of meditation or indifference; whether they disregard these strange objects from pride, or from a consciousness of their native independence and ability to get along without them. Their dogs sleep beside them. The squaws watch their naked children as they tumble about on the buffalo robe.

It so happened not many years ago, that three or four ships arrived nearly at the same time at Astoria. The Americans, the British, the Muscovites, the creole Spanish, had met on this distant shore in the most perfect accord, and had hunted, fished, traded and joined in the Indian sports, as a band of brothers. Under such circumstances almost every thing in the form of woman passes for fair. There was in truth some variety in the copper faces of the shepherdesses of the plains of Oregon, that accompanied their husbands and fathers. But the smallness of the number only excited an inclination to see more of them. Elderwood and Auguste Dettier, who were in company with the Indians, discoursed to the men of the sea, somewhat enthusiastically upon the beauty of the country above, the simplicity of the natives, the abundance of the game and strawberries on the prairies, and of salmon in the rivers. It was the time of flowers, strawberries, salmon, and the whispering south-west breeze. The trees and nature were in full verdure, and at intervals an Indian canoe was seen filled with its red occupants, who raised the joyous yelp, put their paddles into the gently rippling bosom of the stream and caused the frail craft to glide away in the ascending distance.

The departing savages were Shoshonees and Shiennes. Auguste Dettier had eaten soup, drank wine, and danced a *pas de deux* with a countryman, acted as chief interpreter between the Indians and the ships's crew, and been as happy as man can be here. Elderwood had preached to the united collection from the ships, and although few of them understood English, and still fewer had any relish for preaching, those who slept, had the politeness to turn away their faces during the pleasant suspension of the toil of thought; and those who understood not a word, nodded their heads at regular pauses, as though from edification and for assent. The Indians were happy; for the Yankees had filled their skins with the delicious New England *white eye* at not more than three dollars a gallon, paid in good, winter trapped beaver. The Indian girls were happy, for each one was made fine by a chintz robe, a number of bead necklaces, a looking glass and nose and ear jewels. From these circumstances there seemed a mutual reluctance on all sides at the thought of parting. The ships were destined to a stay of some length, to complete their cargoes, barter with the Spaniards for beef, and the Indians for dried salmon and furs. The glowing descriptions of the voluble Frenchmen, and the more staid and deep phrase of Elderwood alike united to arouse in the minds of the unoccupied young men on board the ships a curiosity to see the country, an inclination to spear some of the fine salmon, eat strawberries and hunt. 'Amid such an abundance of game we shall certainly shoot something worth telling of,' said they, 'and even if we should fail we need not spoil our story, as the Shoshonees will hardly be called to give testimony in the case. Besides, we will visit this singular family of whites with the beautiful daughter.'

It was evident that Elderwood, Dettier, and even the savages entertained a deep feeling of respect, for the family spoken of. The two former talked of them with mingled enthusiasm and veneration. The savages said that many moons had passed since these pale faces came to dwell in the Shoshonee valley, and their daughter was a 'flower medicine.' The English and the American ship lay side by side. The officers stood upon their decks watching the departure of another canoe filled with the happy Shoshonees. As it disappeared behind the point of the flowering bank, said one of the spectators, suppose we follow them. *Omnis ager est ver*——cried Augustus Landon, the gay and dissipated young supercargo of the English ship. A fig for Latin, echoed

Adolphus Belden, a fine looking adventurer from the American vessel. Every thing is pleasant, in plain English, and I should admire to ascend the river in this charming weather. What do they say there? asked the German captain Wilhelm. On dit, answered Auguste, il fait beau tems pour monter le fleuve, et manger de fraises attrapper des poissons, et danser avec les Jeunes Sauvagesses. Let us go, said the German. Let us go, repeated the British supercargo, and as many, as were idle on the American ship.

Preparation for carrying this project into execution were instantly commenced. Utility and profit were blended, as much as possible with pleasure, in the arrangements; and an undertaking, which had originated in the excited imaginations of the young men, was now viewed favorably by those who were older, wiser, and more prudent. We shall hereafter be noted as a band of philosophers, who went far up the Oregon, to botanize, explore the country, and take impartial views of the Indian character, said Adolphus. The party from the ships included captain Wilhelm, the British captain accompanied by his supercargo, Adolphus Belden, attendants, and a band of music. They were well armed and provided with ammunition, that they might be alike prepared for pleasure or battle, to join in the sports of the savages or set them at defiance. The day was named for their return, and the barge moved from the ships amidst the discharge of cannon by way of a parting salute, and the acclamations and good wishes of those who remained. As they sped up the stream cheered by a march on the full band, the Indians, who preceded them as guides, accompanied by Elderwood and Dettier, added their joyous yelp and all that they could command of enlivening sound to the mass.

If the music of the band was a treat in the remote settlement of Astoria, amidst the burst of cannon, and the tide of life, how sweet were the notes, as the echoes were heard reverberating from the woods across silent and flowering plains, where the echo of music like this had probably slumbered from the creation, and then dying away upon them with the mellowness of solitude. The distinctness of the ocean outline, gradually faded from the view of the voyagers, and the blue of the distant mountains began to show like undulating ridges of clouds in the sky. They were now in a region where all was new. Every strong bend of the river brought to view the different configurations and aspects of the prairies, and the remote wooded points that indented them. Sometimes the moving pageant glided along under the shade of green trees, or high banks, covered with wild sage, gooseberry bushes, and the gaudiest variety of flowers. A contemplative youthful mind, that does not enjoy this ever varying charm of a nature seen for the first time, this curiosity, that excites without being painful, to see what diversities of the grand and lonely scenery will next open upon the eye, must be dead to every feeling of pleasure. When they paused to take their food under the shade of a tree upon the grass, Elderwood prayed according to his wont, Dettier chattered in French, and the Indians ruminated, or uttered their short, quick, wild, and piercing exclamations. They feasted and the smoke of their camp fires undulated far away over the prairies.

Sometimes a sail was hoisted and the barge scudded before the breeze. The eyes of the youthful explorers were never weary with the charming nature spread before them. Sometimes they walked along the banks, and made a shorter route across the bends anticipating the progress of the barge, and feasting upon the millions of strawberries, that reddened whole patches of the prairie. Sometimes nature slept a dead calm on the ocean of verdure.—Sometimes a slight breeze arose charged upon their senses with the mingled fragrance and odour of a thousand flowers, like those 'from Araby the blest.' At night they spread their tents under the open sky. The Indians encamped around them. As the twilight faded, they fed upon the flesh of elk and deer, together as brethren, and when in their several languages, they had sung, and chatted, and told tales, and laughed, and anticipated the pleasures of the morrow, they sunk to deep sleep with grass and violets beneath, and the blue and stars above.

The evening of the fourth day, the voyagers arrived at the great falls of the Oregon. The barge here was placed in a safe position to remain until their return. The Indians also left their canoes, and all began the walk around the falls. The scenery here showing in the dismantled hills, in the huge boulders of rocks scattered in promiscuous confusion like the ruins of a world, is grand and awe-inspiring. Amidst the incessant and deafening roar of the great falls, as the water pours and whitens in sheets and cascades over them, the roar of the Sewasserna, as it comes dashing along under the bases of the huge hills, and brings in its lateral tribute, is lost. The explorers surveyed and admired this scene for a while in silence. But their Indian and white companions to whom it was familiar, urged them to proceed. At the distance of half a league from the Oregon, they came upon the canoes, with which the Indians navigated the waters above the falls. In these they began the ascent of the Sewasserna.

The plain country on the Oregon, or Columbia slopes from the Rocky Mountains to the great Western or Pacific Ocean, by two immense plains, that lie one above the other after the form of a prodigious terrace or glacis. The great falls of the Oregon occur nearly at the point, where the upper glacis rises from the lower. The terrace is marked at the falls and for some distance north and south of the river, by a regular but stupendous mass of stones, that appear like the ruins of crumbled mountains. At the distance of a couple of leagues from the falls on the northern side of the Oregon, this mass of stones gives place to an almost perpendicular wall from two to five hundred feet in height, which continues to mark the terrace. At unequal distances, of from a few paces to half a mile, from the base of this wall, flows the Sewasserna, a most beautifully transparent river for nearly its whole course. For a league before it unites with the Oregon it is rapid, but at that distance its character changes, and it is boatable from thence quite to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It comes out from those prodigious ramparts of nature the same clear stream, and the savages ascend it, with one or two carrying places, quite to its hidden recesses in the deepest valleys of the mountains, where a hundred cascades, and a hundred springs unite with it from every side.

The river is skirted with a belt of trees seldom more than a few rods in width. They are plane, cotton and peccan, tall, shady, with cones of verdure at the top and of arrowy straightness from the ground to the first limbs. Ascend to the upper glacis, and the country opens on either side a boundless level to the Rocky Mountains, while in front you look down three or four hundred feet upon a smooth plain covered with grass and flowers, whose western extremity touches the wave of the Pacific.

Never was water travelling more delightful than a spring passage, in an Indian canoe, up the Sewasserna. The river is of a depth and the trees of a height to render its whole course an alcove of shade. The birds sing for you on the grand and branchy plane, and the turtles coo over your head on the peccans. A gentle breeze always plays on your temples. The repose of nature invites repose of the passions, and the sleep of this passage is medicinal.

The exploring party regretted their arrival at the Shoshonee valley, for it aroused them from delightful reveries created by the beauty and soothing loneliness of this portion of their voyage. Immediately upon their landing, the party were surrounded by hundreds of the men, women, and children of the tribe. The customary ceremonies of welcome were enacted by the Indians. The chiefs made them speeches. They were invited to the different feasts. Some brought them strawberries—some offered them the most delicious fresh salmon, and some soup made of pounded and dried deer's meet, dried and pulverized salmon, sage leaves, the leaves of the sassafras and prairie potatoes all mixed together.—The drums beat, the young warriors danced, and the council fires blazed high. The scene was cheerful and all the parties happy and gay. It was soon proposed, that they should visit the singular recluse family. Some of the party seemed to doubt the propriety of intruding upon a family, so little accustomed to receive the visits of strangers, but curiosity triumphed over consideration.

Elderwood and Auguste Dettier, with Elswatta, led the way, as the exploring party proceeded to the abode of William Weldon. When they came in view of the rustic stone cottage, the sun was descending in the blue, that marked far off the outline of the sea. Curling mists arose here and there over the prairie, and it was one of those beautiful spring evenings, when the very spirit of tranquillity and repose seemed to rest upon the plain, and the adjacent mountains. There was both neatness and taste impressed upon the appearance of the well cultivated garden in front of the cottage, and there was something in the whole scene, that inspired respect and checked careless advance. The German and the English captain, the young men, Elderwood, and the Frenchman with one accord paused, when within fifty paces of this romantic dwelling, to deliberate upon the best mode of introducing themselves. The young English supercargo, and the American adventurer in the spirit of sentiment and romance proposed that they should announce their approach by playing a tune on the full band.

The plan was instantly adopted, and the air selected was the beautiful Scotch lament,

She sought him in the valleys.
She sought him by the fountains.
She sought him by the wild wood.
She sought him in the mountains.

All that understood English added their voices, and the grand strain swelled far over the plain, and echoed back from the cliffs.—William Weldon and his family had supped after their frugal fashion. The Bible, which had just been read, still lay on the table, on a beautifully painted section of elk skin. They had risen from their evening prayer, and commenced the hymn, 'Thou shepherd of Israel and mine.' The tremulous voice of Jessy was mingled with that of her father and mother, sweet and like the slenderest string of the Eolian harp. It may be supposed that the first burst of the music struck the unwonted ears of these listeners with almost appalling surprise. The wife had heard the noisy music of China set off by the terrific power of the gong. The husband had listened, when a young man, many years past, to the band, with the tenderness, and excitement and enthusiasm, which it is always sure to produce in a rightly constituted frame. But Jessy, sensitive, romantic, with a mind in which pictures of heaven and all shadowy imaginings were continually weaving, listened with intense curiosity, watching the countenances of her parents, as surprise was marked upon them. What can that be? asked William. That must be the music of the fair haired people, answered Yensi. I have heard it at Macoa. The good Tien grant that it may mean us good. We are innocent, said William, and fortified in the strength of God, be it what it may. But why, asked Jessy, should you fear from the fair haired people, that are the brothers of my dear father? Can there be any thing to fear in such strains of heaven? Father, only listen! This exceeds all the tales of the red people about the music of the lakes of the happy mansions.

The strain had paused. It swelled and died away again, and whoever had been near the prairie flower, would have seen, that her beautiful locks rose on her head, as the influence of the inspiring strain came upon her. The Universal Tien preserve us, prayed Yensi. There is no good omen, in the presence of sounds like these, said William, whose startled countenance clearly betrayed marks of painful apprehension. The party without, now stood at the door of the cottage. A compact mass of bignonias covered its stone roof, and all the adjoining cliff. The stems had reached the front of the cottage, and a hundred lines of verdure hung down almost to the ground. The thousand brilliant purple cups of the trumpet flower, resting place of the humming bird, glittered in the beams of the rising moon. For a few feet in width, the vines, had been turned on either side, and apparently coiled out of the way like the festooned curtains of a bed. In the space thus left was a neat door, composed of two buffalo robes matched together, and suspended from the rock. The party preceded by Elderwood and Elswatta, upon passing through this opening, found themselves in the presence of the three inmates of this solitary dwelling, who had not changed their posture since the interruption of their evening hymn by the first burst of the band.

Between the father and mother was the prairie flower of which they had heard so much. The first look of the party informed them, that the half had not been told, for instead of a rustic beauty in an Indian garb, they saw a vision of intelligence, youth and loveliness, which awed quite as much, as it attracted. The parents had but one earthly thought, and that was all embodied in this loved daughter. She therefore had labored no more than the lilies of the valley. She had neither toiled nor spun, except in labors of love, and these parents were as proud and pleased to contemplate their dear child in her loveliness, as though she were a belle intended to shine and excite universal admiration. It was indeed a vision to inspire a poet. Nor let any one admire that such an one, as Jessy grew up in the valleys of the Oregon. The American aloe flowers it may be, where none but wild animals, or savages see it, and providence often seems to have for plan to hide its fairest and most resplendent productions from human view.

POETICAL.

The beautiful verses, which follow, were written by the Rev. Dr. James Flint. We think, that they will find an admirer in every reader.

SPRING UNENJOYED, REMOTE FROM HOME.

" ——vernal joy,
" Able to drive all sadness but despair."—MILTON.

Sweet vernal airs, and thou heart-cheering May,
Why do I find me here so sad,
While in her flowery mantle clad,
Blithe nature bids all hearts be glad,
And hail with joy her annual holiday?

Sweet vernal airs, fair month of song and flowers,
I've come a long and weary way
To meet you, where your earlier sway,
Beneath the sun's more genial ray,
Might lap my soul in bliss amid your bowers.

Yes, gentle airs, and smiling May, we've met.
I've left pale winters lingering train
Far north, upon my native plain,
Where Eurus, shivering from the main,
Waves his dark wings with chilling moisture wet.

Sweet vernal airs, and joy inspiring May,
I breathe your odours, pluck your flowers,
List to your songs in groves and bowers,
And greet at morn the rosy hours,
Yet I am sad, while all things else are gay.

'Tis not sweet vernal airs, nor songs of May,
Nor the young verdure's gladdening smile,
Nor blooming bowers, vocal the while
With melody, that can beguile
The stranger's gloom, whose home is far away.

Though vernal airs with every charm of spring
And kindliest welcome meet me here,
I miss the smiles, that always cheer,
The voice of love, the joys so dear,
That keep at home, nor roam with vagrant wing.

Domestic bliss, through all the circling year,
Breathes more than vernal airs,—
An amaranthine wreath she wears,—
Her bowers the blast of winter spares,
And where she dwells perpetual spring is near.

REVIEW.

A Search of Truth in the science of the human mind, part first. By the Rev. Frederick Beasley, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and a Presbyter of the Episcopal Church. pp. 561. Philadelphia: J. Maxwell. 1822.

(*Continued from page* 122.)

The first chapter of book third opens, by illustrating the fact, that from sensation and reflection flows all our knowledge of the physical and moral world. From the instruction of the senses we advance to the lessons of experience, and thence to induction, abstract truth and the principles of science. Subsequently, he learns to trace the connexion of his ideas, on the immutable relations of things. These constitute the basis of demonstration, and mathematical knowledge; and some of them of metaphysics, moral science and natural religion. These begin in intuitive judgments, or axioms, and rightly pursued by a clear and vigorous mind, finally lead to important and sublime conclusions. Human testimony opens another and the last source of human knowledge, that is here classed. Experience, instruction and testimony, then are the grounds of human knowledge. The author proceeds to illustrate, in what points we are able to attain to certainty, and where we must rest contented with probability.

The second chapter commences with the evidence of experience, and illustrates how a perfectly formed man, placed in the universe without ideas, would begin to acquire them, and the order, in which he would advance from sense to reason, and from reason to abstraction, and from abstraction to science. In proof, that we learn the distance, size and shape of objects by experience only, we are told, that persons, born blind, and couched at mature age, suppose every object that they see, touches their eye. Infants undoubtedly do the same. Mr. Locke is confident, that a blind man, who had learned to distinguish between a cube and a sphere, would not be able at all to distinguish them by his sight, when first restored to it.

He proceeds to quote Mr. Cheselden's very interesting narrative of a young man who was born blind, and by him couched in his thirteenth year. Scarlet he thought the most beautiful of all colors. Black struck him with a sensation of uneasiness. He imagined all objects touched his eyes. He knew nothing of shape or magnitude, and could not distinguish one object from another by sight. He forgot at times, after seeing for sometime, which was the dog, and which the cat.

After this narrative, the author proceeds to relate the order, in which his primitive man would go on to acquire his ideas. He would first exult in the delights of vision. He would next proceed to muscular motion, to walking, and leaping in the consciousness of his new powers. He would next subject objects to the examination of sight and touch. Hunger is felt. Beautiful forms, colors and flavors induce him to fix upon some species of fruit. He soon learns that water will quench his thirst, and fire warm, or burn him. Experience soon informs him, among the animals which surround him, which are harmless and which are fierce, or noxious. Thus accumulating the knowledge acquired by experience, he goes on rolling forward the increasing mass, until he is able to measure worlds, and trace the laws of the universe. The author finds Dr. Reid in his path again, and goes on to point out his mistakes, touching the teaching of experience.

The third chapter discusses the inductive manner of lord Bacon. The passage that contains the summary of his system is in Latin. We abridge and translate it. There are two ways, in which to seek truth. The one advances from particulars to generals, and invents intermediate axioms. The other strikes out axioms, by ascending, step by step, so as finally to arrive at general propositions. The conclusions ought to be grounded on ample induction of facts, and supported in their utmost extent by experiment and observation. Whatever, says Newton, is not deduced from phenomena, is hypothesis, and has no place in experimental philosophy. This is the sure path to truth.

Yet of all things the mind naturally dislikes this method of learning most. It is slow. It is laborious. Whereas nothing is easier, than a theory, or a hypothesis. Hence men of genius have always been averse to this mode of induction, and prone to seek fame and immortality by erecting a system of their own. The question is asked, are we to be entirely prohibited from hazarding any hypothesis, or propounding any theory? This question will be answered, in giving the full developement of the inductive method of reasoning.

The first step in the progress of knowledge is, to consult the teaching of experience. The next stage is to refer effects to their causes; and here it is that the inductive method of Bacon properly commences. Having attained by experience to an acquaintance with the properties of bodies, and their operations upon each other, we next commence classing phenomena under general heads, and assign their proper cause. As we could not proceed one step towards induction, without experience, so without induction, the mdin, in the midst of the universe, distracted with the number and variety of phenomena, could make nothing of them, for the purposes of science, unless it could class them, and refer them to general laws. The first step from the barbarism and simplicity of nature would be, in learning to trace the relation of cause and effect.

The first principle in the inductive method of philosophising, consists in drawing no conclusions which are not warranted by facts, and establishing no principles, but upon the immovable basis of experience and observation. Reasoning from theory, we involve ourselves at every step in labyrinths of uncertainty. On the other hand, freeing our minds, as far as possible, from all errors and prejudices, which cause us to view objects through a discolored medium, man, so purified and prepared for searching truth, becomes, in the language of lord Bacon, the minister and interpreter of nature. When by this process we have arrived at great general principles, we may then safely take a retrograde course, and apply these general maxims to particular cases that offer.

A striking illustration of reasoning from the fact to general principles, is given. In Aristotle's treatise *de cœlo*, he infers, that the earth is a sphere, from the natural effect of attraction to accumulate every thing about the centre, and from the circular shadow which the earth casts upon the moon, in an eclipse. He proves, that the earth is not an extensive sphere by this fact, that those stars, which are perceptible to the observer in one degree of latitude, entirely disappear, when he is removed a few degrees farther north, or south. Yet Aristotle, even in this fine chain of reasoning, theorized and made mistakes. On his reasoning, the earth was a perfect sphere. But experience has demonstrated, that it is a spheroid, flattened at the poles. This propensity, from particular instances, to leap to general conclusions, to which the mind is so strongly tempted, and which furnishes such a pleasant relief from the pain of investigation, has been, in all ages and countries, the bane of philosophy. Hence the numberless theories, which in succession have risen like bubbles, and dazzled for a while, and then sunk into the gulf of oblivion.

Ought we then to be forever interdicted from theory in philosophy? Not at all. A theory may be received as true, when substantiated by the proof of a certain number of facts. Newton reflecting on the tendency of bodies to the centre, was led to ask, why may not this property embrace in its effects the moon, planets, the sun, and the system of the universe? Hence the sublimest system which was ever reared by the human intellect. But this system was deduced from observation, and is susceptible of the severest demonstration. Harvey is said to have received his hints for the theory of the circulation of the blood, from remarking the wonderful adjustment of the valves in the veins, that prevent the return of the blood as it passes towards the heart.

The question is here started by the author, whether the inductive method of philosophizing is entirely a modern invention? Dr. Gillies seems to think that lord Bacon copied the invention from Aristotle. The author judges otherwise, and, while he allows to Aristotle, in his metaphysical and moral writings, in his treatise *de cœlo*, *de anima*, *&c.* frequent appeals to the teaching of observation and experience, he appears to think, that this sublime invention ought to be attributed to the English philosopher.

Having thus considered, in some detail, some of the fundamental points of discussion, in that part of the volume that is still before us, we are admonished by the amount of interesting matter that will force itself upon our observation, that we must pass over many of the succeeding chapters, with no more than a passing general notice of their contents.

The fourth chapter treats of reasoning from analogy. We have noted a series of causes producing a series of corresponding effects. We class them. We infer that the same results will follow in every similar case. This is reasoning from analogy, or resemblance, or a like law, applied to what is unknown, which we have seen in operation in cases, which have been known. Analogy may be defined in brief reasoning from the past to the future. It is one of our grand sources of knowledge; and we pass the chapter, only remarking, that one of the noblest defences of the christian religion, Bishop Butler's 'Analogy' draws its chief arguments from this source.

The fifth chapter is on demonstrative reasoning, and intuitive certainty. By intuitive truth, we mean that which is received, as soon as it is propounded to the mind, without exertion, or examination, and to which the mind can not refuse its assent. Such are the propositions—*the world must be the workmanship of a divine contriver. Men are accountable to their Creator*, *&c.* In tracing truth there are two methods, that of *analysis* and *synthesis*. Analysis is the reasoning from particulars to generals. Synthesis reasons from general and established principles to the explanation of phenomena by them. Analysis implies the separating the subject into its simple elements. Synthesis is the opposite process, the composition of what is complex out of its simple elements. The syllogism was so named, we believe, by Aristotle. Its chief utility is in the application to the analytical and synthetical modes of reasoning, or in tracing the necessary connexion of our ideas, or the eternal habitudes and relations of things. In inductive reasoning, ordinarily, syllogism is not only not useful, but positively injurious. It creates the habit of dogmatizing, where probabilities ought to be weighed. The author, on the whole, seems to attach very little importance to the utility of syllogism in general reasoning, in any case. He instances the following: *Every creature possessed of reason and liberty is accountable for his actions. Man is a creature possessed of reason and liberty. Therefore man is accountable for his actions.* He thinks, that this syllogism furnishes no clue to the intermediate ideas, reason and liberty, by which to trace the connexion between man and accountableness.

The sixth chapter treats of first principles, axioms, and maxims of science. These are truths intuitively discerned, or previously admitted. It is well known, that philosophers have been by no means in accord, what are to be received as axioms, or first principles; some holding those propositions, that are called such not only not to be self-evident, but even doubtful, after being made the subjects of demonstration. Here we find Dr. Reid at odds with Mr. Locke again. As formerly, our author strongly inclines to the opinions of Locke and Newton against those of Dr. Reid.—We shall pass this chapter by remarking simply, that it evinces a general and profound acquaintance with science.

The seventh chapter treats on testimony, as a ground of human knowledge. Mr. Locke scarcely admits, that the information, which we derive from this source, deserves the name of knowledge. With him all knowledge is intuitive, sensitive, or demonstrative.—This may be true in its technical and philosophical import. But there is an ordinary and common acceptation, in which this is one of the most important sources of human knowledge. The first step, in the investigation of truth from this quarter, is to state the evidence of the testimony, and find the confidence to be reposed in it, and when we ought to reject it as a foundation of assent.—The question is, asked, how come we to repose confidence in the testimony of others? Do we do it instinctively, or acquire it by experience? The author thinks it an original instinct of our nature, to feel an inclination to give credit to the reports of others upon matters of fact.

We are to be determined in our judgment by the number and character of the witnesses to facts; by the circumstances, that corroborate or invalidate their testimony; by their conformity or nonconformity to our experience in like cases; by the coherence or incoherence of the different parts of their narrative; by contradictory testimony, and by all those numberless considerations, that give the different colorings to evidence, and furnish the different grounds of assent.

The eighth chapter treats upon miracles. Hume's specious objection to miracles is stated at length. This is the sum of it. It is according to our experience, that witnesses are variable, and sometimes tell us a truth and sometimes a falsehood. Our experience teaches us that the laws of nature are uniform, invariable, and never deceive us. When miracles are related, then, on the testimony of witnesses, we ought to incline to the probability, that the witnesses have imposed upon us, rather, than that nature has departed from her laws. The author views with indignation the compliment, which Campbell pays this arch atheist, whose blows are aimed alike at the ſoundation of all confidence in truth of all kinds, as well as that of religion. This objection to miracles has been answered a thousand times, and we need not here repeat the amount of the arguments. If the objection had any weight, the Siamese monarch reasoned correctly, in treating the Dutch ambassador, as an impostor, when he stated that the waters in Holland froze in winter, to such a consistency as to sustain loaded carriages. We ought never to believe, that an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption had at any time taken place, unless we had witnessed them ourselves. In short, not to present a thousand like instances, we ought to believe nothing but what is conformable to our own experience. To what narrow limits would this wretched sophism upon miracles reduce our belief. Mr. Hume says, that no human testimony can establish a miracle, because it is founded on a variable experience, and we have an invariable experience against a miracle. The author contends, and proves in our judgment, that we have a testimony in favor of the miracles of the gospel, not resting upon variable, but invariable experience. The author here goes into the discussion of the evidence of the gospel miracles. The arguments are substantially those of Paley in an abbreviated form and are acute and ample. He applies the lash, in passing, to that bold and presumptous book 'The Ruins' of Volney, in which that eloquent and unprincipled writer affirms, that we have no other monuments of the existence of Jesus Christ upon earth, except a passage in Josephus a single phrase in Tacitus, and the testimony of the gospels; and that the existence of Jesus is no better proved, than that of Osiris and Hercules, Fo or Bedon. From this consummate impudence of assertion, we may graduate the general scale of infidel assertion. *At une disce omnes.*

The first chapter of book fourth treats of acquired perceptions, and the metaphysics of vision. To unobservant readers, no inconsiderable part of this chapter, and the following one might seem to have been anticipated in the discussion of perception. But the view of the subject here taken, is really and intrinsically a different one, dwelling chiefly on the changes and corrections of the perception of vision, which we receive from experience and the teaching of the other senses. If our object were chiefly to amuse our readers, we could not more readily effect our purpose, than to quote the whole chapter. The question proposed by Mr. Molineaux to Mr. Locke, whether the young man, born blind and couched at maturity would at first seeing, know a cube from a globe by sight, is re-examined. The manner in which he would learn to distinguish them by sight, after it had been aided, and corrected by touch, is given. The way in which we learn to distinguish the infinite variety of voices and sounds that we hear is pointed out. The fact that we do so distinguish sounds, is one of every days experience; but the astonishing mechanism of the human powers, through which we do it, is generally overlooked.

That one sense is aided, and corrected by another, is known as a general fact; but the great extent, to which this takes place, has seldom been considered. The young man couched by Cheselden, complained, after he had gained his sight, that he was losing his faculty of walking in the dark! The exquisite capabilities of touch, no longer requisite, went into bluntness and disuse. The want of them could not be immediately supplied by the newly acquired sight. Children learn more during the two first years of their lives, than in the same length of time at any subsequent period. Let us leave, says the author, our children to the enjoyment of that license and freedom from restraint, in this first stage of their life, in which their Creator evidently intended them to follow their native impulses, and seek the gratification of all their innocent desires. Let parents neither bind, swathe nor torture their children; nor exult over precocity of genius, nor apply hot-bed forcing to talent—but follow nature, the kindest and most indulgent of all mothers, as well as the most wise.

The image upon the *tunica retina* is known to be inverted. Why do we not perceive objects inverted? Kepler and Berkeley have answered this question by mathematical demonstrations on optical principles. But these demonstrations proceed on the absurd supposition, that we understand the *modus* of the action of matter upon mind. Perception, says the author, is an act simply of the mind. In vision, whether the position of the image on the *retina* be inverted, or erect, we must perceive it as it exists, or nearly as it exists in nature, unless the sight be deceived, as we know frequently happens. The author proceeds to give us the explanation of Des Cartes, touching this mysterious subject. He alludes also to the charming article of Mr. Addison in the Spectator, upon the subject of vision, and gives his own illustration in the following words:

> 'All that can ever be known to the most diligent and persevering inquirer on this point are, evidently, the following facts: that the rays of light which are emitted from the upper parts of objects are transmitted to the lower part of the retina, and those which are emitted from the lower part of objects to the higher part of the retina, and that of consequence these rays cross each other: that such is the connexion of that delicate membrane, the tunica retina, with the fine capillaments of the optic nerves leading to the brain, that any action produced by the rays of light upon the lower part of it gives us a perception of the upper part of the object, and any action upon the upper part of it, in like manner, a perception of the lower. This is a law of our constitution, and when we have resolved it into that law, we have probably advanced to the utmost limits of human knowledge in the matter.'—p. 403.

In the second chapter the same subject is continued. It opens with the questions, how we come to see objects single, that we see with both our eyes? Is the seeing the object single an original or acquired perception? he replies to these queries, by suggesting, if they may not be answered by the theory of Newton, which is in substance this: that the adjustment of the optic nerves, by which they are made gradually to approach each other, and at length to meet, or nearly to meet, seems like a contrivance, to enable us with both eyes to see an object single at the same time. Hence the author concludes, that the seeing objects single is not an acquired, but an original perception. We have no disposition to occupy time and space with our own impression upon the subject, which is just the reverse of the author's. The chapter concludes with amusing views of the subject by Cheselden, Smith, Foster, Jurin and De La Hire.

The third chapter treats of deceptions of the senses. The author repeats an important and just observation, that in all our acquired perceptions, we proceed according to the interpretation of signs; and wherever the sign is presented, the mind naturally concludes that the thing signified is present. A man, passing in the street in Philadelphia, imagines that he perceives a steam-boat at a distance in the Delaware. On drawing near the object, he finds it to be a rudely painted sign board, bearing that represention. In 1821, three suns were distinctly seen at one time by thousands of people, at Montreal in Canada. A man seen through a mist appears much larger than he really is. In Italy, remote objects appear much nearer than they are, on account of the extreme transparency of the sky. The phenomenon of mirage, or looming has been observed by every one. The author refers most of these deceptions to the ordinary laws of reflection and refraction of light, and the remainder to the circumstance, that the mind can not arrive at just conclusions, touching their dimensions and distances on account of want of some visible intermediate surface, extended between them, or known object in juxta position, by which to measure them. For the truth of these positions, he appeals to the following optical dictum of Dr. Wallis. We judge not of the magnitude of any object, says he, by the visual angle alone, but by the visual angle in conjunction with the distance, or we suppose he should have added the estimated distance. In further illustration of the subject, the author introduces a demonstration of Dr. Smith, accompanied with a plate, upon which he remarks at some length. According to the author, the theory of Dr. Smith explains some, but not all the phenomena of this kind of deception.

The fourth chapter continues to treat of the progress of the mind in the acquisition of ideas. It opens with the often agitated question, at what time the *fœtus in utero* begins to think, and when the soul is united to the body? He proceeds to consider the marvellous recorded stories of the effects produced upon infants by the imaginations and emotion of mothers, while in a state of pregnancy. He records, after Locke, the story related by Mallebranche, of the young idiot in the hotel of incurables in Paris, whose bones were all broken or had the appearance of being so; and that the effect was generally ascribed to the circumstance, that his mother, while pregnant with him, witnessed the execution of a criminal, whose bones were broken on the rack. The second instance is of a mother, who witnessed the canonization of a Pope. She kept her eyes intently fixed upon his picture. The consequence was, that she gave birth to an infant resembling the picture of the Pontiff, with the visage of an old man, his arms crossed upon his breast, his eyes turned up towards heaven, retaining even the appearance of the mitre and the precious stones in it. The author goes, in some extent, into the examination of the ground of these opinions; and he holds them all to be the result of idle superstition and a disordered imagination, mere vulgar errors.

The subject is continued in the fifth chapter, and the author proceeds to develope the order in which his supposed primitive man proceeds in the acquisition of ideas. By sensation and reflection, he has obtained a great number and variety of simple and sensible ideas. Some are positive, some privative. *Succession* and *duration* are of the number acquired. Identity and diversity, equality and inequality, relation, similitude and dissimilitude are ideas obtained by comparison. These ideas are compounded and diversified. By the act of the will, the mind fastens upon them in attention. They are fixed in the memory. They are called up in reminiscence. Imagination frames them into pictures. The qualities are separated from their *concretes*, and the process of abstraction is completed. By comparison, we sort and class them. By judgment, we consult truth and nature, respecting them. By reason, we range from what is known to what is unknown.

The next chapter proceeds with the same subject. Des Cartes says, that the *essence of matter* is *extension* and the *essence* of the mind *thought.* Mr. Locke doubts both positions, and supposes thought the operation, instead of the essence of the soul. Does the soul or mind always think, or is it sometimes quiescent? The author follows Locke, in supposing it at times quiescent. The train of reasoning that supports his opinions, is of too great length for us to quote. In swoon, in deliquium, in drowning, in resuscitation after suspended animation, there is no remembrance of ought between the point of the pain of dying, and the still severer pain of resuscitation. Does the person think in profound sleep? Dreaming might seem to furnish an argument that we did. But dreaming is evidently a disordered and unnatural state of the mind during sleep. The imperfect kind of thinking, which takes place in dreams, deprives us of the necessary and ordinary refreshment of sleep. Animals, that think least, are most inclined to drowsiness. Savages and slaves spend a great portion of their idle time in dozing. His last argument for the position, that the soul does not always think, is drawn from the simplicity and frugality of nature, which would hardly keep such a complicated, delicate, and important mechanism, as that of the mind, in constant operation to no useful purpose; since all that portion of thinking, which could never be recalled to memory, would be irrecoverably lost.

The author passes by the scheme of materialism, and Dr. Hartley's doctrine of vibrations in the nervous system, which may, or may not be materialism. In all positions, in which we know ought of the soul here on earth, it constantly manifests its acting, by making use of matter as the instrument of its operations. He supposes it probable, that souls may think, and act without the aid or co-operation of material forms. But in the condition, in which the soul finds itself in human life, it is constrained to operate with those imperfect instruments, with which it is furnished in the organs of the body. With the eye, it can alone converse with colors, and with the ear with sounds. When the eye kindles with tenderness, or flashes with rage, must there not be some alteration in the material composition of that organ which causes it to be capable of such various expressions? The author proceeds eloquently to expatiate upon the proofs of the action and reaction of body and mind, in the whole movement of the human powers. He utterly disclaims materialism; and yet finds, with the bard, that the body in its machinery, in its complication, in its myriads of wonders rising still and always new to the observation of the anatomist, is in form and structure express and admirable. We are persuaded that Dr. Beasley is far enough from any faith in phrenology; and yet we have occasionally smiled, as in the whole of this chapter, at the curious coincidence between his language and that of the phrenologists, touching the necessity of the compound action of body and mind, in the act of thinking.

The seventh chapter treats of dreaming. It is a state, which philosophy never has explained, and probably never can. The author thinks, that the state of the mind in dreaming is more readily explicable, without having recourse with Mr. Baxter to supernatural beings; or Homer, in supposing dreams to descend from the First Cause. He thinks dreaming an imperfect mental action, in which the faculties are partially and successively set in action. Putting the feet in cold water, while the person sleeps, will cause him to begin to dream. The feet of a man were put in hot water, while he slept, and he dreamed that he was walking amidst the burning lava of Ætna. Another who had a blister applied to his head, dreamed, that he was scalped by the Indians. The material of our dreams is ordinarily woven from the common tenor of our waking thoughts. The hardier powers of *reason*, *will* and *memory*, are slightly exerted; while the lighter ones of *conception* and *imagination* play without control. Hence the wildness and extravagance of these pictures. There are, however, some exceptions to this ordinary law. Sometimes the judgment and reason act with great vigor, and people have been known to accomplish acts of thought, as sustained, and regular as those of their waking hours. In somnambulism, people sometimes perform feats, of which they were never capable, when awake.

That the habitual action of the mind, when awake, influences the sleeping train of dreams, is proved by the fact, that the mathematician demonstrates theorems; the philosopher pursues the train of induction; the moralist prescribes the rules of moral duty; the poet frames verses, and the man of business retraces his daily transactions. In this way the author accounts for the 'Evil Genius' of Brutus, before the battle of Phillippi, and elucidates the beauty and pathos of the bard's conception, in representing Clarence in prison, as having felt himself to be drowning, during the visions of the night.

The author proceeds to detail various phenomena of dreaming, with equal truth and eloquence. He concludes, on the whole, that there is an alteration in sleep, produced in those bodily organs, by the operation of which, the mind performs its functions.—Every thing which increases the irritability of the nervous system, increases the tendency to dream. Dreaming, therefore, results from an affection of the bodily organs. Here again Dr. Beasley discourses, as a phrenologist. They say, that in dreaming, some of the thirty-five faculties are awake, and some asleep. The more vigorous, and sustained, and regular the dream, the more of the faculties must have been concerned in producing it.

The eighth chapter treats of mental alienation, delirium, ecstasy, &c. A gentleman from the state of New York, who was indisposed, went to Norristown in Pennsylvania, transacted his business, and then became affected with mental alienation. He journied on horseback to Baltimore, and thence to Lake Erie, where, being very much exhausted, he obtained refreshing sleep, and, in waking in the morning, recovered complete recollection and sanity. Dr. Rush 'On the Mind' relates, from Dr. Hunter, the case of a seafaring man, whose mind, from severe misfortunes, became alienated to such a degree, that his thinking powers were completely suspended. He remained so in a lunatic asylum, five years, apparently noticing and caring for nothing. At the end of that period, he one morning entered the parlor, saluting the recovering patients with 'a good morning to you all.'

The author proceeds, to recite singular cases of somnambulism, and thence to discuss ecstasies and trances. The discussion is pursued in the calm and inquiring spirit of a rational, and yet firm believer in the gospel. The transport of St. Paul, and the inspiration of the scriptures are referred to their proper place, and to the necessity of miracles in the early ages of the church which has now ceased. Modern ecstasies, trances and visions, are very properly classed with dreams, delirium and somnambulism. Medical treatises are full of the effects of fear, joy, love, despair, grief and all the fiercer passions of the mind, in producing these mental alienations.

Idiocy, ordinarily arises from malconformation and adjustment of those parts of the frame, or those organs, which the mind uses in thinking, or as phrenologists say of the brain. Madmen have their powers in full but deranged action. With the wildest imaginable conceptions they reason sanely upon their insane thoughts. One supposes himself a goose, a cock, a dog, and imitates the sounds and actions of those animals. Another supposes himself dead, and stretches himself in the repose of death on a board. Another imagines himself a plant and wishes to be watered. Another fancies that he is a king. A young man in Philadelphia fancied, that he was a calf, and mentioned the butcher's name, who had slaughtered him. Another felt assured, that he had a wolf within him devouring his liver. Different persons have imagined themselves the Messiah. A clergyman, not long since, sane upon all other subjects, gave notice from his pulpit of the day and hour, in which Christ would come to judge the world. He not only invited his congregation to assemble at the solemn transaction, but many of his people actually did assemble at the day and hour appointed.

The author mentions two or three singular cases of this kind of alienation, which himself had witnessed. Every one has heard of the hypochondriac, who imagined, that he had a cobbler at work in his stomach, and of the happy expedient by which he was delivered of his enormous fancy.

The only phenomena under this head, that remained to be classed, are those of spectral visions and apparitions, which, to the disgrace of mankind even in this enlightened age, still have popular belief on their side. We have seen thus far in this large volume, a spirit of earnest, and yet liberal orthodoxy; and we were not a little surprised by the author's solution of the incantations of the witch of Endór. He considers the whole affair, as the result of machinery and contrivance on the part of one who had to maintain her art. He gives the details of management, in which it is probable the affair was conducted. He seems not to think it necessary, to have it inferred, that the holy scriptures represent the transaction, as being real and supernatural. The learned reader will recollect, that in this interpretation, Dr. Beasley follows some of the most profound, and serious commentators on the passage. The author concludes his account of it, by saying that it shows nothing more, than that there were among the Jews, as among other nations, a set of persons, who made it their trade thus to tamper with the ignorance and credulity of the people.

Considering the holy scriptures when rightly interpreted in this narrative, as giving no sanction to idle superstitions about ghosts and apparitions, the author proceeds to consider the system of Hartley, which explains the various mental phenomena by a vibratory motion of the nerves. In whatever way perception is produced, there is always some action in the producing organ. Now, if it should so happen from any cause, or combination of causes, that the external action upon this organ should take place without the presence of the object, the effect upon the mind will be the same, as if the object were present. Spectres, ominous sounds, unusual sights, apparitions and hobgoblins, that are supposed to haunt church yards exist only in our perceptions. In this way the author accounts for the terrible spectacle, which a young lady imagined she saw, when awaking suddenly from her sleep; and the visions of a man, who had shattered his constitution by intemperance to nervous irregularity. In this way he accounts for the premonition of his own death, of which the younger lord Lyttleton has given us such a thrilling story. The author seems more than half to intimate, that the famous spiritual conversations of baron Swedenbourg had no higher origin.

But the most astonishing and thrilling story of the kind in all history is one that although every one conversant with inquiries of this sort has read, will probably be new to many of our readers.—As it is one of extraordinary interest, we will present it entire.

'M. Nicolai, a member of the Royal Society of Berlin, some time since presented to that institution, a memoir on the subject of a complaint with which he was affected; and one of the singular consequences of which was the representation of various spectres or apparitions. M. Nicolai for some years had been subject to a congestion in the head and was blooded frequently for it by leeches. After a detailed account of his health, on which he grounds much medical, as well as psycological reasoning, he gives the following interesting narrative.

'In the first two months of the year 1791, I was much affected in my mind, by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February, a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents, which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief, when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me, a figure, the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She said nothing, but being much alarmed, she endeavored to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm; and as I was extremely exhausted, I soon after fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which lasted for about half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed that I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into an unusual state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

'In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore, to the apartment of my wife to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but when seen it was always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock, several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connexion with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition, than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

'At length I became more composed, with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish; on the contrary, they rather increased in number and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

'After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them really to be the extraordinary consequences of indisposition. On the contrary, I endeavored as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy; and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly those or other figures might present themselves to the imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but, on the whole, I could trace no connexion which the various figures, that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight, had with my state of mind, or with my employment and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions, than that when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner, as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case, were not the consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or other usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

'The figure of the *deceased* person never appeared to me after this dreadful day; but several other figures showed themselves afterwards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however of persons I did not know; and among those known to me, were the semblance of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation, that acquaintance with whom I daily conversed never appeared to me as phantoms; it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavored at my own pleasure to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination, in the most lively manner, but in vain; for however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them externally; though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had, perhaps, afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision, phantoms from phenomena. Indeed I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeard to me that the door was opened and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened, and any person came in.

'It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear. Whether I was alone or in company, by broad day-light, or in the night-time, in my own, or in my neighbor's house; only when I was at another person's house they were less frequent; and when I walked the street, they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared; sometimes they remained even after I closed them. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again, nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

'I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife, concerning the phantoms which at the time hovered round me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present; they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a short or a longer space of time, singly or more at once; but in general several appeared together. For the most part, I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connexion with each other, like people at a fair when all is bustle, sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw among them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds and colours of clothes. But I think, however that the colours were somewhat paler than they are in nature.

'None of the figures had any distinguishing characters; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance; some were even agreeable.

'On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantoms increase, and apparitions become more frequent. About four weeks after, I began to hear them speak; sometimes the phantoms spoke with one another; but for the most part they addressed themselves to me, and endeavored to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone, though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons; frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

'Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but, on the contrary afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder greatly increased and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to be awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to apply leeches.

'This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon; but during the operation the room swarmed with human forms of every description which crowded fast one on another; this continued till half past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move slowly; soon afterwards the colors became gradually paler, and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure in the apparitions. At half past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little, yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on former occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately in air: of some, even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of any kind. Twice or thrice since that time I have felt a propensity, if I may be so allowed to express myself, or a sensation as if I saw something, which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation whilst writing the present account, having in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination.'—p. 485.

The author asks, would M. Nicolai, had he been born blind, ever have had any conception of spectres of this sort? Along with this story the author places the miraculous cross of Constantine, and the impressive narrative of colonel Gardiner. In both instances the results were happy. The persons were both, in all probability, impressed with these appearances, that they were true and actual realities, and the same consequences followed, as though they had been such, The author would not limit the means, which divine grace may employ, nor deny, that the same purposes may be answered by the impression, be it produced in what way it might. The subsequent explanation of the impressions of colonel Gardiner on the principles of reason appear to us to be both just, philosophical, and compatible with the firm belief and unwavering piety of a Christian.

Having made an extract so copious, and returning in the tenth chapter to discussions more abstract and metaphysical, we shall only glance at the long article which follows in the two next chapters. They turn on the consideration of *discernment*, *judgment*, *wit*, *attention*, *intension*, *&c.*

Attention implies that notice, which the mind bestows upon objects, when it dwells upon them by fixed and voluntary choice.—Intension or study is the deeper fastening of the mind's notice, in a more full investigation and minuter scrutiny. In defining judgment and wit, the author again subscribes to the opinion of Locke, so much ridiculed by Tristram Shandy, and beyond question entirely unfounded, viz. that wit and judgment seldom co-exist in any considerable degree in the same person. He closes an elaborate dissertation upon attention by some severe strictures upon Helvetius, in his work, entitled '*L'esprit*,' the grand maxim of which, upon the subject of memory is, that in order to remember any idea, '*it is necessary, that it should have remained in the mind for a certain space of time.*' There are many pleasant anecdotes, and much sportiveness mixed with acute metaphysical remark, interspersed in the remainder of this chapter, which we have not space to quote.

The eleventh chapter is upon memory. In the Grecian mythology this important faculty was personified, and considered the *mother of the Muses.* It divides itself into two important acts, *remembrance* or the involuntary act of calling up what we had known before; and *reminiscence*, or *recollection*, by which we voluntarily recall those things which were formerly conveyed to the mind. A perfectly good memory has three characteristics, *facility*, *retention* and *readiness.* By the one, we easily gain ideas. By the other we hold possession of them; and by the last we easily recall them.—The same remark is applied by the author to memory and reason, that has been already applied to wit and judgment, viz. that they are seldom found, in eminent degrees, in the same person. We credit this position as little, as we do that, touching wit and judgment.

The author justly conceives the great art of education to consist, in cultivating all the powers of the mind, in proportion to their importance and dignity. It needs no effort to explain what an important part of education is the cultivation of the memory. Cases of extraordinary memory are mentioned. Pascal forgot nothing which he wished to remember. Seneca mentions a person, who could repeat two thousand words upon hearing them once. Portius Latro, a declaimer, remembered all the speeches he had ever uttered. Cyneas, ambassador from king Pyrrhus to the Romans, so learned the names of the senators and spectators in the senate house in one day, that the next day he saluted each one by name. Cyrus, it is said, could name every soldier in his army; and L. Scipio, all the people in Rome. Carneades, it is asserted, could repeat whole volumes, and Dr. Wallis made long mathematical demonstrations by memory alone. There are multitudes of recorded examples of prodigious exertions of that power, which show the extent of the endowment, or cultivation, or both united.

He next speaks of artificial memory. Cicero and Quintilian, among the ancients, speak in favor of it. The best systems are founded on the principle of association, and the fact, that what is addressed to the sight has a more lasting impression, than what is addressed to the other senses. There have been hundreds of systems of this kind proposed. Association of things, wished to be remembered, with things familiar, local association, initial keys, or a kind of mental short-hand, hieroglyphic symbols, &c. constitute the most common helps. We deem, that each one is most competent to form that system, which will be most likely to be available in his own case. The remainder of the chapter is occupied with the settling of more of Dr. Reid's objections to Mr. Locke, as he has viewed the subject of memory.

The twelfth and last chapter is upon *conception*. Professor Stewart defines it to be that power of the mind, which enables us to form a notion of an absent object of perception, or of a sensation, which it has formerly felt. The views of Dr. Reid and professor Stewart are given. Mr. Locke's are compared with them, and are deemed by the author much more just and profound. We regret that we are obliged to pass by the ingenious and acute views, which the author takes of this intricate and yet interesting subject. In animadverting upon Dr. Reid's doctrine, that in conception and imagination, we have a momentary belief of the presence of the object conceived, or imagined, the author finds an opportunity to introduce many eloquent and impressive remarks upon general points of criticism. He imagines, that one reason, why men are so generally pleased with tragedy is, the consciousness, which always attends the most harrowing representations, that the story is fiction. He carries this view along with him, in accounting for all the pleasure, which we derive from mute and lifeless representations of suffering and agony; that an ever present belief, in the persuasion, that the scene is unreal, alleviates any painful associations, that might otherwise accompany the view.

In reference to the fact, that many people, wholly free from the popular superstitions, would still feel unpleasantly to sleep alone in a tomb, or with the dead, the author remarks, that an unreasonable dread, the mere prejudice of the nursery, sticks so fast, to them, as to preponderate over their philosophy and better reason. The author concludes, by referring to Dr. Adam Smith's account of the last moments of Mr. Hume, his cool tranquillity, his dialogue with Charon, and his merry pleasantry on the occasion. Death is an event of such a cast, as that no degree of wit can invest it with associations, that harmonize with pleasantry. It must be alike solemn to him, who believes, that it will introduce him to the retributions of eternity, and to him, who believes, that the eternal gloom of annihilation will settle upon his departed spirit. To part from friends, to take the final glimpse of the pleasant light, and the green hills; and the face of those beloved, to break off the instinctive ties of existence, and pass into an unknown and eternal state, even be it that of extinction must be sufficiently solemn, even if there were no pain, no agony, no reluctance of nature. Certainly every reader of that famous passage has felt that the jesting and gaiety were wholly out of keeping.

Thus have we glanced over the contents of this large volume.—We sincerely hope, that the effort to compress some of the leading thoughts of the book into these very narrow limits will be as useful to the reader as it has been painful to us. We really stand astonished, that this book has been so little known. It is a noble and eloquent compendium of all that has been said, written, or thought on the subject of the human mind, and of all that we can acquire and know in this dark state of existence, with our limited faculties. It may be regarded in general, as a comprehensive comparison of the metaphysical systems of Locke, Reid and Stewart. The Episcopal church seems to us to embrace in her bosom many distinguished men, who happily unite orthodoxy and liberality, phylosophy and Christianity, sound reason and deep conviction of the truth of the gospel. We hope for the honor of our country, that this eloquent and profound book will make its way into our colleges and higher schools, dispelling ignorance, and diffusing truth and light in its path.

The Fredoniad: or Independence preserved. An Epic Poem, on the late war of 1812. By RICHARD EMMONS, M. D.. In four volumes, 12 mo. Vol. 1. pp. 333. Boston: William Emmons. 1827.

We may now proudly match the western country, and Kentucky at the head of it, against all the world for writing epics. We claim one pre-eminence, which is ours beyond all dispute. We here offer the largest epic that ever was written; and that not in *blank* verse, nor *infuriated* prose, but in good, honest, old fashioned, double chiming hexameter rhymes. Lest envy, with her blue lip and microscopic eye, should peer out the fact, we anticipate her malignant search, and frankly admit, that our valley had not the honor of giving the poet birth, whichever of the Atlantic states may contend for it. But we proudly vindicate the claim of having reared him. The happy blending of the qualities of the fleet and fiery Pegasus, and the muscular force of our huge lizzard dweller in the southern ooze, the unclinching pertinacity of our snapping turtle, the fierce energy of the ring tailed panther, the untiring march of the six boiler—seventy horse power of the steam boat, and the world heaving sublimity of the earthquake could never have been meted out in such happy equilibrium and proportions, save to one who had long inhaled our atmosphere, and been trained as one of us.

Here are four volumes, 1300 pages, and 40,000 verses in one solid epic. Tell it not in Gath. Let the Philistines hear, and digest their venom, as they may. The whole is done into ten syllable hexameters in rhyme. This thrice fortunate and unequalled framer of the epopoa, ought not for a moment to murmur at poverty, nor the necessity of long and lonely musings, as he is transported from place to place on the poney laden with the neat saddlebags, full of healing pills, and the material of embryo bills. Rich in golden dreams, rich in the gift of the muse, his eye 'rolling in a fine frenzy,' transporting his devils alternately from their sulphureous domicil, to the cool and snowy tops of the Green mountains, and translating himself in a moment to the central glories of paradise, and quaffing deeply, the while, of the exhilarating gas of poetry, who is rich, and to be envied, if it be not a man, whose resources are thus in himself?

The author says, that he is poor. Being so is in itself indisputably a great evil. But all poets were poor, but Pope and lord Byron, and two or three others. True, these children of fancy and sweet visions sometimes find to their cost, that there is such a thing, dear reader forgive the bathos, as *leaping out of the frying pan into the fire.* It is very seldom, we fear, that a poet blots four volumes, and 40,000 verses, and grows richer by the perpetration. Sir John Suckling had reason.

Prithee, fond and silly lover,
  Prithee, why so pale?
If, when looking well wo'nt move her,
  Will looking ill prevail?

We were about to say we pitied, but it is not the right word.—We venerate the sons of song. We wish them laurels, dollars, capacity to take up acceptances, and fearlessly meet duns from the paper makers and printer's devils. But after all, who but a Goth, a Vandal, a Hun, a Tartar, a Hottentot would balance poverty and the sneers of critics, and long bills, against the glorious circumstance of having it written on our monument, *author of* 40,000 *hexameter verses!* There is, we see a levelling law, operating through the universe, and *one thing is set over against another*, in the way of advantage and disadvantage. We dare say, that the architect of this huge epic, enjoyed more delicious and voluptuous sensations, during the long gestation of six years, in which these glorious visions were teeming in his brain, than Napoleon did in the zenith of his glory. Therefore we may, perhaps, wisely withhold our pity from these happy aerial laborers, and reserve it for those drudging sons of the earth, that make safe calculations, and count the cost, before they begin a great work.

Relieving ourselves in this way from any compunctious visitings, in view of a case, that might call for mercy and forbearance, we proceed to a brief view of the great work in hand.

The theme is a very recent one—the late war. Some of our readers may remember, that some most sapient critics showed their *dentes sapientiæ*, and grinned most ungraciously at us, for choosing too fresh and recent a theme. We thought the ponderous judgments of these most erudite personages wrong at the time. But they may now fortify themselves with the authority of Mr. Emmons and we cry them mercy, and acknowledge our error. The author says, 'a new poem is like new wine. It wants age to wear off its asperities, and give luxury to its flavor. An impartial critic will stand upon an eminence fifty years in advance, and ask, is this poetry?' We earnestly desire that time may shed over these 40,000 hexameters, jointly and severally, the same benefits, that in his flight he sheds upon medals, wine and cheese, and that at the end of fifty years, the author, or his posterity, may fearlessly ask, is this poetry?

The Fredoniad consists of forty cantos. We give the argument of the first three, as a fair sample of all the rest.

'Argument.—Subject proposed—Invocation—Description of Hell—Congregation of the Infernal Multitude—the King and his Nobility set forward to the Hall of Council—the Court of Hell.

'The scene is laid in Hell.

'The time is part of one day, during the winter previous to the declaration of war.'—p. 14.

'Argument.—The Court of Hell having convened, they, in varions speeches, touch upon the causes of the war, &c.—In order to carry their plans into execution, they adjourn to the the White Mountains.

'The scene is laid in the Court of Hell.

'The book consumes the remaining part of the day.'—p. 44.

'Argument.—Invocation—Description of the Celestial Regions—the convocation of the Immortals at the bower of Heaven. Their speeches still farther elucidate the causes of the War.

'The scene is laid in Heaven—the time, one day.'—p. 60.

The reader has undoubtedly read that sublime description in Homer, in which the Gods take part in the Trojan war, and in which there is such a shaking of the universe, that the infernals turn pale in consequence of light let in upon them. He must have read Virgil's famous sixth Æneid, Milton's Paradise Lost, the seven hells of Dante's *Infierno*, and lord Byron's Heaven and Hell. He, probably, has not perused a sublime tragedy, which we have lately read in manuscript, of Cincinnati manufacture, in which hell is the beginning, middle and end, and in which a whole family of infernals are introduced. Each of them frames a dark speech upon the harp, and presents us sounds of wailing and scenes of wo. But these hells are places of refreshment, compared with Mr. Emmons' hell. In painting the horrible, odious and disgusting, and in mercy to our nerves, adding the ludicrous to the picture, he is without rival or compeer. His images of devils, ghosts, sepulchres, charnel-houses, and festering corpses, leave all German inventions of the sort a thousand leagues behind him. In this dark country of misrule, *Mr. Justice* takes his place, too, to keep the peace in hell. We dare not presume so much upon the reader's nerves, as to horrify him with quotations; but one of the cantos tapers off with these comparatively refreshing lines.

> 'The hellish host,
> Each takes his seat behind a pallid ghost;
> A hideous multitude begrim'd with gore,
> Nor was the like e'er seen in hell before.'

The second canto is 'hell continued.' But mark the novelty, as well as the grandeur of the poet's conception. Milton almost grudgingly allows his infernals an occasional holiday from their prison house. Our poet has generous sympathies even for these luckless dwellers in fire. To allow them a vacation, and a pleasant retirement from the dust, heat and unsavory smells of their town residence, he often adjourns them to the summits of the White mountains in New Hampshire, which are cool to a fault in the sultriest day in August. At first this struck us, as an original idea.—But on after thought it occurred to us, that it was, probably, borrowed from the Russian modes of winter bathing. They sweat at every pore in a steam bath hissing hot, to prepare them with the higher *gusto* in that state to roll naked in the snow. But the incorrigible rogues grow none the better, while cooling off on the White mountains. Their mischievous purpose, and their settled hate to Fredonia sticks fast to them.

The next canto transports us as on a gleam of lightning to heaven. This is a country as delightful in description as the other is horrible.

> 'In happy troops, they swim in buoyancy,
> Singing the song of night seraph*icly*.'

In canto fourth, the scene shifts to Detroit. The infernals have left their domicil, and are again cooling themselves on the White mountains. Each important cruise of our national ships makes the subject of a canto. In the Northwestern campaign, he has seen fit to take the command of the army from general Harrison, and give it to governor Shelby, assigning, we are told, as a reason, that colonel Shelby fought at the battle of King's mountain, and as a soldier of the revolution, was a more proper epic commander, than the real general Harrison.

In the second volume, we saw a dozen tolerable lines imitated from Virgil's account of the working of the bees, and other imitations of translations of Virgil and Homer; and in the hasty perusal which we gave the work, we noticed a hundred bearable lines.—We have no disposition, however, to dip up from this illimitable dead sea, and offer the reader by way of prelibation of the whole 40,000 hexameters. In working the names of our legislators, heroes, and great men into train band lists of rhyme, his earnest solemnity imparts an irresistibly ludicrous twang to the verses, that

> ‘Drag like wounded snakes, their lengths along.’

It is well for lord Byron, that he died when he did; for poet Emmons would have put him to the horrible death of envy, to see his happiest efforts transcended, when in Don Juan, he so ingeniously works the terrible names of the Russian generals into rhyme. As for example

> ‘Wyandots, Winnebagoes, Knistenoos,
> Potawatomies, Hurons, Kickapoos.’

And the following:

> Hewes, Heyward, Rutledge, Hopkinson, and Keith,
> Smith, Walton, Hooper—bound with honor's wreath;
> Lynch, Wolcott, Carroll, Morris,[*] Clymer, Paca,
> Chase, Morton, Taylor, Wilson, Stockton, Lee,[†]
> Hancock co-equal, and an Ellery.
> Hart, Sherman, Lewis, Adams[‡]—hallow'd name!
> Long with a Jefferson to be the theme
> Of Freedom's sacred day!—Gerry, and Penn,
> Rush, Morris,[§] Harrison, the first of men.
> Jay, Whipple, Middleton born to achieve
> What future ages doubting will believe.
> Gwinnet and Nelson, Livingston and Ross,
> Who bade defiance to the banner'd cross—
> Who counted all, save Liberty, but dross.
> Floyd, Bartlett, Rodney, Huntington, and Read,
> Of whom no trial could their souls exceed.
> Stone, Braxton, Witherspoon, and Adams,[||] Clark,
> Bosoms that thrilled with a Promethean spark;
> Hopkins, and Williams, Thornton, Paine,[¶] and Hall,
> With Liberty to stand, with Liberty to fall!'—p. 152.

Most readers will say, that they have not found even merriment in the book. We should think that readers case a desperate one, if there are not five thousand of these lines, that would provoke in him an involuntary smile. He is so glorious and unrivalled in the art of bathos, that one is delighted with the power that can so felicitously render any subject so superlatively ludicrous. But, take the whole mass together, it is the most monstrous collection of maudlin, silly and incongruous verses, that ever were, or, we hope, ever will be put together. We looked back and forward—but found so many verses, each claiming the first place of silliness, that we spared the reader, and said, *Ohe jam satis est.*

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[*] Lewis Morris. [†] Francis Lightfoot Lee, and Richard Henry Lee. [‡] John Adams. [§] Robert Morris. [||] Samuel Adams. [¶] Robert Treat Paine.

We are sensible, that many will think we have meddled with a a theme, wholly below the dignity of criticism. We do not think so. We would not without object wound the feelings of Mr. Emmons, or any man; and it is painful to us to say, what our notion of duty compels us to say of this work. We should not have named the work, had it not suggested to us thoughts that we deem equally true and important, and remarks, which we deem to be the appropriate award of legitimate criticism. We know not, how large an edition of this work was printed. But there are four volumes of it, and the expense must have been very considerable. Just so much patronage will be withdrawn from some work of real merit. We hear, and authors hear, and editors hear, and projectors of new works hear, and every literary man hears this grating and discordant theme. 'Indeed, sir, I can not subscribe to your work. I am tormented, by day and by night, at home and abroad, in the house and by the way, in church and on change, at funerals and theatres, by subscription papers. Here have I been applied to this day for my name for three new periodicals, and four new books. I am taxed beyond all enduring. Subscription rogues! I had rather encounter a highwayman with his pistols, than one of these fellows with his paper. I appeal to you my dear book maker if you have not heard all this in substance a hundred times.—You need not tell me, that it goes straight to your *commune sensoriam*, and the medullary marrow, with the causticity of vitriol.—What is the inference? 'I must treat you all alike, or subscribe, as I am in the good or the bad fit;' and probably poet Emmons obtains your name, and a man of genius and talents goes away mortified and rejected. Because ten thousand drivellers and fools are deserting the plough and the work bench, and merging good tinkers in bad poets, and editors, and book makers; shall the world go back to the ages of barbarism? Shall the press be suspended? Will you treat all the thousand prowlers, who are dispersed over the country with subscription papers, like a judgment of locusts, alike?—We say not. We say, that literature is necessary to every country that is not peopled with savages, or slaves. We say, that every man owes something, in the form of support, to literature, as strictly as he does to liberty, education, or religion. You can no more disengage yourself from this obligation, than that of bestowing charity. Your judging and discriminating faculties were given you, to enable you to select from the hundred applications, for your name in this way, those works, which you ought to encourage. You ought to make it a matter of deliberation and conscience to decide to whom you ought to give, and from whom withhold your countenance. If you have been caught purchasing 40,000 verses of trash, shall you crush the spirit of modest and ingenuous talent by neglect? If your lady has been taken in with pit-coal indigo, is it good reason, that she should, therefore, forever after refuse to purchase the real dye?

We hold the common objection, 'I am tormented to death with subscriptions,' to amount in substance to this admission. 'I have a poor head, and withal am a good deal of a Goth and care very little about literature, or any thing, that causes man to differ from the brute. I know of no difference between poet Emmons, and Bryant, or even Milton. I am told, that there are geese and swans; but being of the former breed myself, I take all fowls to belong to my class, and all works, that ask subscription, to be on a footing.'

This is not the language of a patriot, a scholar, or a gentleman. A thousand ask patronage, and a thousand ask charity; and there are deserving and undeserving objects in each class. It is a duty, that you should exercise your best judgment in making the proper discrimination.

There is that in the preface of the Fredoniad, that at the first look disarms criticism, and inspires pity. But a weak, undistinguishing pity, founded on animal tenderness and good nature, is neither a rational, nor certainly a benevolent sentiment. True benevolence is wise in its views. This gentleman says, he was cautioned against writing these verses, and found no encouragement except from one man. Why did he not heed the caution? Instead of furnishing the community with an argument against yielding any aid to literary efforts of any kind, he might have administered pills, or cut down trees, or made chimneys, and in a thousand ways been usefully, and cheerfully, and gainfully, and honorably employed. If men will mistake their powers, and interpret a six years morbid excitement of a weak brain for the visitings of the muse, and in consequence go on to blot, and spoil such an immense amount of clean paper with the expensive characters of the press, who can help it? They may, perhaps, deserve pity. But duty requires, that their example be held up, as a warning to others.

NOTICE.

The Epicurean—A Tale, by Thomas Moore.

It must be confessed that a tale bearing such a title by the translator of Anacreon, has something startling in its name, to those, who take alarm at the title page, and never give themselves the trouble to read the book. This little story might be presumed by such, to be the annals of a voluptuary, and the manual of the debauchee. But after an attentive perusal—indeed repeated perusals of it, we have not been able to detect any immoral tendency. The style, as might be expected from the author of Lalla Rookh and the life of Sheridan, is sparkling, gorgeous, oriental almost to satiety. It is poetry in its very essence, without its measured lines or jingling termination. It has been so often quoted and so much admired, that we have thought proper to give it a passing notice, as one of the productions of a man of genius, whose songs are the delight of our saloons, and who is certainly one of the literary lights of the day.

The subject is the conversion to Christianity of Alciphron, a chief of the Epicurean sect of philosophy in the reign of Valerian. The machinery is simple and the incidents of great interest. Placed at the age of twenty-four at the head of that sect in Athens, he represents himself as having embraced and practised on its maxims, not in their primitive purity, as announced by its great founder, who, while he taught that pleasure is the only good inculcated at the same time, that good is the only source of pleasure, but in their degenerate form, which had converted the garden of Epicurus into a haunt of voluptuaries. Immersed in all the pleasures allowed by that gay philosophy, he felt a void in the heart which no mere philosophy could fill. He contemplated the external frame of nature, and sickened at the thought, that man alone must perish, while 'the ever burning stars, less glorious, less wonderful than he, lived on in light unchangable and forever.' He became moody and wrapt in reveries. At length in a dream, a venerable figure presented itself to him and said to him, 'Thou who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest.' He tore himself from the allurements of the garden and set sail for Egypt. Impelled forward by this vague desire, he traverses that land of specious miracles, and the description of Egyptian scenery and monuments is splendidly drawn. Nor does he entirely forget his old avocation of pleaure. He catches a glimpse of an Egyptian beauty—follows her by moonlight—she disappears mysteriously at the base of a pyramid; and Alciphron at last discovers a secret door by which he finds admission into the interior. He is there made to pass through many of the ceremonies of initiation. Alethe, the heroine, whom he had traced into the pyramid, who acts a subordinate part in this splendid pageantry of Egyptian priestcraft, and ultimately acts as his guide in effecting his escape from the subterranean region, is a most beautiful conception of the author. Her mother, Theora, had been secretly converted to Christianity, and had acted as the amanuensis of Origon, at that time at the head of the school in Alexandria. Left a widow at the age of nineteen, Theora was obliged to obtain admission into one of the temples of Egypt, and became a priestess of Isis. Here, Alethe was born. The mother remained secretly attached to the Christian faith, and as her daughter grew up she instilled into her bosom the same sentiments. After the death of her mother, she had fixed her mind on making her escape in obedience to her last solemn injunctions, and to fly for protection to Upper Egypt, where there yet remained a few Christians under the ministry of Melanius. Her mother had confided to her the sacred volume, with a little chart of the route to be pursued in order to reach the retreat of Melanius. She was enabled at once to save herself and the Epicurean by her knowledge of all the windings of this subterranean world. They emerge to the light of day on a small island in the lake of Moeris. In this part of the story is found one of those master touches which mark the real poet. Alethe had never seen the youthful Alciphron except by the dim glimpses of the obscure region, from which they had escaped; but had figured to herself a grave and venerable philosopher in search of truth, and was utterly unconscious, that she was herself the grand object of his attraction. She sinks into a partial swoon, and the Epicurean runs to the lake for water to restore her. 'During this time, the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and consciousness; and at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep, was just rising from the steps, with her hands pressed to her forehead, as if confusedly recalling the recollection of what had occurred. No sooner did she observe me, than a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously round, as though she sought for protection and half audibly uttering the words 'where is he?' she made an effort as I approached her, to retreat into the temple. Already, however, I was by her side, and taking her hand gently as she turned away, 'whom dost thou seek, fair priestess?' I asked, for the first time breaking through the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have reassured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehensions. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the temple, in a voice of suppressed alarm—'where *can* he be—that venerable Athenian —that philosopher, who'——

'Here, here!' I exclaimed, anxiously interrupting her, 'behold him still by thy side—the same—the very same, who saw thee steal from under the lighted veils of the sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those labyrinths below, and who now but waits his command from those lips to devote himself through life and death to thy service!' As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder 'Thou!' and hid her eyes in her hands.'

To this gentle being, thus mysteriously thrown under his protection, the Epicurean becomes ardently attached. They embark on the

Nile to seek the residence of Melanius. The description of Egyptian scenery during their navigation is beautiful. They unconsciously pass the point at which the canal leads from the river, to the retreat of the future protector of Alethe, and it becomes necessary to retrace their steps, and descend the Nile. Alciphron endeavors to persuade her to accompany him to Athens. But she was inflexible in her determination to obey the injunctions of a dying mother. On arriving near the secret residence of Melanius it was necessary to part. Alciphron, however, rather than be separated from Alethe adopted the plan of offering himself to the hermit as a convert to his faith, and thus to remain a fellow disciple with her. Thus the first step towards his real conversion was an act of hypocrisy. As they floated towards the canal which led to the secret retreat of the Christians, they beheld the miserable hut.—'This then thought I, is the home to which Alethe is destined! A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars as I gazed, lay motionless in my hands. I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, 'we must here,' said she, 'part forever.' I turned to her as she spoke—there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. 'Part!' I exclaimed passionately—'No. The same God shall receive us both. Thy faith Alethe, shall from this hour be mine, and I will live and die in the desert with thee.'

Alethe is recognised by Melanius, received under his protection and the Epicurean commences his course of instruction in the Christian doctrine. He is placed in a separate cell lighted by a lamp, and with only a solitary volume. What follows in the story, contains the most striking and sublime eulogium of the sacred writings we ever remember to have read.

'Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume which I now found to be the Hebrew scriptures, and the first sentence on which my eyes fell was, 'the Lord hath commanded the blessing even life forever more.' Startled by these words, in which the spirit of my dream seemed again to pronounce its assuring prediction, I raised my eye from the page and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether the sounds had any charm or spell to reawaken that faded illusion in my soul. But no—the rank frauds of the Memphian priest-hood, had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion—my heart had again relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and to the word 'life,' the only answer it sent back was 'death!'

'Impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, on which,—whatever it might promise for hereafter,—I felt that my happiness here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity, such as never even the most favorite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lighting only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found myself even in this undisciplined career, arrested at every page, by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that crowded upon me.

'I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonising refinement of Philo:—as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was I prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration,—the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles.—Could admiration have kindled faith, I should, that night, have been a believer; so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wonderful book,—its warnings of wo, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

'Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves; and when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images which had charmed, and, when awakened at day-break by the hymn from the chapel, fancied myself still listening to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.'

The New Testament is next placed before him, and he is instructed in the history of that redemption, 'which brought life and immortality to light.' The discourses of the hermit Melanius, are touching and eloquent. Alciphron is betrothed to Alethe—but in the meantime a new and sanguinary persecution breaks out against the Christians, and the catastrophe is most horrible. By the contrivance of Orceus, the grand Priest of Memphis, the gentle, the lovely Alethe is treacherously destroyed by means of a poisoned chaplet bound round her brows. The dying scene is fine—and nothing can be more grand than the exclamation of the Epicurean, who alone survives. 'Would I had then died! yet, no—Almighty Being—I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know thee.'

The whole story is highly labored and finished—and the poet has sprinkled through his pages of gorgeous prose, occasional stanzas of poetry in his best manner—they glitter through it like fire flies on the rich summer landscape, when mellowed by the last gleams of evening twilight.

A Discourse delivered before the ancient and honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, on the celebration of their 190*th anniversary, Boston, June* 2, 1828. By John Pierpont. Boston: Bowles and Dearborn. 1828.

Mr. Pierpont is unquestionably among the first of our living poets. This is the sermon of a poet, a discourse perfectly unique and alone in its cast and character, and the venerable men of steel, who attended on this anniversary, so long held a brilliant one among the Massachusetts holidays, must have been more or less than men, not to have relaxed a little from the customary gravity of state on such occasions. It was a military fete. The audience glittered in military trappings. Turkeys, salmon, pies and the wine cup were to follow. It is not so strange, therefore, that a man endowed it must be presumed, with a little of a poet's eccentricity, should have produced the most witty sermon that we remember to have read, as the production of old Massachusetts. But though a right merry discourse, we see no occasion for the strictures, which seem to have been passed upon it in some of the journals. We dare answer, that it was not the guilty cause of inspiring sleep, which many a good sermon has been. There are some eloquent remarks, some witty ones, some paradoxical propositions, and some important truths in it.

The doctrine of the sermon, as we comprehend it, is, that the militia system of that state, however wise, expedient and necessary it may have been in former days, and a different state of things, has become in these times, and the existing state of things obsolete, useless, burdensome, oppressive, and partial in its exactions; that it involves a heavy expense of time, in the trainings, expense in the trappings, fatigue and labor to the ever laboring husbandman, and that by creating habits of show, fete, and wastefulness, in many instances it leads to extravagance, intemperance, misery and ruin.

We are not sure, whether Mr. Pierpont would have the militia system abandoned altogether, or have it modified, and changed to accommodate it to existing circumstances. We are clearly not for abandoning the system, unwise and oppressive though it may be. The times, when demagogues talk so flippantly of dissolving the union, and threaten by implication, to let loose the most accursed and bloody 'dogs of war,' and to get up, if it may be, in each one of the twenty-four contiguous and sister republics, a civil war of extermination, do not seem to us to call for the abandonment of the militia system, awkward, unwieldy and partial in its operation, as it may be. Let those states that are for peace and order, and that are powerful in physical and moral resources, that are strong in the living rampart of gleaming steel, not abandon the periodical show of trained squadrons, and phalanxes, and brigades, and the return of this semblance of martial pomp and circumstance of war. We are fully in sentiment with the poet orator, that the assessment for the expenses of this laborious and expensive show, should be a tax on property, and not on polls, and that the militia should be paid for every day's labor.

True, it is a laborious and expensive service; and if the orator have fairly made out, that all, that is necessary, when '*The Campbells are comin*' is to have magazines of arms, and freemen to use them, then the system ought to be altogether abandoned, as a simple and unnecessary evil, and not as an evil intended as an antidote against a greater one. But we do not so deem. Men accustomed to parade, to know their places, their officers, their evolutions and marchings, and the order of their detachment for service, must have a preliminary aptitude to become soldiers, which it will take citizens, when brought into line, and mass for the first time, a long period to acquire. Nothing, which has the remotest relation to self defence, and perpetual readiness to awe down the desperate projects of disorganizing and unprincipled factionists, and men, that talk about dissolving the union, can be purchased too dear.

But we find ourselves beyond our mark. There is an air of sprightliness, originality, honest frankness and generous feeling in this discourse, which calls for any kind of return, rather than that which it seems, in some instances, to have met. We would travel twice the distance to hear this singular and original harangue, which, we are sure, would preserve all the audience wide awake, as we would to do penance, neither in sound sleep, nor dozing wakefulness, but in a dull, prosing, formal business, as like its predecessor, as two apple seeds.

We quote two paragraphs, as specimens of the sermon, that declare the most important truth in the most eloquent and happily expressed language.

> 'Ay, 'the pride of his station'—the pride of office. And are we certain that it is well that he should feel this pride of office, even as he does? well for the community, or for the man himself who wears the epaulette?
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> 'Have you never seen the industrious young farmer, the respectable and thriving young mechanic, soon after he had put on his epaulette, pushed on by his pride out of sight of his prudence; stimulated by that badge of his country's trust, to displays of hospitality, to the 'gentleman officers and fellow soldiers' of his *corps*, to which his means were not equal; taking counsel of his pride, rather than of his purse, for his own costume, and for the
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> "——tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
> Impresses quaint, caparisons; and steeds,
> Bases and tinsel trappings"

of his station; till his shop was forsaken, his farm mortgaged his habits of industry broken up, and the man himself broken down? The zeal of the soldier hath eaten many a citizen up.

'And if this pride of office will drive a man with one epaulette into a forgetfulness of himself, well may it be expected to drive a man with two, into a forgetfulness of others. Are you sure that your militia laws will always keep, within the limits which they have themselves marked out, those distinguished military characters, otherwise, most worthy and most valuable men, who have felt most sensibly this pride of office? If your laws allow as I suppose they do, a brigadier general, within certain limits, and on certain conditions, to call out his *brigade* for review in one body; is there no danger that a major general will mount an analogy of his own, and gallop to the conclusion that your laws allow him, which I suppose they do not, to call out his *division* for review in one body? and that your young men of civic habits, and with constitutions conformed to civic habits, will be called out to fatigue duty, to sleep upon the tented field, and even on ground where no tents are, to wage a warfare, and that *at their own charges*, with cold and wet; a warfare at which a veteran might tremble, and in which death seeks—ay, and ere yet has found, and followed till he seized, the soldier of a feebler frame! Have we not ground to suspect the pride of military office and guard against its assumptions? Is there not reason to believe, that where it conduces once to the public weal, it conduces twice to private wo?

The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences. By DANIEL DRAKE, M. D. Cincinnati: E. S. Buxton. 1828.

The greater part of this number is occupied, in giving the second part of a discourse, which Dr. Drake had delivered before the Agricultural Society of Hamilton county, upon intemperance. By treating his subject mainly, in a medical point of view, he brings it appropriately within the limits of a medical Journal. He shows how intemperance in the use of alcohol first poisons the stomach, next the liver, subsequently the lungs, and in the end, swells the extremities and the whole body with dropsy, originates gout, sore eyes, a guilty ruddiness, flaming over the face with comet portent, a fiery redness creating a sensation of heat in the beholder, expensive rubicundity on the upper part of the cheeks and the nose, called, as the Doctor aptly remarks, 'by a desecration of language, *Guttæ rosaceæ*, or rose drops,' which hangs out its sign to indicate the profession and employment of the person.

Then there is sometimes leprosy *Lepra Græcorum*. The body becomes red and puckered. Immense quantities of scales, like those of little fish, fall off. Muscular tremors, walking in zigzag lines, epileptic convulsions, and apoplexy follow. As if this was not enough, and it must be admitted, the Doctor has drawn a picture sufficiently loathsome, there sometimes happens the most horrid volcanic eruptions which mortal can witness. And the most terrible explosion is reserved for the last. *Horresco referrens.*

> 'Intemperance predisposes the body to SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. On this point facts have multiplied, until the most incredulous inquirer can scarcely retain his doubts. The bodies of corpulent inebriates, when asleep, have, in several instances, taken fire by the accidental contact of a burning coal or candle, and all the soft parts have been reduced to ashes, or driven off in clouds of thick smoke. To conceive of the possibility of this revolting catastrophe, we need only recollect the combustible nature of fat, and the still more inflamable quality of ardent spirits, which is composed of the very same materials: and which, being swallowed, daily, in excessive quantities, with reduction of food, may be presumed to alter, to a certain degree, the chemical composition of the body.—Meanwhile its vital powers become greatly reduced, and thus render it an easier prey to fire or other external agents.'—p. 69.

From the physical effects of intemperance in generating disease, the Doctor passes to its moral effects; and the picture is equally strong, revolting, eloquent and just. The long paragraph, that follows the heading 'Irascibility of temper,' &c. has uncommon strength, vigor and power. We would be pleased to transcribe the whole of it. He proceeds to treat of the desolating effects of intemperance on the peace and interests of society, upon which theme he gives important remarks. He thence advances to the discussion and developement of the means of curing, and preventing intemperance. These means he divides into *abolitions*, *substitutions*, *legal disabilities* and *penalties*, *social disabilities* and *restrictions*, and *domestic restrictions*, upon each of which he bestows appropriate developement and analysis.

Through the whole, the Doctor is figurative, vehement and earnest, and his address has besides eloquence, the weight of truth and intrinsic importance to recommend it.

Religion, a practical principle. By JOSEPH TUCKERMAN, D. D. Boston, Massachusetts.

This sermon developes, what we conceive to be the chief and grand burden of the gospel, that religion is energy, utility, diffusive benevolence, a practical principle, in one word, that religion is the main spring of usefulness.

We may profess, as we choose, and the reality of our profession is imperfectly known to ourselves, and certainly to the Omniscient Being. But declare as we may, the world is obliged to judge of us by our motives, as they have acquired color, consistence, visibility and certainty in our conduct. It would be well, if we exacted the application of no other measure of religious character for ourselves, and applied no other to others, than that unerring one, laid down by our Lord, *by their fruits ye shall know them.* The truths brought to view in the following quotation from this excellent sermon are of everlasting concernment. May they be read and applied!

'We are variously affected by the great events of life, in which we are immediately concerned, from the difference of our natural constitutions; but still more, from the difference in our moral sentiments and habits. And glorious are the triumphs of our religion, even in the most distressing trials of life, where it has full possession of the heart. Yes, I have seen it imparting its heavenly strength to the feeble frame, which might otherwise have sunk under the stroke of affliction; inspiring with a fortitude, a humble confidence, a cheerful resignation, which itself only could impart, a mind naturally timid, and which had trembled even at a distant view of possible calamities. Religion, made the chosen rule of every day and every hour, and extending its sacred influence to all the habits of the mind and heart, enables him or her, who thus possesses its spirit, instantly to acknowledge, in whatever occurs, the disposal of God; instantly to feel that the trial, whatever it is, is the ordination of infinite wisdom and of infinite love; instantly to commune with him who has dispensed the suffering; and of him to seek the grace that is needed, humbly to sustain, and wisely to improve it.—How many are subject through their lives to the bondage of a most distressing fear, that they shall not be prepared for what they have to suffer; and especially that they shall not be ready to die. But my friends, be solicitous only to fill up every hour, as it passes you with duty; to perform every duty, as far as you can, in its proper time; to allow no indulgence of temper, or of conduct, that is evil; to bear and to forbear, to enjoy and to suffer, every day as a Christian; and to whatever service you are called, be governed in your judgment, and in your conduct, by Christian principles and motives; and be assured, God will not fail you in the hour, when the hand of affliction shall bear heavily upon you; he will not hide his face from you, in the awful moment of death. Our best, our only adequate preparation for great afflictions and for death, is, to be found by them engaged in our master's business; to be found, however we are employed, in the exercise of the affections and the motives of his religion. How unspeakably important then is it, *whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God!*'—p. 185.

Balance of Character—A sermon by the REV. JAMES WALKER. Charlestown, Massachusetts.

This is a highly useful and sensible sermon. It throws christian character into the balance of the sanctuary, and shows, that when religion has its proper influence, all the principles and affections of our nature should be in exact equipoise. We select the following paragraph, as a sample of the terse and clear manner of the author, and as unfolding an important object of the christian religion in an ingenious manner.

'It is, then, the great object of all religious instruction and edification to secure a balance of character; and especially to elicit those principles of our nature, which are to serve as a counterpoise to our selfish and worldly propensities. It is a great and mischievous error to suppose, that the legitimate effect of religion on the character is to produce mere excitement, convulsion, or the disproportionate developement even of a good quality; for this would be, not to secure, but to destroy a proper balance of character. Religion looks upon the voluptuary whose god is his appetite, and upon the miser, who hugs his gold with a strength of affection he does not feel for his children, and upon the slave of ambition who is willing to sacrifice his conscience and his soul for the bubble reputation—religion looks on them all as suffering, not from a depraved nature, but from a partial developement of their nature. Her aim, therefore, is to awaken those dormant principles of the soul, which, when once brought into action, will serve as an adequate check on these vicious excesses; will change the tastes, desires and pleasure of these men, and make them look on their former gratifications as poor and worthless, by creating in them a capacity and a longing for something infinitely better. Yes, it is the effect of religon, of its precepts, and its sanctions, and all its institutions, to secure a proper balance of character. It does not destroy the pleasure we may find in the innocent amusements and recreations of this life; but it provides a check on this principle to prevent its going too far. It does not frown on that degree of interest which it is proper to take in the concerns of this world, nor interdict the delights experienced in social intercourse; but it provides an all-important check to prevent these principles from going too far. In a word, it secures that natural and intended balance among the different and conflicting elements of the character, which will make each do precisely the office for which it was designed by the all-wise Creator, and no less, and no more.'—p. 174.

LITERARY NOTICE.

We have before us the first number of the second volume of the Western Medical and Physical Journal, edited and published by Guy W. Wright, M. D. Cincinnati.

The divisions of the contents are, original Essays and Cases. Extracts from selected Essays and Cases. Selected Reviews. Selected Intelligence. Western Eye and Ear Infirmary. Original Intelligence and Notices. The editorial department manifests a spirit of patient investigation, and a desire that the information given to the reader, be useful and correct, which seem to us two most essential requisites in the composition of a well conducted Medical Journal.

We are compelled by want of room, to defer notices of the Rev. Dr. Bruce's address before the Philosophical Society of Pittsburg, and of the Rev. Dr. James Flint's sermon on the death of Dr. Abbot, until the next number.

THE
WESTERN
MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1828.

A TOUR.

Cincinnati, Sept. 1828.

DEAR FRIEND,

THE pledges of our long and tried friendship ought to be something more, than those unmeaning vows, which are said not to be registered in heaven. In departing from your threshold, I promised you a sketch of my late tour. Nor is a journey hence to Washington, and thence by the seaboard to Salem, and thence back by New-York, Albany, Niagara falls, the lakes, and Ohio, to Cincinnati,—an excursion embracing the half of the circuit of the United States, a small matter, in point of extent. As I have recently traversed the other portion hence to New-Orleans, and thence by sea to New-York, you have only to be thankful, that you come off with an account of the half, and that I do not give you the discipline of the whole. In what follows, I kill two birds with one stone. I fulfil my promise, and furnish an article. Of course the sketch will be rapid and desultory, embracing my thoughts unlabored, and as they rose, and aspiring only to the single merit of brevity.

I embarked from Cincinnati, July 11, 1828, in S. B. Waverly, Capt. M'Knight, master, a small but singularly neat and comfortable steam boat, on the new plan of having the deck entirely above the steam apparatus. The entire space above is thus devoted to cabin room. The cabin is not subject to the annoyance of steam and heated air, the smell of the oiled machinery and decomposed water; and what more than all enhances the advantage to many passengers of timid apprehensions is, that a cabin, so built, is supposed to be free from all possible danger, in case the boilers should explode. Many of our fellow passengers were amiable and interesting people. Nor were we without fair ladies even from the metropolis of your state. I am aware, that they must have received favorable impressions of the order, decorum and gentlemanly manners on board an Ohio steam boat, from all, that they witnessed on this passage.

The Ohio from Cincinnati to Wheeling may well be denominated the *beautiful river*, and the scenery must be felt to be pleasing by all, that have the faculty of taste. In grandeur it certainly falls short of the famed Hudson from New-York to Albany. But in amenity and beauty it as certainly in my view exceeds it. The bluffs rise to an elevation of from two to three hundred feet, and display an infinite variety of form and rounding. In a few instances they show the naked limestone cliffs far up their sides. But much more generally, they are richly wooded, affording for leagues in succession the brightest and most brilliant verdure, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds spread the most charming perspective of light and shade. The morning and evening mists, rising in spirals and cones, and tinged by the rising and setting sun, add magic touches to the landscape. The bottoms are as singular for their fertility and the size of their trees, as the bluffs are for their picturesque beauty. There are many good houses, and there are, also, many mean ones, proofs of the indolence and want of industry and spirit of the owners of these fertile lands. Almost every tolerable farm house has its vigorous and noble orchard; and there are few places in this long distance, susceptible of a farm between the river and the bluffs, where there is not an improvement of some sort. In a few instances houses are seen in romantic situations, perched on the summits of the bluffs. In many places they have had the taste to leave the original noble sycamores standing on the banks. Between high and low water mark there is frequently a skirting of the white maple, of which tree it is a pleasing circumstance, that the foliage, of a downy whiteness on the under side, shows, when it rustles in a slight breeze, as if the tree was covered with white blossoms. Among the varieties of flowers on the margin of the river, the most common is the *asclepias*, or silk weed; and great extents of the shore are covered with a shrubbery of pawpaw, of which nothing can exceed the beauty.

In this distance there are two or three straight places in the river, called *reaches*, where the river is seen a uniform sheet of water for many miles ahead. The waters are nowhere stagnant. There are no marshes, covered with grass and aquatic plants. The deep azure of the sky indicates a high country and a pure atmosphere. The masses of children, that come out of the houses, to gaze at the passing steam boat, furnishes a jest to the passengers touching the prolific character of the country. Steam boats, periogues with two or three passengers, keel boats, flat boats, and other water crafts, spectators sitting under the trees, washerwomen pursuing their vocation on the verge of the river, throw a touch of life on the scene, in perfect keeping with the repose of nature along this stream, which so recently rolled through an unbroken forest. A bald eagle sailing slowly over the hills, a green island dividing the river ahead, and occasionally immense boulders of limestone, precipitated from the cliffs, complete the outline of the scenery on this passage. Neither the cultivation, nor the villages along the banks of the Ohio are so rich, or populous, as in the country back of them. Hence the very inadequate ideas of travellers, who only ascend the Ohio in a steam boat, touching the country beyond the bluffs. This had been asserted to me; but it seemed a paradoxical fact, until I had seen the interior. One would think, that on such a beautiful river, with such rich bottoms, and whose shores are generally considered healthy, and offering so many facilities for transport and conveyance, and a liquid highway of such length and grandeur, the first inducements to building and improvement would be felt. But, whether it be, that the passing on the river has the effect of demoralizing the inhabitants, and rendering them indolent, or to induce them to remit their labors, in pausing to survey the passing show, or whether, as is more probable, the formidable bluffs oppose a strong impediment to compact and extended population, which in the interior has level space, in which to expand itself on every side, the fact is, that there is more appearance of population, taste, wealth and improvement either in the interior of Kentucky, or Ohio, than along the banks of the river. Nevertheless, in the distance between Cincinnati and Wheeling, we pass a number of considerable villages, and a still greater number of collections of clusters of houses. Maysville, Augusta, Marietta, Portsmouth, Galliopolis, Charlestown and Wellsburg are the most considerable places. But even yet, in ascending the first time, to an unpractised eye the greater portion of this passage would strike the passenger, as being still a deep forest. To me there is a never ceasing charm in this mode of travelling. I seek to disengage myself, as much as may be, from all companionship, but that of my own thoughts. I recline at ease on the guards, shifting my side, as sun, or shade, or nearness of shore, or beauty of landscape, or other circumstances may determine. The spray of the buckets, in particular positions of the sun, becomes painted with rainbows. The reflection of light, thrown from the waves upon the trees on the shore, trembles on the leaves,—and the whole shores on either side, when the river is low and clear, and when the sun is bright, is seen inverted in the depths. The manner, in which the distant houses, hills, rocks and trees are transferred, as if by magic, in one continued moving landscape, and painted apparently at unfathomable depths in the water, can only be comprehended by those, who understand the laws of optics. But the effect is indescribably beautiful. Who would wish to look on tiny landscapes, done in colors on paper, when he could contemplate, hour by hour, this real, vivid, moving landscape, extending league after league, in all the freshness and truth of nature? The coloring is delicious. The gleaming of the sun, as colored on the summits of these inverted green hills, show mellowed, and as we would paint the light of paradise. There are peculiar effects of light, resulting from the smooth, regular, and yet high waves, made by the steam power, on this landscape painting in the water, which all words would fail me to describe. Among them I may name, that houses and trees, at the distance of a mile, seem placed on the verge of the shore. The unequal elevations of the trees, as they show on the wooded hills in the air, have in the depths the delicious coloring and smoothness of paintings on velvet. A curious deception in this inverted vision raises the idea of a landscape prolonged to an indefinite extent behind these seeming magic hills of paradise; and the incessant rolling of regular waves along the margin of the landscape is perpetually cutting off sections of it, and shooting them out into spires and pinnacles of verdure, that seem to stretch away a thousand feet in length, and terminate in the apex of a single tree, which your eye catches at the same moment actually sleeping on the hills, by which you are passing.

For our occupations, during the four days, that our trip lasted, we walked the cabin, chatted, related anecdotes, perused dull books, old newspapers and almanacs, settled the nation, discussed the great man of Quincy and him of the Hermitage, and uttered prophecies about the next president. Of course we left all these matters of pith and moment, just where we found them. It is to me a subject of deep regret, that politics are not interdicted by a common consent of all, that profess to be gentlemen, while people journey together. Nothing can be so disgusting, as to have the eternal sickening slang of the newspapers thus served up to fellow passengers, who have eyes, and are wafted along amidst the ever varying beauties of nature. Politics are the invariable resource of dull people, who ought to be restricted to talking about the weather. What is it to a traveller, who of two stupid demagogues are elected to Congress, or who made the heaviest speech at a caucus? We raise an imploring voice to all travellers, and beg, that politics on steam boats, in stage coaches and hotels may be left to those dull rogues, who know not to converse about any thing better. It is an insult, and ought to be so received, for any one to call upon another, in these places, for his vote, or the public expression of his opinion.

The principal street in Wheeling is nearly a mile in length, and the village appears to be thriving. Mr. Zane has a pretty house and vineyard in it, and his island, in the river opposite the place, is remarkable for its fertility and beauty. Placed in the centre of a growing country, with many advantages for a manufacturing place, peculiarly favorable in its position on the river, and the connecting point between the national road east and west of the Ohio, Wheeling cannot but become a place of importance.

The mail goes from this place to Baltimore in three days and a few hours, leaving no time for resting, except while taking the necessary meals. I took the *accommodation stage*, which goes the same distance in four days and a half. I had the fortune to have for fellow passenger Mr. Robert Owen, of New-Lanark, and last of New-Harmony, on the Wabash, the celebrated apostle of what he denominates the *social system*. I had attentively read the writings of this gentleman, and had had much conversation, respecting his system, opinions and modes of getting along at New-Harmony and elsewhere; and was pleased with the prospect of thus becoming personally acquainted with him and his opinions in the unceremonious and *sans souci* intercourse of being shaken over the mountains together in a stage coach. Other circumstances concurred to give piquancy to the long and rough passage. An intelligent lady of considerable reading and cultivation, and most firmly devoted to the doctrines and discipline of the Episcopal church, accompanied me from Cincinnati to Boston. The first forty miles of our way we had a young lawyer, as we supposed, uncommonly gifted, even as a lawyer, with the Scotch gift, and nothing loth to show his talent that way, and withal he spoke as one firmly devoted to what are now called the doctrines of evangelical orthodoxy. You will easily imagine, that we were in no want of disputation and logomachy. Nor did the parties always wait in patience for each other's fire. It would seem, as though each member of our company was endowed precisely in a way, to be a provocative to controversy in the other; and I will answer, that there has seldom been more argument elicited, so far as quantity is concerned, in passing a distance of forty miles.

It is a very pleasant ride from Wheeling to Washington. In descending the hills above Wheeling to Wheeling creek, the road passes on the verge of the hill, at a prodigious height above Wheeling creek. I do not know, that this prospect has been at all celebrated. But I should judge the perpendicular descent from the embankment to the stream to be between three and four hundred feet. The stream is seen rolling darkly along, amidst its vines and sycamores,—and the eye blenches, as it contemplates this descent but a few feet from the wheels of the carriage. This prospect, as well as many others on this road, is splendid.

Mr. Owen is by birth a Welshman, is fifty-seven years of age, and would be taken to be ten years younger. He has a mild and shrewd physiognomy, noways remarkable, except for wearing a kind of foreign, or weather beaten aspect. He stoops a little, and always seems cheerful. He was dressed in blue broadcloth, with clothes of plain and farmer cut, with a roundabout or spencer buttoned close about him, and he wore a plain straw hat. This gave him a quaint rusticity of appearance, not much in keeping with his reputation for opulence; but happily coinciding with the tenets of his *social system*, and his avowed views of the proper order of society.

He admits, and regrets his want of a finished and classical education. But he is evidently a man of great natural shrewdness, and has seen much, with eyes keenly attentive to what he has seen. He has studied man, not in books, or the abstract, but as he has seen him in different countries and varieties, as he acts and is acted upon in the great scramble of life. In conversation he is ready and fluent, and perfectly versed in all forms of objections to his religious and philosophical opinions, and his social system, and he is a wary, adroit and acute disputant. Perfectly master of the sceptical system of Hume, he has not a little of his hair-splitting sophistry. It was amusing to observe his mode of managing his argument with our vehement and voluble young friend. He patiently heard the harangue of his fluent antagonist to the finish, and in his manner of watching him, reminded me strongly of the sly old grimalkin waiting calmly for the prey. He then ran back in a review of the arguments of his antagonist, refuting some, parrying others, and treating others with a peculiar kind of irony. This calm manner of arguing soon raised the voice and the temper of his respondent to a most annoying degree of excitement, and shortly reduced the dispute to simple affirmation and denial on authority. The point in dispute between them had chiefly turned on the dogmas of Calvinism.

The young attorney left us at Washington. It was not difficult to renew the argument between the philosopher and the lady, who accompanied us. The question now turned upon the general evidences of the Christian religion, and the claims of the Episcopal Church. A most gentlemanly deference, a holding back, a tempering of his customary mordant irony marked the character of his argument with his new competitor. The lady more than once declared, that she pitied one with his dreary and desolating creed, and his destitution of all the cheering hopes of a happy immortality. The philosopher in reply thanked her for her pity, affirming, that for the last twenty years he had been the happiest man in the world, without an hour of pain or gloom in the whole time. He observed in return, that from her manifest sensibility and kindness of character, he could not doubt, but that her own hopes and anticipations must sometimes be damped with the prospect, that the greater part of mankind, and among them, probably, many of her own friends would have to endure, as he chose to phrase it, the *eternal roasting*. He asked her, if it was not a revolting view of things, that according to her system the arch enemy of God and man would be ultimately triumphant, in carrying off the far greater portion of the universe? He declared, that it was in the nature of things impossible, that any one, who really believed in the danger of the eternal torments of hell to themselves, or their friends, could retain their reason in such a horrible prospect; and as they, who avow that creed, appeared to feel, and act like others, he was sure, he said, that their conviction upon this subject must be far more vague and doubtful, than their profession seemed to imply.

The general outline of his system, as you have heard no doubt, is, that man is entirely the creature of the circumstances, in which he is placed; of course, that his conduct, in all those circumstances, is necessary, and while they so remain, could not be otherwise. By beginning with the education of children from infancy, those circumstances are proposed to be changed. Our conduct being the result of our circumstances, it would follow, that no one is subject either to praise or blame for his actions. In his ideal social system men are to be arranged into small communities, not smaller than 500, nor larger than a few thousands, where all are to labor, feed, amuse themselves, and be instructed in common, and where all the callings and professions are to be systematically arranged, where labor-saving machinery is to perform a great part of the manual labor, and where the various callings are to be neither deficient nor redundant, where men are to feed full, live without the physician, or the priest, sing, teach and amuse themselves, and where knowledge, virtue, subsistence and comfort are to accumulate in a ratio, which the world has not yet imagined. He holds a thousand peculiar opinions upon this and all other subjects, which I have not time to relate at present. The only circumstance in his reasonings, that surprised me, is the singular solecism, that while his system is predicated on the idea, that man is simply the passive instrument of circumstances, he should suppose, that he and his followers can substitute a new sett of circumstances, that can change and abolish the old one. If we are passive in the one instance, the query is, how can we be active in the other? The very foundation stone of the system seems to be reared on the absurd supposition, that we can be active and passive, that we are controlled by circumstances, and yet can control them. If we are, in one word, the creatures of circumstances, how have we any power of changing them, and placing ourselves under a new series?

But not to enter now deeply into the profound of the social system, I shall only add one word, respecting the fundamental ideas of his philosophy.

In long and familiar discussions of these points with me he stated, that it was his philosophy not to go a step farther in reasoning, argument, belief or practical rules of action, than was warranted by demonstration and fact. There is, according to him, no practical use in any thing, that is of doubtful speculation. Give us, he says, observation. Give us fact. Give us ground, upon which to go. But we cannot advance a step upon theory and hypothesis. His religious opinions seemed to me to involve Atheism quite as bare and revolting as any I had ever heard denounced from the pulpit. Matter according to him has been eternal and will be eternal, and there is, probably, nothing but matter in the Universe. As a matter of fact, there is confusion and misery in the Universe, which, he seemed to think, there could not have been, upon the supposition of the existence and government of an infinitely wise, intelligent, and benevolent Creator. Our conscious identity lasts no longer, than from moment to moment. We shall exist hereafter in a changed organization and combination, not in conscious identity. We may be, or we may not be, sentient matter. The bodies, which we now possess, may go into more life and happiness, than we now enjoy, in other forms and in other animals. But, as we can have no possible personal interest in any existence beyond our own conscious identity, this is to all intent a denial of future existence, and a full admission of the annihilation of our conscious intellectual being.

He was informed, that no community had existed, or, it was believed, could exist without admitting religion, as a bond of the union—that man was constituted by nature a religious being, that it was as much a part of his constitution to have reference to a God and a future existence, as it is for some animals to fly in the air, for others to move in the waters, and others to walk on the earth, and that his community, in abjuring all religious belief, and all religious ties, had departed from the experience of all former attempts of the kind. To this he replied, by denying, that man possesses this religious instinct. He supposes all religion to be the result of superstitious fear, and human egotism and vanity. He affirms, that in every form, religion has been the enemy of human improvement, enjoyment and society. Such are the avowed sentiments of Mr. Owen, as a philosopher, and it strikes one with surprise, that with such sentiments in his mouth, he, comes forward, as the promoter of virtue and the reformer of society. This system is to renovate the universe—remove all selfishness and vice, and restore a millennium and the golden age to the world.

That the world is just on the poise to come over to his system appears to be his firm conviction. With the undoubting conviction of an apostle and a martyr, every thing assumes, in his view an aspect, as if favoring his system. He declares, that when he first broached it, his friends all earnestly dissuaded him from it, but that he was determined to embark his ample fortune, his reputation, his health, and, if necessary, his life in the cause; that he had been constantly happy in the consciousness, that he was intending to promote the intelligence, virtue and happiness of his fellow beings—that he had experienced far less opposition, than he expected, and had made much more rapid progress in diffusing his opinions, than he had hoped; and that from his infant schools, and from the other agents, which he had put in operation, and from an order of things in society, peculiarly favorable to the reception of his system, he expected, that there was soon to be a great and general conversion to it. To all this I could only reply, that to me every thing in society spoke a different language, that amidst the immense improvements and changes of the present day, I saw clearly increasing avarice and selfishness, as a melancholy appendage to that improvement—and that I saw no harbinger to his millennium, except in the old saw, that the *darkest time in the night, is that, which immediately precedes the dawn.*

You will not need to be told, that these are but some of the outlines of a few of the subjects, we discussed on this long journey together. Our argumentation had one feature at least worthy of praise. It was marked neither with boisterousness nor temper. Upon every subject, save his peculiar views, touching the social system, no man could be more ingenious, or acute. With sentiments upon religion, apparently, the most dreary and desolate, that can enter the heart, he was always cheerful. With views seemingly at war with the existing order of things, he was mild, insinuating and gentlemanly, and considerate and forbearing to the feelings and comfort of us all—and, in one word, in his whole deportment a mild, humane and polished gentleman. For myself I regarded him with feelings not unlike those, which the lady in question expressed to him, with mingled emotions. Many a christian might have learned gentleness, forbearance, suavity and self-command of him. No one could part from him, without feelings of esteem; and yet one could not help reflecting, that this was the doctrine, which was expected to reform the world by placing it in new circumstances, among which the most important were to obliterate the sentiment of a God, and the hope of the immortality of the soul. When we parted, he was about to traverse the Atlantic, and my course was in an opposite direction, and there was little probability, that we should meet again, except in that eternity, in which he had no belief.

In this long trip of disputation over the mountains, though we sometimes vanquished time and space, we did not altogether close our eyes upon the beautiful country, through which we passed; and the country is a charming one from Wheeling to Cumberland, in the centre of the mountains. It will strongly militate with Atlantic estimates of the back-woods of the West to hear it declared, that by far the richest, most populous and pleasant half of this long road is that from Cumberland to the Ohio. The houses are generally large, substantial, and of brick, or stone. The orchards and pasture grounds are fine. The situations many of them romantic, and the whole has the aspect of an old, long-settled and abundant country. Washington with its college is a large, neat and well-built town, in the midst of fine orchards and fertile fields. Brownsville and the adjoining village are places charmingly romantic and picturesque—nor will you any where see nobler orchards, than those, which surround these stone dwellings. No river on earth has a name of such delightful euphony, as the *Monongahela*, and I have seen few prospects to compare with its valley, as seen from Brownsville.

Every traveller of taste will pause on the summit of Cumberland mountain, and look back on the immense valley, which he has traversed between it and the Ohio. A cool and oxygenated air fans his temples. The windings of the fine road by which he has wound round the mountain, are under his eye. The murmur of a stream dashing from rock to rock, in its way down the mountains is in his ear. New shrubs and vines, and varieties of mountain plants with their bright foliage shade the path; and there is a noble prospect of the rich and boundless vale below. Cottages, stone houses, villages, rivers, pastures, smokes, lawns, woods and mountains stretch away beyond vision, and distances and space are confounded, and almost annihilated to the eye.

The whole distance over the mountains, I should think, not far from one hundred and fifty miles. The mountains are no where very lofty. In some points certain peaks have an air of grandeur and sublimity. On the central ridges there are wide extents of fertile table land. The road, though often rough, is no where difficult or dangerous to pass, and one is astonished, that so good a road could have been found over such a wide range of mountainous country. Cumberland is a considerable and rather neat town on Will's Creek, a branch of the Potomac, and is cradled among the central mountains. Before you arrive here, your approach to a more sterile country and one of a different soil is marked by the diminution of beech, white walnut trees and other timber denoting a rich soil, and by the frequency of pines and hemlocks, which take the place of these trees.

I have crossed these mountains in the spring, when nature is every where alike green, and in autumn, when the vegetable kingdom is every where yellow and sear. In each season it was more difficult, from these circumstances, to discriminate between the soils on the opposite side. I now crossed them in mid-summer with as fair an opportunity to make this discrimination as I could desire. Never had the contrast seemed so strong and striking. The one is a soil of dissolved limestone, of alluvial valleys, of secondary formation, of beech, white walnut and deciduous trees, of rich harvests, of a strong and deep soil, that will have an herbage of freshness and verdure even in the heats and pinching droughts of summer. The other requires manure and assiduous cultivation, is clothed with pine and hemlock, and scorches under the high heat of summer. I was never so fully impressed, that the western country is the best country for the farmer.

As you descend the hills towards the valley of the Potomac and the Atlantic waters, a prospect opens upon you, scarcely less extensive, or beautiful, than that to the westward from the summit of Laurel hill. A branch of the Potomac is seen winding its way among the mountains, to join the parent stream, and a boundless sweep of the eye extends over fields, villages and woods.

Hagarstown is a beautiful town in the centre of the large and fertile valley of the Conegocheague, in Maryland. The people, I believe, are mostly Germans, and the whole place wears an air of neatness and comfort. We saw it by a fine moonlight evening, and the inhabitants were smoking, conversing, and tasting the coolness of evening on their piazzas in front of their houses. It is one of the handsomest villages, that I have seen. The houses, gardens, streets and public buildings all indicate good taste.

Frederictown, or as the people denominate it, Frederic, I should judge something larger than Hagarstown, containing, I believe, between five and six thousand inhabitants. It is about half a day's drive from the former place, and as unlike it, in point of taste and pleasing appearance, as can well be imagined.

Here the roads part, and the left is the great road to Baltimore. The right is travelled by a single stage to Washington. The road being not much travelled, is unwrought and bad. The country is sandy, sterile and rather uninteresting.

We entered Washington by moonlight, and by the way of Georgetown. The metropolitan city, like a French town, shows best by moonlight. These large and new erections lose their awkward greenness by this mellow and indistinct light. Next morning I saw the centre of the metropolis by the light of an unclouded morning. The city wants grandeur of position, wants the distant perspective of hills and mountains, wants that feature, that is indispensable to complete the full outline of the beauty of a city prospect, the distant view of the blue and illimitable sea. Another order of things in another century will create other associations, and large cities in the remote interior of the country. But at present no American can disengage from his city associations the idea of masts, ships, the fresh atmosphere and the distant view of the ocean. But, apart from the want of mountains and the sea in the distant prospect, and Washington is as beautiful a site for a metropolitan city, as could be desired. What is here called the District, is in fact an open country of great extent, embracing two contiguous villages, and another in the distance over the Potomac. The federal city may be imagined to be an index of our country, a fresh and magnificent outline, like the prophet's gourd, the growth of a night, embracing great and unfinished conceptions, and only a kind of prophecy of what is to be hereafter, rather than a finish of a plan. For myself, I should a thousand times rather legislate in this city of villages, pastures and corn fields, where the fresh breeze blows, than surrounded by the dust, smoke, smells, lumbering noise and dead brick walls of a populous city. The greenhorn Solomons from the back countries here have an opportunity to expand their thoughts and ripen their conceptions, and bring forth for the good of the nation many a sublime invention, that would be for ever extinguished amidst the staring, the sights and sounds of a city.

The capitol is on a gentle eminence, which commands a far view of Georgetown, Alexandria, and a number of fine, white seats embowered in their distant woods. The elevation is gradual, noble and commanding, and like the other selections of the genius of our country, seems to have been chosen for habitancy, utility and comfort, rather than to impress the eye with the show of bold and grand scenery.

The town is advancing with the growth of every thing in our country, with great rapidity. Many of the houses are neat; but the eye surveys them under the disproportioned expectations, created by the idea of a metropolis, and under unfavorable comparisons with the gigantic dimensions of the capitol and the president's house. They, who build beside palaces, must be content to be surveyed in this light. After all, it would not be amiss for future builders in this fine position, to travel to Hagarstown, Dutch though it may be, or to some other place, where they could see good models for houses. One would surely calculate to see the concentration of taste, where there is the annual concentration of wisdom. They are planting a margin of forest trees on the outer enclosure of the grounds of the capitol. It may be presumed, that these trees will make a fine show before the metropolis will have been transferred to another place. In the terrace ascent to the basement of this building, the naked, yellow clay banks present an image of sterility, in strong contrast with the magnificence of the marble structure above. They should be faced with stone, or perhaps more cheaply and beautifully with quick hedges.

I saw the capitol, as I wished to see it, of a fine clear morning, and alone. Of course there was no troublesome companion to tease one with continual comments and sentimental exclamations. In the rotunda some workmen were grinding large marble slabs. The rotunda originates the most singular and impressive echoes, I ever heard. The grinding of marble was precisely the thing to create the noblest, that could be formed. The noise commenced in sounds, that a tourist would call unearthly. They sounded to me, like sepulchral responses, circulating over the dome in spirals, and returning, and swelling to deafening sounds, as they multiplied upon the ear. No twin Solomons now walked arm in arm. No contracts of scratch and tickle were making. It was the place of the shadows of distorted ambition, and the ghosts of mock patriotism; and the million hollow echoes from the work of the marble grinders might be taken without much stretch of the imagination for the shades of departed speeches fondly returning to the place of their origin, like *clouds coming after the rain.*

The Indians in the pannels, I believe, are moulded in plaster. They are for the most part rather *beau ideal* savages, than copied from the real forest walkers. Some of them resemble the wooden Indians, who sell tobacco, as signs in our cities. Their countenances are sufficiently ferocious; but they want the bow legs and knock knees, and the panther wildness of expression, that are the discriminating traits of the real article, seen in the woods.

The two most important military events of the revolution are very properly selected, as subjects for the pencil in that place. There is something imposing, too, in seeing the whole group of the signers of the Declaration, as for ever setting their hands to that sublime act. Instead of thinking for a moment of examining these figures, as a connoisseur, they seemed to me to be looking in the calmness of conscious greatness upon the intriguers and demagogues and small men, who have subsequently found their way in such numbers to that place. No better emblem could have been selected of the great events, that are now consecrated in the intellectual empire of history, and that are associated with the most exalting remembrances of the past.

In attempting to thread my way among the apartments above, I came by accident upon Mr. B., who superintends the architectural improvements, that are making in the building. With great courtesy and urbanity he led me over the interior, explained the character of the contemplated improvements, and showed me the new emblematic pieces of statuary, completing by an Italian artist. The eagle is certainly a fine one, and the artist, in his quaint, half English dialect, related a compliment, paid to his eagle by a gentleman, who told him, that it was more natural, than the eagle itself.

It would be wholly superfluous for me to make a remark upon the nobleness of the legislative halls. The west front struck me, as most beautiful and magnificent. The east front is, I believe, intended to be of the highest architectural finish. The whole building is too large, to be properly apprehended by the eye, when near at hand, and shows to the fairest advantage, when seen by a sunset light, at the distance of two miles. The panorama is gigantic, and the pillars colossal. The whole shows worthy of a great republic, with proud and beneficent future aspirations. One cannot fail to remark from the pediment of this noble building, how like baby-houses the city dwellings seem, in comparison. Unenclosed and naked pastures, looking for all the world, like New-England blueberry swamps, spread almost from the foot of this building. Our government is sometimes *penny wise, and pound foolish.* The money, lost in a day of extra, and worse than useless spouting, would be sufficient to enclose all these naked grounds, and plant them with trees, and cover them with verdure. At present, grown up to disagreeable clumps of bushes, cut up into yellow clay roads, and the very grass gnawed up by the roots by hungry cows, they give an air of sterility and desolation to the place, not in keeping with our expectations from the metropolis.

You need have no terrors, that I am about to discipline you with a detailed account of the governmental buildings. I went of course to the white house. It is a fine, large, marble building, I am told, in good architectural style and proportion. The want of a cupola, balcony, or dome of sufficient height, gives the roof to me a squat, tame and flat aspect. The famous east room is a large, unfurnished apartment, in desolation, and as far as I remember, without even the dilapidated billiard table. The other apartments were handsome and well furnished; but whatever expense may have been lavished upon them, in the careless inspection which I took, they seemed less striking and magnificent, than many private apartments, which I have seen. The tenant of these state apartments seemed to me thin, feeble and care-worn, and there was little in his appearance to provoke the envy of his bitterest opponent. A great man, who moves masses, need not lavish semblances of civility upon uninfluential individuals. I obtained the single shake, and one or two monosyllables, both affirmative and negative; and discovering that it was easy to confer a favor by a very short visit, in two minutes and a half I carried away as many rays in my countenance from this mount of greatness, as such colloquy might impart,—admitting in my conscience, that it must be a heavy tax upon greatness to see every body in this way.

The patent office was the most interesting establishment, which I saw at Washington. The large apartment, in which the patents are contained, has not much apparent order of arrangement; for the subjects are too numerous and monstrous, to be arranged, or classified. Here you see fifteen hundred, or two thousand projects to triumph over gravity and friction, time and space, height and depth, and to make fortunes, by catching dame nature napping in some of her most fixed purposes. But the old lady has proved, for the most part, too witty, and too wide awake for them. It is a fine study of the human head turned inside out. Every one of these little wheels, arches, levers, springs, whimsies and contrivances, in all their combinations, had existed, as archetypes in some head. The head itself, when wound up by the desire of money and fame, is a most versatile and rapid engine. Every one of these inventions had occupied, no doubt, an inordinate space in the head of the inventor. The greater number are models of labor-saving machinery, of bridges, railways and the application of steam power, and, if I recollect, not a few projects for perpetual motion. The kind and communicative Swiss, who showed and explained the models, pulled the strings, trundled the wheels, and moved the springs with great gaiety. To the question how many of the patents had been found useful? he replied with the customary shrug—*all be useful to de inventor. To oders may be twenty—may be ten. Some good for someting. Some good for noting.*

From Washington, I took the stage to Alexandria, and devoted one evening to friendship and hospitality, in the family of my friend and correspondent, Mr. B. Those, who know this gentleman, will not need be told, that I passed this evening most pleasantly.

The road from Washington to Baltimore does not need to run through Bladensbugh, to raise unpleasant associations. It leads through a sandy, sterile and uninteresting country. The approach to Baltimore shows more woods and freshness, than would be expected in the environs of so large a town. The surprise ceases, when we are informed, that Baltimore is a city of such recent growth, as not yet to have consumed the forests about it, in its fires. Every one has admired the pleasant and fortunate position of Baltimore. Its environs are charmingly rural, its water scenery fine, and its site for cleanliness and convenience unparalleled. Its public buildings and its monuments, in point of magnificence and extent, are not exceeded by those of any other American city. Every one looks at the celebrated painting in the noble Catholic cathedral. The body of our Lord and his fainting mother show a fidelity too painful. The figure of

Mary of Salome struck me, as inexpressibly sublime. She stands out in light. You would think, you could pass your arm behind her form. Grief, tenderness and various mingled emotions, kindled by the hope of immortality, are marked on her countenance, and she has an expression, as though ready to be *caught up.* The Atheneum is a noble building, without much show of books. The Baltimoreans show with pride, as well they may, Barnum's noble hotel, as an ornament to the city. It is difficult to imagine any thing wanting to splendor or comfort in this fine establishment. For commodiousness and calculation for comfort, I presume, no building in the United States surpasses it. Whosoever inhabits it must expect to be assessed in some proportion to the show, luxury and comfort of the place.

The steam boat, which took us from Baltimore, had a race with another, which started nearly at the same time. It was the most warmly contested race of the kind, which I have ever witnessed. For miles our broadsides were parallel, and we might often have stepped from one boat to the other. The ladies were exceedingly terrified; but our boat had the satisfaction of winning the race. There were, probably, four hundred passengers in the two boats, and our precedence gave us the first chance of the carriages, when we left the steam boat.

Philadelphia is clearly, in my view, the handsomest town in the U. States, and in many points of city pretension will long sustain a merited pre-eminence. The business is less showy, than that of New-York, and tells less in the gross of exports; but the business of this city is predicated on what must be the future character of our country. Wealth has a tendency here to diffuse itself in a sure business, not so much depending on the fluctuations of trade, as in the great commercial metropolis. In the latter there is more visible display, more effort to reach the finish of fashion. In the former something of the sober and staid habits of the ancient builders of the institutions still remains. The Philadelphians boast, and justly, of the neatness, order and quietness of their city, and of its charitable and religious institutions.

You have heard the Southern jest upon the Yankees, that they carry to New-Orleans cargoes of ready made coffins filled with potatoes. I was walking the streets of this good city of Philadelphia in one of those burning days, when debility, heat and oppression of heart might well remind an invalid, as I was, of his last house. I saw, as a sign, over a cabinet maker's door, '*ready made ———'s for sale here.*' The blank was supplied with a large black coffin for hieroglyphic.

The streets of New-York always present a moving crowd of life, and to an unpractised and unsophisticated observer, there is amusement in the thousand ridiculous caricatures of the male and female form, to which the point of extreme fashion leads them. No where are pretension and affectation seen in more ludicrous forms.

A few hours carried me, my dear friend, from this great mart to you. I dare not trust my pen with the expression of my grateful feelings, in reference to your town. The happy days, which we there passed together, are like those points of time, of which history, which records crimes and tears, is silent, leaving the reader to infer, that they are happy. We once more saw together the place of our birth and our baptism, where our fathers rested at the close of the even tenor of their way. A volume would not explain the thoughts, which such a hallowed sojourn must originate in every rightly constituted heart. We remembered the excellent minister, who slept there with his fathers, after a ministry of nearly sixty years. We remembered the beloved companion of our boyhood, who went down, blighted and mourning, to his grave, in the meridian of his days. Alas! these places, where we were all, but a short time since, as blithe as the morning lark together, already see us, as strangers, and soon will know us no more. My journey from you by New-York, the canal, Niagara falls, and the lakes, to my home, will constitute the burden of another letter.

POETICAL.

ON REVISITING THE CHURCHYARD OF MY NATIVE PLACE,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF MANY YEARS.

I SAW the painted pageant, charg'd with life,
All gay and flaunting, as self-mov'd, it plow'd
In power along the foam, and trac'd by clouds
Of dust, the chariots whirling to their goal,
And slender vessels, winding on, as wains,
With bugle-note, along the straight canal,
Full fraught with squadrons, in the panting chase
Of misnam'd, venal Pleasure, who, the while,
In heaven call'd peace, bides, like a nun, at home.
I saw them hov'ring round the chosen points,
Where Fashion holds in state her summer throne.
I saw the seeming admiration, heard
The well dissembled ecstacy, beside
The snow white spray, and the eternal roar
Of dread Niagara. I mark'd the flight
Of glow-worms flutt'ring o'er the healing springs,
And quaffing deeply, as the sparkling wave
Would cure distemper'd dreams. The flocks,
As mounted on the summer breeze, still flew
Before me to the dark blue sea, and there,
Coursing along its hard and bleached verge,
Their careless laugh was heard above the dash
Of the resounding brine, as still they grasp'd
At rainbow phantoms, melting into air.
Repulsed from the giddy, joyous throng
As one of other kind, in musing mood
I find me here alone, a pilgrim come
To view once more the final resting place
Of my forefathers, and the sounding pines
Still spread their dark green tassels to the breeze.
There are the meadows, there the flow'r fring'd stream
The humble church, whence thoughtfully I walk'd
Behind the slow procession, bearing on
With measur'd noiseless step the coffin'd corse
To its last home, and as the tumbling clods
Gave from the narrow pit a hollow sound,
The thrilling horror ran along my veins.

But years, sad sights, disease and toil and pain
Have taught another lesson, nor to dread
The trav'ler's rest from toil, release from groans,
And ceaseless wish of change. Thou, too, my sire,
Hast laid thy head, by fourscore years and ten
Made hoary, on thy mother's sacred lap;
And I have come to catch thy latest sigh;
Hear thy last words; thy care-worn bosom see
To peaceful marble chang'd. Fond memory dwells
On the blithe morning of my youthful years,
When I pursu'd thee midst the new-mown hay,
And chased the scared lark, that soar'd in song;
Or when the darkling, wind-borne, murky cloud
In thunder burst, clung closely to thy side.
And now I rest me on my father's grave.
Where has elaps'd the long, long, weary dream,
Since, as a child, behind thy longer stride
I gaily tripp'd? Dim visions darkly sail
Across my pained memory, that I've seen
Far hills and streams, wild woods, and wilder men;
Have to the dregs drunk off the bitter cup,
And often laid me down in thought to die.
Yet am I spar'd to see my natal vale,
Whose trodden bounds were once my world; but now
It sees me as a stranger, and its sons
Cast alien looks upon me, neither known,
Nor knowing; truly saith the Book, that man
Is but a passing shadow, borne along,
As 'twere a bubble floating on the stream.
Hail, then, unchanging house of rest from toil!
Welcome, blue dome of the high firmament!
Welcome, thou father land of songs and joy,
Whose happy inmates never wander more,
Whose strains ne'er tire upon the satiate ear,
Whose bliss, undimm'd with tears, is always sure!

REVIEW.

A Discourse on the Genius and Character of the Rev. HORACE HOLLEY, LL. D., *late President of Transylvania University, by* CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D., *Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice in said University; with an Appendix, containing copious Notes, biographical and illustrative.* Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins. 1828. 8vo. pp. 294.

EVERY reader will be at once aware, that no common exhibition of talent, that no ordinary powers of eloquence would be necessary to sustain attention to an eulogy of more than a hundred pages, and which must have occupied more than two hours in the delivery. We are assured, that the attention of the audience was sustained with untiring interest, and the necessary requisites to keep up that interest will be found in the Discourse. At the first glance the arrangement seems faulty, and shows of repetition and confusion. There are at least two summaries of the character of the deceased, and certainly some views of it are repeated. But each summary presents an analysis of his powers and habits, differing both in object and execution, and the repetition will be found to be rather seeming, than real.

We do not promise to answer for the overloading of eulogy, nor for the orator's *extravaganzas*. We find it in our deepest thoughts, to be indulgent to a man of so much fancy and fervor and impetuosity of mind. Nor would it be fair justice, to try such an imaginative, exuberant and discursive mind by the ordinary rules of logic and rhetoric. It is much to be questioned, if the eulogist, when he hoisted sail, were always sure, where his subject would land him. Sometimes we see him on the earth—sometimes in mid-air, and, like an æronaut, he was, probably, not always able to control his own course. It would be strange, if such fiery fancies did not sometimes do for him the same office, which rhymes are said by Hudibras to perform for verses.

> 'Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
> With which, like ships, they steer their courses.'

Though the Discourse purports to be an eulogy of president Holley, it touches, in passing '*de omne scribili*,' and proves to be a peg, upon which the author hangs many an eloquent and ingenious disquisition upon various points of philosophy and literature. The warp is often of one thread, and the woof of another, differing both in material and color; and yet the whole web is woven with a close wail, and proves to be a mosaic tissue, splendid even to gorgeousness. That the harangue is exuberant, full of 'fiery fancies,' fervid, powerful, and in his own peculiar phrase, redundant in 'opulency and magnificency,' we hold to be so obvious, that none but a flippant tyro, or an adust and bilious hypercritic, could think of denying it these attributes. And, as if all this were not sufficient for the effect, intended to be produced, he lets off a number of distinct sky-rockets, as that about the 'club of Hercules,' and the 'Bologna stone,' which wonderfully illumine the whole space, and contribute to heighten the pyrotechnic brilliance. But there is through the whole such a manifestation of robust and manly power of thought, and such a felicity of figure and illustration, that, carried along with the current, we do not pause to survey minor defects. It is the prerogative of genius and talent to consecrate their own faults; and there is, therefore, so much the louder call to mark those faults, and enter a protest, that they do not pass into an example and a rule. We request the reader to carry these prefatory remarks along with him, as a summary comment upon the general style and manner of the Discourse; and we now proceed to a brief analysis of the book.

The Discourse was delivered at the request of the medical pupils of Transylvania University. It was proposed to elucidate and prove certain positions, advanced in it, by copious notes. The harangue itself was a compound of eulogy, biography, discussion of belles lettres and points of philosophy. The whole forms a biography of the deceased, as complete, as the materials in possession may furnish; and, given in a book of the most splendid execution, will remain to the days to come, a memorial and a synopsis of the moral and intellectual character of the deceased.

Such were the purposes of the book; and it strikes us, as having fully answered them. In the notes a dissimilarity of style renders it evident, that a part of them were by another hand. No doubt remains, that they were from the pen of the accomplished and interesting relict of the deceased. Though there is a certain discrepancy between the two manners, there is, in other respects, a wonderful resemblance; in fact, as striking a resemblance as, according to the orator, there could be, taking into view the unalterable phrenological difference between the male and the female brain. The latter, like the former, abounds in imagination, and is eloquent and pathetic in no common degree. Well might she say, in giving her affecting version of this thrilling narrative, '*quorum magna pars fui.*' Well might she, who in the midst of tempest and lightning and commotion of the sea and the elements, in the midst of the tropics, rendered more awfully terrific by the groans of expiring nature, and the disparting dash of the deep, when it received the remains of her husband,—well might she have indescribable associations with 'the everlasting Tortugas,' and the wave, that murmurs on their rocky base. Well may the prayer, in the case of the first corse, plunged in the deep, and the noises and purifying fires, that told her even in delirium what had befallen her, and the 'sweet and low voice' of another sufferer, be sounds, like the knells of memory, to revisit her dreams. Most impressively has she told her part of this sad catastrophe, which needed only simplicity and truth to carry it straight to the heart. The hand of a talented woman, as well as of a widow, a mother and a poet, is in it; nor would the reader have wished any thing otherwise in the relation, except the omission of a sentence, or two, that had better been filled out by his imagination.

The exordium of the discourse wants neither thought nor richness, but simplicity; and it is too much inverted and periphrastic. The first four paragraphs are precisely in the manner of a young, talented and aspiring minister on a like occasion. The paragraph on the third page, that speaks of the sorrow occasioned by the intelligence of the event, which gave birth to the discourse, and which opens the outline of what is proposed to be discussed, the character, the promise, and the untimely end of the deceased, is happy throughout, and in the author's best manner. Three paragraphs on the fifth page, the first containing the illustration of the oak from the acorn, and the meridian from the dawn, the second of the Mississippi from its countless fountain sources, the third of the mature man from the promise of the stripling, and the mellowed harvest of fruit from the vernal flowers, are happy figures, we readily admit, and as mischievously tempting in such a mind's eye, as that of the author's, as Eve's apple. But, beautiful as they are, they seem to us here out of place, and he ought to have shut his eyes, and hardened his heart, and to have walked sternly by them.

Dr. Holley was a graduate of Yale College, and at once an admirer and a favorite of Dr. Dwight. So we are told by the orator; and in what follows, when we are not clearly giving our own opinion, we wish to be understood, as giving the compressed and abstract views of the speaker. He was intended for the law, and we hope, that we shall not be deemed travelling out of the record, in saying, that he seems to us to have received from nature endowments, much more appropriate to that profession, than that, upon which he ultimately fixed. But some of those controlling circumstances, which fix the chart of our passage through life, merged his other projects in the profession of the ministry. He was a man so constituted, and his first appearance in the pulpit was under such auspices, that encomium and acclamation and contest of different places for him followed him. So it is, that many a young divine has drunk in the syren and intoxicating draught of praise, creating a morbid and unhallowed thirst for it through life. But one mind in a thousand can withstand these fearful perils. Whether Dr. Holley was constitutionally predisposed, or whether in these harbingers of his career, his mind received something of obliquity, a too greedy avarice of praise, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' certain it is, that the impression has gone extensively abroad, that the late president loved to harangue, coveted to shine, rather than enlighten and warm, to put forth the blaze of a meteor, rather than the beneficent light, which waxes calmly to meridian splendor. We honor the motive of the orator. We feel indulgent to the warm hearted affection, the unsated fondness, the untiring admiration, which clung to the deceased, while he lived, which follows him through *good report and evil report*, and never wearies with the theme of his praise, after he has gone. But there seems to us, even in his frequent and earnest defence of him against this charge, to be a tacit admission, that it was not altogether without foundation. After all, the prevalent estimate, we fear, will remain unchanged, that he was brilliant, rather than profound; and that it was more sober and calculating self-measurement, than was commonly apprehended, that led him to commit the elaborations of his mind, in his own enunciation and music, as the orator beautifully expresses it, '*to the keeping of echo*,' rather than the sterner and more lasting guardianship of the press.

His classical attainments are declared to have been not beyond mediocrity, and that he was deeply versed in no modern language, but his own. But in this walk he is represented as being alone, and without a rival. Certain it is, that in point of fluency his conversational powers were astonishing; and such were his volubility and readiness in disputation, that his antagonist stood astonished and confounded, if not enlightened and convinced.

In common with Mr. Jefferson, he thought, that the study of the Saxon, the radix of our language, ought to become a part of classical education. The higher philosophy of language was his favorite study and engrossing theme. Whether we think in words, or not, he clearly saw, that speech, as the organ and body of thought, is one of the noblest and most useful studies, to which the human mind can addict itself. This view of the subject furnishes the orator with a very ingenious dissertation upon the philosophy of language, the origin and uses of which he discusses in a fine episode, which occupies nearly five pages, at the end of which he returns to the theme of his eulogy. In polite literature, criticism and taste, he affirms, that Dr. Holley had few equals in any country, and in the United States no superior.

It should seem, that nothing could have been wider from the fact, than the public and general estimate of Dr. Holley's preference, as regarded style and manner. We are told, that he carried his fondness for simplicity and plainness almost to a fault and an excess. We confess, we had not so judged from his well remembered address to general Lafayette. It is true, the extracts from his sermons towards the close of the volume, show short sentences, and an abrupt and unlabored diction. But they seem to us in a manner rather savoring of effort at vehemence, and dramatic and declamatory effect, than plainness and simplicity.

Dr. Holley was fond of society, and not much addicted to seclusion; and yet he seemed to be a living library, and to have an universal acquaintance with literature. The very great fluency, with which he discussed books, gave countenance to the aspersions of his enemies, that he was only read in title pages, and the chapters of contents. Such, we are ready to believe, was not the fact. He possessed one of those quick, grasping and elastic minds, that leap upon the conclusion, and converge the ideas of a book, as a lens does sunbeams. A hint from reading expanded in his fermenting intellect to a volume. Yet the orator intimates, he was apt to put others to the task of exploration, and to avail himself of their labors, or in the adage, to *leave others to shake the bush, while he caught the game.* In effecting the conquest of knowledge, 'he preferred the eclat of storm to the less daring and brilliant movement of sap, and siege. Hence he allowed himself to be too much engrossed in present scenes and fleeting enjoyments, regardless of their influence upon his future destinies, an instance, as is properly remarked, of misguided ambition.' 'Gifted, as he was, what a luminary in the galaxy of genius would not seclusion, perseverance and study have made him.'

On p. 25 the orator meets the enemies of Dr. Holley, and he is well known to belong to the corps of philosophers militant, rather than philosophers passive. They charged the deceased with being superficial; yet, he says, that whenever they came in collision with him, they shrunk from the influence of the ascendant mind. 'If he was superficial,' he asks, 'what were they? Was he but a shade? They were his shadow. Was he but littleness? They were nihility.'

Dr. Holley, in the refinements of his speculations, is supposed to have had a tendency to transcendentalism. Matter and spirit in their relations, causation in the abstract, mental philosophy and the philosophy of language constituted his favorite themes of study and discussion. The deceased possessed an ardent and high minded love of distinction, without courting it from the vulgar, or seeking to obtain it by unworthy means. He clearly understood, and admired the theory of business; but, like many other men of genius, was not remarkable for managing his own affairs with prudence and discretion.

At p. 28 the orator digresses at considerable length, in another learned and eloquent episode. The object of it seems to be, to institute a general comparison between intellectual and practical knowledge, or the exact sciences. He assigns a great superiority to the claims of the former. He remembers the fine nationality of the Mantuan bard. '*Tu Romane*,' &c. Napoleon was no gunner, and yet he directed millions of balls. He was not an adept in the bayonet exercise, and yet the bayonets of Europe were subservient to his will. Fulton steered no steamers, and yet an impulse of his mind has diffused them on every water. What mind is to matter, is intellectual and abstract knowledge to that, which consists in carrying inventions out into their details. Such seems to be the general doctrine gathered during this mental excursion of nearly eight pages, of which we can only say, that they constitute a philosophical paper, which would read as well, for aught we see, *per se*, as in this connexion.

Dr. Holley and the orator differed, it seems, somewhat in their views of mental philosophy. The former, we think, we have heard, was rather a slow pupil in phrenology, and only *saw men as trees walking*. But the difference never disturbed the cordiality of their intercourse, but gave birth to that happy collision, that elicits all the powers in the mind of both. This action and reaction, when controlled by good temper, is more favorable to interest and inquiry, than assentation and perfect similarity of thought. Yet although Dr. Holley so delighted in the science of intellectual philosophy, he did not aim to improve it, but only to become its ablest advocate and interpreter. Having mastered the systems of Locke, Reid and Stewart, his favorite metaphysical author was Brown. The orator states, that a Scottish gentleman, highly respectable for intelligence, who had heard both lecture, decidedly gave the preference to the American lecturer.

On the score of theological acquirements, he is declared to have been both liberal and profound, and that whether his opinions be now deemed orthodox or heterodox, they were the opinions of his conviction, and what he most conscientiously believed. He was a stranger to affectation, hypocrisy and pretence, and indignantly despised impostors and pretenders. The orator at this point of his discourse is furnished with an occasion for an eloquent eulogium of tolerance and liberality, while in his customary manner, he lets off a heavy cannon, or two, at the phalanxes of bigots and denouncers, as he moves on in his might through his paragraph. From that he returns to contemplate the pre-eminent powers of his deceased friend, as a pulpit orator. In this walk, he thinks, he was not surpassed by either Bossuet or

Massillon; and in assigning him an ascendancy over Chalmers and Irving, the living Bossuet and Massillon of Britain, it is only to award him, he says, what the most competent judges have repeatedly done. His matter he considers equal; his delivery incontestably superior. Whoever remembers the appearance and the tones of Dr. Holley in the pulpit, will make some allowance for enthusiasm of friendship and character, and will be disposed to go great lengths with the orator. The thoughts of others will involuntarily recur to the anecdote touching the enthusiastic Italian eulogist of St. Peter. Such were his endowments for oratory, that the speaker deems, if he had been destined to the discipline and excitement of popular assemblies, he would have ranked with the greatest living popular orators of the day.

He proceeds to speak of his beauty of person and form, his air and attitude, his mellow, rich and silver-toned voice, his clear, distinct and varied enunciation, his manner in the highest degree tasteful and animated, his action the most graceful, expressive and appropriate, and all rendered irresistible by the outpourings of a mighty and cultivated intellect.

In pp. 46 and 47 he collects testimonials to bear him out in this extraordinary praise, and proceeds to discuss his capabilities, as a moulder and governor of youth. In this walk, as in others, he aspired to walk alone. '*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil,*' was his motto.

In p. 51 he is exhibited, as advocating a federal system in education, and a national university. He considered, that such a system and such an institution would have a most salutary tendency to break down sectional feelings and prejudices, and at the same time to amalgamate, and enlarge and consolidate our national union and intellectual fame. Dr. Holley believed, the orator believes, and we are with him in our whole mind, that a thousand pigmy colleges, which are neither academies, nor colleges, are ruinous to science and sound learning. They tend, along with our thousand periodicals, and our thousand bad books, and our deluge of light, frivolous and flippant literature, thrown off by incompetent and vain boys, to strangle real literature under this superincumbent mass of what seems to be such. As long, as the public sentiment is determined to have these thousand, we never shall have one real and efficient one. Give us abundance of free schools, a sufficient number of high schools, and respectable academies, and one or two universities in the United States, and sound learning would look up again. There would be a standard, acknowledged models and a high mark. But we, too, are learning to digress, and make episodes. The colleges and the editors of papers, as they are now constituted, we know, will be obliged to devour each other, like Egyptian frogs. The sentiments of Dr. Holley on this subject, as given from p. 50 to p. 56, are eloquent and important, and, as we think, true and just. We would wish, that they were blazoned every where, until our vitiated public sentiment on this point was healed.

The orator proceeds to apply his favorite doctrine of large and national universities to Kentucky and Lexington. The one he conceives to be the state, and the other the position, where the great western member of a national establishment ought to be fixed. Under such circumstances he addresses himself to the state of his adoption, proving to her, that by her divisions and altercations, by her local and narrow policy, she has abjured this natural claim, awarded to her, he thinks, by her climate, soil and position, by the lineage, temperament and character of her sons, and by the actual impress, as the elder sister of the western confederacy, which she has already made upon the opinions and institutions of the whole Mississippi valley. He is sanguine, that Lexington might become, and ought to become, the 'Attica of the West.' The town is central, charmingly situated, of the right dimensions, without commerce, as the seat of science should be, and a place of taste and leisure. The orator has no cold blood in his veins. Whatever cause he espouses, he does it with his whole heart. In one word, he finds Lexington to be to all other places, what Dr. Holley was to all other men. We grant him much on the subject of the beauty and position of Lexington, though he will not need to be informed, that many places might be named, that would stoutly compete for all these advantages with this favored spot. We may add, that we know of no place in the West, where there is not too much envy, and disposition in one party to pull down the work of another, be it for good or evil, to allow the requisite concord and municipal amity and union, to build up such a necessary and noble establishment, until the age shall have become more enlightened, less envious, and clearer sighted to discern and pursue a common interest.

On p. 64 the orator returns to contemplate the character of the deceased, as a governor and moulder of youth. He finds him not less pre-eminent in his qualifications for this office, than in other walks of intellectual superiority. In proof of this, notwithstanding the imputation of laxity and disregard of morals, he affirms, that a body of young men more decorous and exemplary in their deportment, than the pupils of this seminary under his presidency, was not to be found in the United States. Under him the institution rose, as if by magic, from being in 1818 no more than a grammar school, to a 'proud university,' containing in the years 1823, 4 and 5, three departments of instruction, and four hundred pupils, who carried the renown of the institution and the president to the remotest points of the Mississippi valley.

In p. 71 he advances to the unpleasant contemplation of this glory passing away, of this brightness dim and eclipsed. In accounting for this retrograde movement, for this waning splendor, he does not exonerate the subject of his earnest and affectionate eulogy from all blame. He admits faults, but such as arose from having excellencies in excess. He was, for example, too independent, too frank and fearless in disclosing his sentiments and in expressing his opinions. He did not sufficiently heed public sentiment. But his share of blame, in causing the decline of the university, is comparatively small. 'If some of his measures were unwise, the conduct of others was unholy.' Here the orator warms again. He opens his battery of red hot shot; and it must be admitted, that the blaze on pp. 73 and 74 is like the portentous glare of a bombardment, during a night of darkness. After the last explosion, he says, p. 75, 'should such individuals, whoever they may be, recognize in their own image the correctness of this representation, and agonize beneath the pressure of truth, their sufferings will be the result, not of my expressions, but of a sober retrospect of their own misdeeds.'

At p. 76 the orator resumes a miniature sketch of the intellect and character of the deceased in a new point of view. We select one or two prominent points. He had the common endowment of superior minds, that of being able to impress his own thoughts and character upon others. He was scrupulously just, accurate and honorable in his private dealings. He was inflexibly faithful, and exact in discharging his academical and professional duties. He was magnanimously above the meanness and littleness of hypocrisy and deceit. He was a stranger to intrigue and jealousy, was manly, confiding and steady, as a friend, and frank, high minded, and liberal, as a companion. He could not be persuaded to reply to his enemies; and in that respect was governed, as the orator thinks, by a policy injurious to himself. His resentments were 'fiery,' but not lasting, or vindictive.

'He practised the virtue of forgetting offences and forgiving injuries, in a degree infinitely above any manifestation of it made by those who accused him of disaffection toward the Christian religion. Yet a spirit of forgiveness, and a disposition to bury offences, are ranked with the choicest of Christian graces.

'While his foes assailed him with clamorous defamation and unrelenting vengeance, he maintained, in relation to them, a dignified silence, or spoke of them "more in pity than in anger." He cherished and practised toward them, benevolence and charity; they toward him, inexorable malevolence in all its modifications. He tolerated them, even in their calumny and persecution; they were intolerant toward him, while peacefully engaged in his high vocation, dispensing beneficence to the community and themselves. Thus did he, in the genuine spirit of Christianity, not only extend to them the peaceful olive branch, but returned them good for evil; while they, deliberately and inflexibly resolved on his ruin, persisted in outrage, and, in a spirit which Christianity and virtue condemn, iniquitously repaid him with evil for good. Yet, in their own estimation and vainglorious pretensions, they were saints on earth—a portion of the legitimate 'Christian community,' elected as the favorite children of mercy; while he was a reprobate and an outcast from grace. Theirs was the consecrated privilege to empty on him the vials of their wrath, while he was pouring out the riches of his intellect, for the instruction and accomplishment of the youth of the West.

'His religion was practical, and operative on character. It consisted chiefly in sentiment, which prompted to works of justice and beneficence; while theirs was little else than a compound of doctrines and opinions, an adherence to which was their test of holiness and their earnest of salvation. On the charities of the heart it had no kindly influence, nor was it, in practice, a fountain of good works. To the truth of this, their persecution of him abundantly testified. In its benevolent spirit and catholic scope, his religion embraced the entire family of man, while theirs was limited to the adopters and advocates of particular creeds.'—pp. 81, 82.

At p. 83 the orator commences a defence of the deceased against the aspersions of his enemies. He affirms, that he was not, as has been represented, a propagandist of his own liberal views. He denies, that the president ever put forth any efforts to sully by heresy the orthodox purity of his college classes, or that he introduced irritating party politics into his academical labors. Another charge against him was, that he was a materialist, and so by construction denied the immortality of the soul. Here again we have another of the orator's most eloquent episodes, in which he denies, that there is any necessary grossness connected with the idea of the soul's materiality. 'Simple matter,' he says, 'is as pure, and for aught man knows to the contrary, as refined in its nature, as spirit—a sunbeam as much so, as an angel of light.' Dr. Holley's belief of the immortality, or rather indestructibility of the material universe, is that also of the orator; and he here develops, and defends it in his usual earnest manner.

At p. 88 commences a most splendid poetic painting of the temperament, endowments and aptitudes of the late president. It is hung like a rainbow over the tempest of eloquence, that had preceded and followed it. We have extracted it in a former number of the Review, and refer the reader to that.

The circumstances of sublimity and horror, under which the late president expired, have been already noticed in an article upon Rev. Mr. Pierpont's eulogy. The orator repeats his regrets, that the deceased left so few memorials of his mind from the press.

'Like a gifted, but hapless son of Helicon, whose misfortunes find a place in classical story, instead of imprinting them on enduring tablets, he committed indiscreetly his intellectual stores to the keeping of Echo, who, now that he gratifies and enriches her no longer, has proved faithless to her trust, and refuses to render back the treasures she received.'—p. 97.

He was gratified in a favorite and often expressed wish of his heart, that he might not die of a lingering disease. In the meridian of his career, unobscured by clouds, unshorn of a beam of his radiance by decline, he dropt, like the tropical sun, into the wave, exempted alike from corporeal infirmity and intellectual debility, constituting the concomitants and the miseries of age.

'If his body was committed to the deep, by the hands of hardy and honest hearted mariners, who honored it, as it descended, by the libation of their tears, and the rites of their manly and cordial 'Farewell!' his funeral was not profaned by the mock lamentations, and canting hypocrisies of those who had been his enemies and calumniators in life. Nor can his grave be violated by the exulting gaze, or muttered triumphs of wretches, who, since his death, have ignobly and vindictively insulted his memory.

'What though his friends were denied the gratification of watching his pillow, and mitigating the severity of his sufferings while living, the sad yet soothing privilege of mingling their sorrows and sympathies around his hearse, and the melancholy solace of ministering to him the rites and solemnities of the tomb? What, I say, though to his friends and connexions was denied the boon of rendering to the illustrious dead these tributes and tokens of their affection and esteem? Notwithstanding the unfavorableness of the occasion for paying them, as far as they could be paid, those mournful manifestations of sympathy and regard were neither churlishly withheld, nor heartlessly administered, by the voyagers whom chance had made his companions at sea; for, of him it was true, without any poetical license of expression, that he was

"*By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.*"

'And, though man had been silent, the rolling surf, as it broke over the reef near which he was deposited, would have resounded to him, as it did, a deep and solemn requiem, which will never cease to salute the ear of the passing mariner, while the winds shall continue to waft him, and the ocean be his home. And, amidst the roar of the mighty waters, his repose will be as peaceful, as if he slept under fretted marble, or the grassy sod, silently wept on by the dews of evening, and soothed by the vespers of the softened breeze.

'Were I inclined to indulge in poetical vision, and decorate my subject with the drapery of fiction, readily might I fancy to myself, and picture forth to you, a choir of the fairest and most exquisite vocalists of the ocean, chanting to their favorite the following elegy.

"Farewell, be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We, daughters of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We 'll seek where the sands are most precious and sparkling,
And gather their dust to strew over thy bed.

Farewell! farewell! until pity's emotion
Is extinct in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They 'll weep for their favorite who died on this ocean,
The stranger who peacefully sleeps in this wave."

'But brilliant and attractive as is my theme, and far as it is from being exhausted of its opulency, I must no longer resist the pressing admonitions of time and circumstance to close this discourse.

'But indulge me first in adding, that as long as the Tortugas, in the midst of which the blue waters opened to receive his remains, shall continue to swell above the surrounding billows, they will serve as a monument to draw forth from voyagers of refined sensibility, and from the generous and high minded sons of the ocean, a sigh of remembrance and a tear of sorrow, in homage to our friend who reposes at their base.'

The closing paragraphs are, according to our taste, equally splendid and affecting. The last paragraph in particular, seems to us the right close of this impressive address. It falls on our ear as the last deep strain of the organ in a dirge—and we should pity that sterile, fastidious and little mind, that would only dwell on the want of arrangement, the repetition, the too great amplification, and the other palpable faults. One word more, and we leave it to the reader. We suppose the verses that precede the last two paragraphs, original. They were unnecessary to vindicate the author's claims, as possessing a poetical mind and endowment. They are beautiful, we grant him—but we must say, they seem to us, out of place. The deceased could not by public opinion, ever merge his profession, as a christian minister in the functions of president. Long usage, in selecting such officers from the clerical profession, has identified them. These are the last words, then, and this the closing strain over the cenotaph of a christian minister. The strain should be deep and impressive, and not in keeping with these verses, full as they may be of fancy and poetry. We have, in the Christian scriptures, a more thrilling, a sublimer poetry of immortality. It illumes the dark passage; it creates sweet sounds and bright visions beyond. No idle tinklings of the minstrel's lyre, no gossamer of sprites and fays, and ocean bed strewed with pearls, nor sea-green caves, nor gardens of coral, hold any keeping in the holier songs of the requiem of a Christian. There is poetry in what precedes, and what follows death. But the event itself, and the adjuncts call for other words and other thoughts. It matters not whether these crumbling fragments of mortality bleach in the winds, are dispersed in the waves, or moulder in the parent soil. The conqueror of death has them in charge. He will unlock the everlasting bars of their prison house. *They* *know in death, that their Redeemer liveth. They are raised, and they are changed. The corruptible puts on incorruption, the mortal, immortality. To the unbelieving only do they seem to die. But they enter into peace. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.* This, we conceive, to be the proper poesy of the tomb.

Note A gives the origin and birth place of the deceased. The language of this narrative is often picturesque and the figures fine. The question is started, whence the individual inherits genius, whether from the father or the mother? The author seems to incline to the opinion, that it is from the latter, and instances Washington and Adams, and Holley, in our country, and a host of great names in the old world, in proof. Dr. Holley is said to have descended from intellectual parents on both sides. Letters of his father, illustrative of the character of both are given. The memoir develops the traits of both father and mother, the early incidents of the life of Dr. Holley, his settlement in Hollis street in Boston, his removal thence to Transylvania, and the circumstances which accompanied the change of his religious sentiments, which are understood originally to have inclined to Calvinism. His sermons for the most part were extemporaneous. When he applied himself to his studies, his application was intense. He was remarkably fearless and bold in the expression of his opinions. A number of letters, strikingly characteristic, we should think, of the deceased, are given.—They explain his views, feelings, and prospects, when examining on the spot the place of his future career. His mind was naturally ardent, his temperament sanguine, and his prospects were colored with the cheerfulness of his own mind. It is easy to see, that the exaggerated expressions of feeling, and the gala-day welcome of a people a little inclined to hyperbole and enthusiasm elevated his anticipations above what a severer scrutiny would have warranted.

Note B is a paper on philology, inserted in a cotemporary paper, "*The Western Monthly Review.*" It strikes us, as one of those *point no point* productions, which conceal meagre truisms under a show of learning and fine writing. Our present reviews and periodicals abound with just such writing. To us it means any thing and nothing. It would be well enough for a sophomore. But we look in vain in it for the proofs of Dr. Holley's pre-eminent attainments in philology. Appended to this is a synoptical chart of the *philosophy of mind*, according to Dr. Brown.

Note D contains extracts from his sermons. The sentences are short and abrupt, and the style clear and unembarrassed.—The manner is moulded for declamation and dramatic effect.—There is but little of discussion or illustration. The manner is dogmatic, and chiefly consists of declarations and assertions on authority. We except from this character the extracts from his discourse on the late lamented Mr. Buckminster. This is fine and just. We have seldom read eulogy more happy or appropriate. It affords abundant collateral proof, that Dr. Holley did, indeed, possess fine powers, when they were rightly called forth, and directed.

Note E is in a great measure statistic. Documents are introduced to sustain apologetic views of the president. The history of the rise and progress of Transylvania University is given. The institution had been charged, as having swallowed up, without adequate return, ample appropriations by the state. The author affirms, that in fair construction the state has done nothing for the University. In proof of this assertion, he goes into considerable detail, touching the sources, from which the University has derived its endowments. It appears, that by various losses and sacrifices the establishment is at present low in funds, and embarrassed in its resources.

It is as little our inclination, as it is our intention, to enter the *longas ambages*, the interminable logomachy between the friends and enemies of the late President. We have heard both sides of the question. We have read anonymous papers abounding in dark charges and still darker surmise.

The pulpit and the press have not spared even the *manes* of the deceased. We have read the able pamphlet in reply to these charges. It is certain that the cause of genuine liberality, the only ultimate basis of sound christianity and good morals and learning has retrograded, as the result of these contests, and it should seem, that what is falsely called *orthodoxy* has obtained a triumph. We have supposed Dr. Holley not to have been fitted for that difficult position, either in possessing that subdued prudence, derived from encountering the shoals of human difficulties, and learning to bear away from them, or right estimates of the impossibility of successfully assailing long established habits and prejudices. They, who are most lax in their own opinions and morals, expect, that a minister should possess a bank of sanctity and supererrogation. The man for that place should have been only moderately liberal in opinion, and more circumspect and exemplary, than any one about him, and he should have been not only like the wife of Cæsar, in point of estimation, but armed at every point, like the back of the 'fretful porcupine.' In short, he should have been an angel; and the buoyant, fluent, sanguine, and in the main amiable subject of this memoir was no angel.—A man of great quickness of apprehension, uncommon memory, sweet voice, noble person, buoyant spirit, accustomed to praise, and to expect it to a fault and to his harm—a man, who had verged from the extreme of Calvinism—a man, who had not rightly estimated the difficulty of assailing the stupid and heartless cyclops of prejudice and bigotry, and who felt not the folly of attacking wind mills, that already possess the ground—a man who expected too much from the influence of name and authority—a man predisposed to be carried away by the momentary exhilaration of society, and who saw not, or heeded not, that presidents and especially clerical ones, as grave personages by universal prescription, are always under espionage; and that even, where youth and beauty and distinction and jest and song and sentiment, blend their witching influence, and when the temptation to such a mind, to lead in the conversation, and to be carried beyond the purpose, is perilous, even there some one is alway ready to remember, and comment; that even there may be generated cause for startled recollections on the morrow of things, said and done in the hour of high festival, and that it is the hard fate of man, every where on the earth, to be obliged to deport himself, as in an enemy's country. A man with these defects and of this temperament, was poorly fitted to steer between Scylla and Charybdis at Lexington. Unhappily in religious controversy, protestants are as ready as catholics, to adopt the detestable maxim, *that the end sanctifies the means.*

Dr. Holley was to be overthrown. No doubt, matter would have been invented, if none had been furnished. But it was not difficult on any hill to find enough faggots to serve for an *auto da fe* in this instance. The victory would never be doubtful for a moment. Charges and replies, and rebutters and rejoinders, as usual, issued from the press. The president assumed an indignant and erect attitude. Assailed even by the executive of the state, he squared himself, and retreated with his face towards the foe.

His project had been a new scheme of education, it must be admitted, sufficiently, chimerical. He was to educate a limited number of young men in Europe, and in travelling. He was persuaded by many wealthy planters of Louisiana to abandon this plan, and to fix himself there. Large sums were subscribed, in furtherance of it. In laying the foundations of this project, he was detained too late in that climate. He embarked the latter part of July for New York. A fine account is given of the commencement of this voyage. The first days were delightful. The beauty of pleasant days at sea on the transparent waters of the gulf, is indescribable. But every thing in that region is in extremes. Nature is either a syren, or an enfuriated giant. Storm and wind and thunder and lightning followed these halcyon days. Disease came with the storm among the ill fated crew. One person sickened, and died. Many became ill, and among them the subject of this eulogy. The fatal symptoms were mistaken, by himself and by others, for the common concomitants of sea sickness, until his disorder had advanced beyond the chance of cure.

'The danger of Dr. Holley's situation became too apparent. His eyes were half closed, his mind wandering. The same medicines were repeated, the doses doubled, and all other means of relief applied, which the kind hearted, though unskilled, in their goodness could command. The disease which in its early stages might perhaps have been checked, had now acquired force and strength, and soon triumphed over one of the finest of constitutions, as well as most brilliant of intellects. The fifth of the disease, and the thirty-first of the month, was the fatal day.

'The sun rose in all the brightness and intense heat of a tropical region. It was a dead calm. Not a breath of air skimmed the surface of the sea, or fanned the burning brow of the sufferer. The writer of this article, who still lay in silent anguish, a speechless spectator of the scene, expected, while conscious of anything but distress, to be the next victim, and who, losing at times all sense of suffering in the womanish feeling occasioned by the circumstance of there not being a female hand to perform the last sad offices of humanity, has a confused recollection of horror, of the solemn looks of the passengers pacing to and fro upon the deck, of a deathlike stillness, broken by groans, and half uttered sentences, and of a little soft voice trying to soothe the last moments, and to interpret the last accents of his dying parent. All this she heard, without sense enough to request to be carried to the spot, or to realize that it meant death. When the groans and spasms had ceased, it seemed to be only a release from pain, a temporary sleep. When all was hushed, and the report of pistols, and the burning of tar announced the fatal issue, trusting in that Divine Being, into whose presence she expected soon to be ushered, believing, as far as reflection had exercise, that the separation was but for a little space, she heard, with the firmness of despair, and with silent awe, the parting waters receive the scarce breathless form of him who had been her pride and boast, as he had been the admiration of all to whom he was known—his winding sheet a cloak, his grave the wide ocean, his monument the everlasting Tortugas—all this she heard and lives.'

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By WASHINGTON IRVING. New-York: 1828. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE history of the existing nations on the eastern continent, of their origin, migrations, and final settlements in the different countries which they yet inhabit, together with their gradual emersion from barbarism, and the concomitant changes of languages and dialects, is covered, more or less, with obscurity, and involved in fable. Those events transpired at a time, when even the art of writing was confined to a few cloistered chroniclers, who wrote a language not generally understood, and before the art of printing had broken down the monopoly of learning, and established, as in our days, a real *democracy* of letters. On the contrary, the discovery of our American continent, the colonization of its different parts by different European races, their gradual rise from feeble colonies to independent sovereignties, are all matters of authentic history. Every event, which has transpired, from the moment Columbus first kissed the soil of San Salvador until the battle of Ayacucho, and the subsequent surrender of the fortress of Callao, which terminated the rule of Europeans, except in Canada, is recorded in such a manner, as to leave nothing to conjecture and vague tradition. All these occurrences are known in their most minute details. The lives and fortunes of those distinguished benefactors of mankind, who have contributed to this most wonderful of all revolutions, that have taken place on the face of the globe, are written with the utmost diligence and research, and read with insatiable curiosity. Every year adds to our stock of rich and varied materials for the history of our whole continent. Every eminent character, whether distinguished in the civil or military department, has found his biographer—every campaign its historian, and even particular battles have become the subjects of long and animated discussions.

The literature of our country, already rich in this interesting department, has recently received a valuable accession in the Life and Voyages of Columbus, the original discoverer of the western world, by an author already known and admired, as an elegant scholar and polished writer. The subject of this work, though often treated incidentally, and sometimes professedly and exclusively, possesses such essential—such epic interest, that Mr. Irving could not have found one, in the whole range of history more worthy of his industry and his genius. Although the general outline of his story be generally known, and although his own son Fernando had written his life, yet a biography of Columbus by an impartial hand, capable of collating all the accounts by his cotemporaries, and elaborating the materials which remained locked up in public archives, or private libraries in Spain, was certainly a desideratum. Mr. Irving wrote the work now before us in Spain. Many original documents relative to the discovery of America, which had never before been published, particularly the original journal of Columbus, his letters to Ferdinand and Isabella, and to private correspondents, and many of his instructions to subordinate officers, had recently been collected and published in Madrid by Navarette, secretary of the Royal Academy of History. Our author was enabled to avail himself of these new materials. He had access also to the unpublished history of Las Casas, a cotemporary author, and known as the apostle of the Indies. The duke of Veraguas, the descendant and present representative of the admiral, opened to him the family archives; and, in short, he appears to have written with infinitely greater advantages, than any other author, who has undertaken to record the most remarkable event in the history of nations, and to delineate the character, and to narrate the varying fortunes of Columbus. He seems to have explored all the sources of information with great diligence and success, and has given to the world in an interesting form much useful and curious information, which had heretofore been generally unknown. Full of his subject, and kindling as he advances, he never ceases to narrate with great perspicuity, and never indulges in loose rhapsodies and indiscriminate eulogy of his hero. To write the history of a man, who has had an active agency in great affairs, and particularly of one, who, by his own intrinsic merit and persevering efforts, has risen from obscurity to great eminence and distinction, who has been occasionally the object of extreme adulation—at another time of cruel persecution, and who has been engaged with a variety of personages envious of his pre-eminence, or jealous of his power, requires higher qualifications, than those of a mere panegyrist. It requires the talent of an historical painter, capable of representing not only the peculiar traits of the man in a single sheet of canvass, but of exhibiting him grouped with his cotemporaries, whether friends or enemies, in all the interesting situations of his eventful life; at one time on foot, with his little Diego, asking for bread and water at the convent of Rabida;—at another at the council board of Salamanca, struggling with bigotry and ignorance and prejudice, and gaining animation and confidence at every new ground of opposition to his project, until at last, throwing aside his charts and maps, he meets his opponents on their own ground, and, to use the language of the author, 'pours forth those magnificent texts of Scripture and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which in his enthusiastic moments he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery, which he proposed;'—now sailing from the port of Palos amid the tears and lamentations of the populace, and launching into an unexplored waste of ocean;—next standing on the bow of his frail and shattered *caravel*, while the dim outline of a new world specks the horizon, and ultimately prostrate on its shores in act of humble adoration;—at one moment received in triumph at the splendid court of Spain, and laying at the feet of his patrons the trophies of his enterprise; and at another carried home in chains from those extensive regions which he had annexed to his adopted country. We have said, that the subject is highly epic. What, indeed, can be more romantic, than the truth of such a story? Many of the episodes are full of interest, and Columbus is every where, we doubt not, presented in his true light, although in some respects he was not without great faults; and particularly his enslaving the harmless natives of Hispaniola, to gratify the insatiable cupidity of Ferdinand, by which he incurred the displeasure of Isabella, will always remain a stain upon his character, though in a great measure palliated by the prevailing spirit of the age, in which he lived. The style of this work, without any great degree of energy, is easy and agreeable, though in some expressions a little fantastical. The delineation of character and description of tropical scenery are handsome, and even splendid.

We have neither space nor inclination to undertake a minute survey of the work before us, nor to enter into any historical details connected with the great discovery; but we shall remark a few particulars, which appear to be new, and conclude by some extracts from different parts of the work, which will show the manner, in which it has been executed.

It would appear, that as early as 1474, Columbus had formed the conception of reaching India by a western route. He was at that time in correspondence with the learned Toscanelli of Florence, who applauded his design. But he lived, and died in the belief, that the country, he had discovered, was a part of the Asiatic continent, and that he had succeeded in his original plan. It is singular, that on his departure from Spain, he should have taken letters for the Grand Khan of Tartary, and that while in the island of Cuba, he despatched ambassadors into the interior of the island, supposing, that he was in the dominions of the Khan. There seems to be no evidence, that Columbus tendered his services first to his native city of Genoa, and afterwards to Venice. Portugal was at that time the great centre of attraction to all the hardy adventurers of the seas; and whether Columbus was left by a shipwreck upon its shores, as supposed by some, or went there with the express intention of offering the fruits of his projected discovery to the king, as asserted by others, it is certain, that he married there,—that he was treated with the basest treachery by an abortive attempt to anticipate him in his discovery, and at the same time profiting by the disclosures, he had made, touching his intended route to India. He appears ultimately to have quitted Portugal, disgusted, and in debt. The first appearance in Spain of the man, who was destined to render that nation the most powerful and the most splendid in Europe, cannot be better described, than in the language of the author.

'It is interesting to notice the first arrival of Columbus in that country, which was to become the scene of his glory, and which he was to render so powerful and illustrious by his discoveries. In this we meet with one of those striking and instructive contrasts which occur in his eventful history. The first trace we have of him in Spain, is in the testimony furnished a few years after his death, in the celebrated lawsuit between his son Don Diego and the crown, by Garcia Fernandez, a physician resident in the little seaport of Palos de Maquez, in Andalusia. About a half a league from that town stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger, on foot,

> accompanied by a small boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learnt the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego. Where he had come from does not clearly appear; that he was in destitute circumstances is evident from the mode of his wayfaring: he was on his way to the neighboring town of Huelon, to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.
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> 'The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned in some measure to geographical and nautical science, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast. He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloister, to have a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprize, applying for bread and water at the gate of his convent. * * * * * * That friend was Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, the same who furnishes this interesting testimony. Fernandez was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger. Several conferences took place at the old convent, and the project of Columbus was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, which it had in vain sought amidst the bustle and pretension of court sages and philosophers.'—Vol. I. pp. 59, 60.

Columbus remained in the convent, until the spring of 1486, when he repaired to the Spanish court, then at Cordova, with letters to Fernando de Talavera from the worthy prior, in whose care he left his son Diego. Ferdinand and Isabella were at that time engaged in the wars against the Moors of Granada, which absorbed their whole attention for many years; and it is not extraordinary, that Columbus should have been overlooked, or neglected. Although he failed to convince the council at Salamanca of the practicability of his scheme, he made many converts among its most distinguished members, and among others Diego de Deza, afterwards archbishop of Seville, who became his warm friend. During the long delay of his suit, he was not idle: he often engaged in active hostilities, as a volunteer, and was constantly engaged in the bustle of the court. But while kept thus in suspense, he was attached to the court, and was furnished with money to defray his expenses. After many years of painful solicitation, he was informed, that the Spanish court could not engage in his project. Disappointed and disgusted, he abandoned the court of Spain, and addressed himself with no better success to the dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Cœli. In 1491 he repaired again to the humble convent of Rabida to visit his son and Juan Perez, his earliest friend in the country, preparatory to his leaving Spain with the intention of repairing to

Paris, as he had previously received a letter of encouragement from the king of France.

> 'When the worthy friar,' says the author, 'beheld Columbus once more arrive at the gate of his convent, after nearly seven years solicitation at the court, and saw by the humility of his garb the poverty and disappointment he had experienced, he was greatly moved; but when he found that the voyager was on the point of abandoning Spain, and that so important an enterprize was about to be lost for ever to the country, his ardent spirit was powerfully excited. He summoned his friend, the learned physician, Garcia Fernandez, and they had further consultations on the scheme of Columbus. They called in also the counsel of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the head of a party of wealthy and distinguished navigators of Palos, who were celebrated for their practical experience, and their adventurous expeditions. Pinzon gave the plan of Columbus his decided approbation, offering to engage in it with purse and person, and to bear the expenses of Columbus in a renewed application to the court.'—Vol. I. p. 92.

By the advice and efforts of these worthy but humble friends, a messenger was sent to the court of Spain with a letter from the friar to Isabella, to whom he found means of access, and returned in fourteen days with words of encouragement from the queen, and a request, that Juan Perez would repair immediately to the court, leaving Columbus in confidence, until he should hear further from her. Perez joyfully obeyed the summons, and on his arrival, pleaded with warmth and success the cause of Columbus. The queen remitted to Columbus the means of repairing to court, who fitted himself with an appropriate dress, purchased him a mule, and set out for the court before Granada, where the sovereigns then were. He arrived in time to witness the surrender of the last fortress of the Moors in Spain to the united arms of Castile and Leon,—certainly one of the most brilliant events in the history of the Peninsula. The rejoicings on this great occasion are painted in vivid colors, and the following picture of Columbus at that period is given, as quoted from an eulogy on the Catholic queen.

> 'Do we want a picture of our navigator during this brilliant and triumphant scene? It is furnished by a Spanish writer: "A man, obscure and but little known, followed at this time the court. Confounded in the crowd of importunate applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of antichambers with the pompous project of discovering a world, melancholy and dejected in the midst of the general rejoicing, he beheld with indifference and almost with contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all bosoms with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire. That man was Christopher Columbus." '—Vol. I. p. 97.

The favorable moment had at length arrived, at which Columbus had hoped, that no longer delay would attend the fulfilment of his brilliant prophecies. Isabella espoused his cause with ardor, and determined to undertake the discovery for the sole account of her hereditary estates of Castile. She even borrowed the necessary funds from her husband's treasury of Arragon, which he afterwards took good care to have refunded. But a difficulty as to the stipulated rewards and honors of Columbus, in the event of success, broke off the negotiation, and he once more departed with a determination to repair to the court of France. But he was recalled, and his own terms acceded to, on condition, that he should furnish one eighth of the outfit.

It is a remarkable feature in the character of Columbus, that at this time, and to the day of his death, he was most anxious to devote the profits of his enterprize to promote a crusade for the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidels.

This great discovery was effected by means so utterly inadequate, that it remains a matter of astonishment. Two of the vessels, commanded by Columbus on his first voyage, were *caravels* of not more than fifty tons burden, and without decks, and the largest of only one hundred tons, as nearly as can be ascertained by the best data. The reception of Columbus at court, after his return from his first voyage, is well described.

> 'To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia and Arragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit on the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.'—Vol. I. p. 268.

The fourth and last voyage of Columbus was the most mortifying and the most disastrous. He had been previously deprived of the government of Hispaniola by an ungrateful monarch, and was even refused admission into the island, when forced by want of provisions and stress of weather upon its coast. He was ultimately stranded on the coast of Jamaica, destitute of supplies, confined with the gout, harrassed by mutineers, and without any means of communicating intelligence of his situation even to his enemies. The daring and successful adventure of Diego Mendez and Fiesco, who with a few natives of Jamaica passed in an open canoe from that island to Hispaniola, a distance of forty or fifty leagues, is one of the most extraordinary ever recorded by history, and is well told in the third volume. To its success Columbus ultimately owed his rescue from the almost hopeless situation, in which he was placed, surrounded by savages and mutineers, and destitute of resources. It was during this last voyage, that the great qualities of Columbus show out most conspicuously: his piety, his enthusiastic loyalty, his ardent zeal for discovery, without regard to his own personal aggrandizement.

It has been often asserted, and, indeed, universally believed, that Columbus on his first voyage so far yielded to the mutinous spirit of his crew, as to agree, that if land should not be discovered within three days, he would accede to their wishes, and return to Spain. This is positively denied by Mr. Irving; and, indeed, so far as the journal or letters of Columbus go to disprove it, we must say, that it appears to have been said without authority. Such was not in fact the character of Columbus: bent as he was upon his enterprize, on which he had dwelt for twenty years, it is not probable, he would have made any such compromise with mutiny, when confident, that he was on the point of success.

Appended to this work are some illustrations, which throw great light on subjects, connected with the history and the fame of the great discoverer of the western continent. All the slanders, which were uttered against him by his cotemporaries—all the attempts to rob him of the honor of the discovery, and to palliate the infamous ingratitude of Ferdinand, are examined with great acuteness, and refuted with ability, if such refutation were necessary. The work throughout shows great industry of research; and although the world could have got along without it, and it may therefore be considered by some as useless, yet we consider it a matter of boast, that the life of that great man has been written by an American, born on the continent, which he discovered,—a citizen of a republic now containing nearly twelve millions of inhabitants, every inch of whose territory remained a perfect wilderness for more than a century after the death of Christopher Columbus.

We conclude by a few quotations, which will display at once the best manner of the author, and the character of his hero.

'Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic but irregular,—sallying forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of this order. He had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge in his peculiar departments of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age, guided conjecture to certainty, and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

'He was lofty and aspiring in his ambition; full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great and resounding achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No conditions could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns, but a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated vice-royalty would be of no avail; and if there should arise no revenues, his labor and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions?'—Vol. III. p. 194.

'A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed; that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole style of thinking. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record, in the book of prophecies which he presented to the Catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer, but more grovelling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth and the situation of the terrestrial paradise,—about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola, and of the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort, amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.'—Vol. III. p. 200.

We need only add, that the earliest and most impressive narrative, with which we are familiar from our boyhood, is the discovery of America, as told by Robertson, and changed, new fabricated, and compressed in all our common school books. We have all read with glistening eye, his position, when on the trackless and untried deep he consented to be thrown overboard, if land did not appear in three days. We have seen the green island outstretched in its beauty. We have seen Columbus, in all his military splendor of costume, in the midst of naked and adoring savages, put the first foot on the new world. We have seen him awing the natives, when cast away on an island, by foretelling an eclipse, and thus convincing them, that he was familiar with the secrets of the invisible world. These delightful tales are mingled with the associations of our morning dreams of life. To dispel any part of the romance of this story is to take from its interest. We confess, that we read the book, remembering, that one of the most beautiful writers in our language had told all the interesting parts of the story before.

Voyage dans l'Afrique occidentale, pendant les annees 1818, 1819, 1820 *et* 1821, *depuis la Gambie jusqu'au Niger, en traversant les etats Woulli, Bondou, Galam, Kasson, Kaarta et Foulidou; par le major* WILLIAM GRAY *et feu* DOCHARD, *chirurgien d'etat major; enrichi de vues pittoreques, et de costumes lithographies. Traduit de l'Anglais par Madame* CHARLOTTE HUGUET. Paris. 1 vol. 8vo.—[Translated from Revue Encyclopedique.]

Voyages et Decouvertes dans le Nord, et dans les parties centrales de l'Afrique, executes pendant les annees 1822, 1823 *et* 1824; *par le major* DENHAM, *le capitaine* CLAPPERTON, *et feu le docteur* OUDNEY; *suivis d'un Appendice avec un Atlas grand, in* 4*to. Traduit de l'Anglais par* MM. EYRIES *et* DE LARENAUDIERE. Paris: 1826. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE first of these works does not offer all the interest, which the title might seem to promise. Although the country, traversed by Messrs. Gray and Dochard, had been already visited by some European travellers, it was to have been hoped, that new visiters, exploring the country, would transmit us more extended and more certain notions of it. But their journal, almost entirely occupied with minute details of the difficulties, encountered on their route, offers us but a small number of facts and observations, calculated to bring us acquainted with the manners of the inhabitants and their progress in the career of civilization. We may add, that there is some want of exactness in the announcement, that this journey extended to the Niger. Mr. Dochard, detached from the expedition, did, indeed, reach the banks of that river. But major Gray, retained by numberless obstacles, which the *almami* of Bondou and the king of Kaarta successively opposed to him, did not pass beyond this last country; and his narrative contains no more than a brief summary of the journey of Mr. Dochard in Bambara. We search here in vain for views of the manners and civilization of that part of Africa, touching which Mungo Park has given us such interesting details. Mr. Dochard made useless efforts to obtain an audience from the king of Sego. This king, who had, however, promised to give a kind reception to the expedition, who had even sent it a guide, pretended, that he could not receive the whites, before peace should be established between him and his neighbors; and the English traveller saw himself constrained to turn upon his steps, without having even penetrated into the city of Sego. Still later, major Gray attempted in vain to reach Bambara at the head of the expedition. The king of Kaarta, after having received from him considerable presents, and solemnly promised to protect his passage, finished by intimating to him an order to retrace his road. As this order was carried by a numerous detachment, and as all resistance would have been powerless, major Gray, after four years of efforts and patience, was obliged to resume his route to the coast, without having obtained the object of his expedition, which was to open commercial relations between Sierra Leone and Bambara.

Among the obstacles, which arrested him, we may place in the first class, the recent introduction of Islamism into the country, through which he had to pass. Easily led astray in the first ardors of their conversion by their priests, the people of these countries saw with a sort of horror the Christians, whom they viewed, as a kind of *Cafres*, or idolators. These marabouts went to the extent, to convince the ignorant princes, that the sight of Christians would inflict death on the beholders. Thus, while true religion proclaims, that all men are brethren, fanaticism, to enslave them, has for object to divide them, and hedge them up, if we may so say, between the barriers of prejudice and hatred.

Another powerful obstacle to the efforts of our traveller, was the insatiable avarice of the chiefs of the country. A power often disputed, which had no other support than the transient good will of influential men, which was, besides, bounded by no geographical limits, nor sustained by any regular revenue, was naturally inclined to plunder the stranger—more than all, when difference of color and religion offered a pretext for bad faith. Such rulers, in relation to commerce, still realize the fable of the hen with golden eggs.

Moreover, major Gray ought, I believe, to impute a part of the difficulties, which he experienced, to the too great preparations, which he had made to vanquish them. A hundred armed men, leading camels in their train, beasts of burden, and porters charged with baggage, would every where excite distrust and cupidity. Their march would be embarrassed by difficulty of roads, by meeting torrents, by diseases, and by want of subsistence. In travels, as in military expeditions, a great number of men, and a considerable baggage, often create more obstacles, than they assist in surmounting. Among the remarkable facts, contained in the journal of Messrs. Gray and Dochard, that, which most frequently strikes the reader, is the meeting with a multitude of cities, which were formerly flourishing, and of which the soil is now covered with ruins, and sometimes bones, or carcasses. Wo to the country, where man is the venal material of merchandize! Greediness for gain causes the sons of Africa to excite between people and people, and village and village, a war of extermination. Such is the effect of their order of things. If the crimes, which it has caused to be committed on board slave ships, have called forth the indignation of every being, who carries the heart of a man, those, which it has caused in the interior of Africa, are still more revolting and terrible. Mr. Gray often saw expeditions returning from the sacking of cities, dragging their deplorable booty in their train. We cannot present, without transcribing the whole book, all the horrible and heart rending scenes, which such recitals offer. But if this spectacle bring desolation to the mind,—if superstitions without number, circulated, and kept up by the marabouts, tend to keep up a thick veil over this people, we cannot see, without a thrill of hope, some luminous points glimmering in this darkness. In the countries, visited by our travellers, industry has already made a progress sufficiently remarkable. Artisans and traders among them are the most honored class; and it is, ordinarily, from this class, that the princes choose their ministers. Some nations, especially among the Foulahs, have a government sufficiently free. Among them justice is dispensed with solemnity, and their political assemblies want neither dignity, nor eloquence. Bondou and Kaarta have a monarchical government, tempered by some popular institutions. Royalty is elective in certain families; but by a singular usage the laws expire with the monarch, and the periods of interregnum are disastrous. There is seen in Bondou the commencement of a regular revenue. The almami levies the tenth of the territorial products, and a tax is laid upon European traders, who traverse the country; a new indication that the obstacles which major Gray encountered, had for their principal cause the distrust, which so considerable an expedition excited. The greater part of the towns of Bondou have schools for children destined to profess Islamism. But these schools are kept by Imans, who only teach their pupils to read, and transcribe the Koran. The scholars are considered as the servants of the master, who may employ them in the most menial offices. Their task being finished, they go about the country begging, and when they find employment, their wages are always the profit of the priest, who instructs them.

I cannot dismiss our traveller, without speaking of the rencontre, which he had in Galani, or Kajaaga with the French fleet, which ascended the Senegal. Major Gray, finding himself in a disagreeable situation, had recourse to the French commander;

and obtained without difficulty from him and all the other officers of the fleet assistance, services and testimonials of interest of every kind. It is pleasant to see two European nations signalize, in this way, the happy influence of civilization among semi-barbarous people, who, instructed touching our preceding rivalry, could not dissemble their astonishment.

I would wish, in deference to the sex of the translator, that I could in finishing, yield entire applause to her labor. But inflexible truth compels me to say, that this work offers mistakes and marks of want of exactness without number. The English orthography has been generally preserved, in regard to the names and localities of the people. Besides, the manner of writing these names varies at every moment. Sometimes, also, in giving, or withholding the article incorrectly before certain names, the translator seems to have taken towns for kingdoms, and the reverse. This double mistake has place, more than once, especially in relation to the kingdom of Bambara, and to Sego, its capital. Many other inadvertencies, which it would be too tedious to recall, sometimes spread obscurity over the recital of a journal, which the English narrator, on his part, had presented in a form, at once the most clear, and the most interesting. It will not, however, be read without fruit by those, who direct a philosophic curiosity towards this part of our globe, which is so little known.

We now proceed to follow travellers, more happy in their enterprises. They owe their success in a great measure to the all-powerful influence, which England enjoys over the Pacha of Tripoli, and to the influence, which the Pacha himself exercises even to the centre of Africa. Starting from this city with a caravan of Arabian merchants, Messrs. Denham, Clapperton and Oudney proceeded by Sockna to Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan. The two last made an excursion thence into the country of the Touariks, situated to the west of Mourzouk. The Touariks are a wandering people, who appear to be of the race of Barbary. Their manners and their character essentially differ from those of the Arabs. The Touarik is warlike, but cold. He has more intelligence, than imagination, and appears little sensible to the charms of poesy. His customs have some relation with those of Europe. The women among the Touariks enjoy much liberty and consideration. The language of this people forms a particular idiom; and, according to the relation of our travellers, alone among all the other African people, it has a mode of writing, which is appropriate to itself. But it is difficult to recognise the elements of an alphabet in the characters, which they have transmitted to us.

To the east of Fezzan are spread the tribes of the Tibbous, a people, that appear to be of the same race with the Touariks, but that have different usages and character. More gentle, less adventurous, and less intelligent, the Tibbous are often exposed to the incursions and ravages of their formidable neighbors. Between the country, which these two tribes inhabit, across the desert is traced the road, which leads from Bonou or Bornou. It is a belt of about ten degrees of latitude almost entirely covered with sand, mixed with salt; and where the traveller is happy to meet, from time to time, wells, some fountain, or some valley, which the vegetation indicates to have been the ancient bed of a torrent. This space, if I may so say, is marked off by the carcasses of the unhappy Negro slaves, who, dragged from all parts of Soudan to the market of Tripoli, expire on the route of fatigue, thirst or famine.

In meeting these hideous objects, which he finds every instant before his steps, the European shivers; but the Arab smiles. His contempt for the Negro race renders him entirely insensible to the sufferings of those unfortunate beings, who possess in his eyes, as in those of the Negro dealer, no other than a commercial value.

Our travellers finally attained the shores of the lake Tchad. This lake situated between 12 and 15°, north latitude, is an important discovery, for which geography is indebted to them. It is about 60 leagues in length by forty in width. It receives many considerable rivers, and does not appear to have any one flow from it. Around this lake are situated to the north Kanem, to the south-east Begharmi, to the south Loggoun, and to the west Bornou. The inhabitants of these different countries are Negroes, and they profess Islamism, with the exception of those of Begharmi. This lake, moreover, includes some islands, which are the abode of an independent people, very skillful in navigation, very greedy of pillage, but at the same time humane, and imparting liberality and the freedom of the city to their prisoners. These islanders are called Biddomahhs. Bornou, a very extensive country, and sufficiently commercial, was formerly governed by Sultans. But the real authority appertains at present to a Sheik, a native of Kanem, who, at the head of a band of his compatriots, drove out the Feltahs, a neighboring people, that had conquered Bornou. This Sheik, in proclaiming the brother of the last Sultan sovereign, reduced him to the condition of our mock sovereigns. The surrounding equipage of this Sultan sufficiently indicates his state of degradation. The etiquette of his court requires, that all those, who approach him, should have turbans and enormous bellies; and those of his officers, to whom nature has refused this last ornament, are obliged to supply the deficiency by an *en bon point* pillow. This equipage of war is altogether grotesque, and clearly proves, that he holds an army only to serve, as an instrument to the projects of the Sheik. The latter appears a superior man; warlike, politic, instructed, just, he protects commerce, has a taste for civilization, and would have nothing of the barbarîan about him, if he did not exceed bounds, in the severity of the punishment, which he inflicts upon women, whose conduct has excited scandal. His influence extends very widely, and is constantly increasing. The English travellers saw him unite to his dominion the people of the Mongowis, whose army he had beaten. It is true, the English guns added much to that reputation of being a magician, which he enjoyed before. Konka, the residence of the Sheik, is a considerable city. Bornou possesses twelve others, and a great number of villages. But, if we may judge by the ruins, with which it is covered, it formerly enjoyed a still greater prosperity. Bornou is a flat country, very subject to inundations, and unhealthy during the summer. It is, however, well peopled. The Arab Chouaa, who very much resemble our Bohemians, in their physiognomy and their habits, exercise a great influence there. As to the Borneans, they are gentle, polite, timid, sober, and moderately industrious. They scarcely cultivate fruits, or pot herbs, and live on millet flour, seasoned with honey and fat. But their towns, generally well built, present habitations commodious and even elegant, and although very simply clad, the people display a taste for foreign merchandise. They seem disposed to civilization, and the Sheik is well fitted to develop this inclination. Our travellers, having reproached him with tolerating the sale of slaves, 'you say very true,' replied he. 'We are all children of the same father—But what shall we do? The Arabs, who come here, wish for nothing, but slaves. Why do you not send us your merchants? Now you know us let them bring their wives with them, and live among us. Let them teach us that of which you have so often spoken, to build houses, construct boats, and manufacture guns.'

Loggoun, a neighboring country, into which Mr. Denham made a journey, seems in some respects more advanced in civilization, than Bornou. There were found there well built cities, a polite and industrious people, a metallic currency, a money, of which the exchange varies at the pleasure of the Sultan, and his officers, who reduce the value when they have to receive it, and elevate it, when they have to pay it. Our financiers will not learn without interest, that this variation gives place to an exchange game. We ought to add, that in a general view, the manners of Loggoun appeared very corrupt. Two Sultans, the father and son, disputed the power, and both the one and the other was astonished, that Mr. Denham refused to procure them the poison, of which they reciprocally wished to make use, to put a term to their rivalry.

Major Denham profited of a *ghrazzie*, or an expedition of Arabs, which would accompany him to Kouka, to advance with them into Mandara, a country, whose people, skilful in the manufacture of iron, carried to battle an armor similar to that of the Romans. The Arabs, to whom was joined a numerous body of Borneans and Mandarans, bent their course towards Mosfeia, which they had a design to pillage. Mosfeia is situated to the south of Kouka, under the ninth degree of north latitude. It is the most southern point, which our travellers attained. Happily for the country, the expedition had no success. The city was upon its guard. The assailants were beaten, and dispersed. Major Denham, wounded and stripped, owed his being saved to a succession of miracles.

Soon after, Messrs. Clapperton and Oudney proceeded for Houssa, a country situated to the west of Bornou, and at that time occupied by the Felatahs, a laborious, intelligent, and affable people, whose manners seemed to be softened, since their conquests. Mr. Oudney, already ill, soon sunk under the fatigues of the journey, and the influence of the burning climate. Mr. Clapperton, continuing his excursion, traversed a well cultivated country, and visited many populous towns. The chief were Cano, a very commercial place, whose market is supplied with many articles fabricated in Europe; and Sackatou, the capital of Houssa, and, as it appeared, of all the dominion of the Felatahs. This city, whose name signifies *halt*, appears to have been founded in 1805. It is well built, and much more populous, than Cano, the population of which, however, Mr. Clapperton estimates at between 30, and 40,000 souls. Sackatou is the residence of the Sultan, a prince distinguished by a sufficiently remarkable knowledge of history, geography, and even Christian theology. He sent to Mr. Clapperton an Arabian manuscript of his own composition, accompanied with a chart, and containing details upon the interior of Africa, and the history of the people, who inhabit it, which may exercise the sagacity of our learned men. Bello admires the invention of journals. The insurrection of Greece, its ancient glory, the Greek fire, the ancient dominion of the Moors in Spain, the expedition of the French in Egypt, the conquest of India by the English, were sometimes the subject of his reflections, and those of the Sheik of Bornou.

Arrived at Sackatou, Mr. Clapperton found himself a hundred leagues to the south-east of Tombuctoo, a hundred and fifty leagues to the west of Kouka, and at the same distance north from the gulf of Benin. He wished to pursue his route to that gulf, and to the Niger. But the difficulties, perpetually renewed, which the Sultan opposed to him, determined him to return to Konka, where he rejoined major Denham; and soon after they both resumed their route for Europe.

Their narrative, translated with great care by Messrs. Eyries and Larenaudiere, has enriched geography and natural history and even the study of languages with a great number of new facts. But the course and the outlet of the Niger, one of the principal objects of all these expeditions, remain none the less problematical. The information, which Messrs. Denham and Clapperton have collected, touching this river, is vague and contradictory; and the chart of the Sultan Bello, which, under the names of Kouara, and Chary, points out its course to the lake Tchad, serves only to augment the number of improbable hypotheses, of which it is the object.

We have been able to give but a very incomplete idea of the new views, which the journey of Messrs. Denham and Clapperton have diffused. To instruct our readers in every thing interesting and curious, which their work contains, it would have been necessary to have transcribed it entire. Desiring to supply this too superficial analysis, we will attempt to give, in a separate article, a general idea of the actual state of civilization in Africa, and we will allow ourselves at the same time, to indicate the means, which, according to us, the European nations ought to adopt, to hasten the progress of that civilization.

A Sermon delivered in the Church of the First Parish in Beverly, 1828, *on the occasion of the death of the Rev.* ABIEL ABBOT, D. D., *late Pastor of that Church. By* JAMES FLINT, D. D., *Pastor of a Church in Salem. Published at the request of the Society.*

THOSE, who know this gentleman, will need no testimonials of ours to the eloquence, taste, talent, pathos and general fitness and propriety of his sermons. This, on a most affecting occasion, the death of an intimate friend, with whom he had taken long and pleasant counsel, and been associated in the most endearing ministerial and domestic intercourse, was the hurried production of but a few hours. The circumstances limited him to a narrow range. It was not an occasion for a eulogy, or a harangue. In the depth of real and heartfelt grief and affliction, his keen feelings of fitness interdicted him from every thing that had the resemblance of display,—and more than all, the most offensive of all kinds of display, empty oratory, sounding words, and unfeeling hanging together of turgid sentences, the very labor of which evidences, that there is no other feeling, but a purpose to display the orator himself, in the effort made to display the subject of his eulogy. This, therefore, has no cast of a labored and formal eulogy. It consists of those unostentatious words, that are called for in the funeral room, when discoursing in tones and words, simple, mournful and low, to mourners with bleeding hearts, about to see what was mortal of a friend dear beyond all words to tell, buried in the earth. This discourse is to be read with this understanding of its limits, and it strikes us, as singularly impressive and appropriate.

We learn, that a republication of this discourse has been called for in Charleston, S. C., by the people, who enjoyed Dr. Abbot's society, while he sojourned in that region in the winter for the benefit of his health. This is a testimony equally honorable to the speaker on this occasion, the memory of the deceased, and the people, who manifested it. We feel regret, in seeing our narrow limits, when they interdict us from that tribute to the deceased, which our own feelings impel us to pay. He was a man, whose talents, weight and sanctity of character compelled the most rigidly orthodox, when in his presence, to feel, that suavity and gentleness and persuasion are from above, and that the spirit of denunciation is unlovely, and not from the Author of our religion. Midway between spirits of this order, and the opposite extreme of speculation, he exercised an influence over the moderate and respectable of all parties, and widely diffused a savor of what, in the better days of our country, used to be called religion. People, who were with him, and felt the influence of his example, and of his kind and complacent spirit, needed not to be told, that this was from the New Testament. It will not be strange, that we, who have enjoyed this society and example, should have instituted comparisons between these exhibitions of real evangelical temper and character, with that fierce, unmeasured and unbridled temper, which pours out coarse anathemas from the pulpit, and assumes to have drunk exclusively at the evangelical fountains.

Dr. Abbot had spent the winter at Havanna, throwing the invincible spell of urbanity mingled with evangelical kindness of spirit over all the many visiters, who were conversant with him there. At Havana he probably imbibed the seeds of his fatal disease. But, unconscious of carrying infection, that was poisoning the fountains of life, he was cheered with the hope, that with renovated health and strength, he was returning to increased usefulness among his charge. He had, in particular, the hope, that he should now finish a work, which he had in hand, the object of which was to moderate, if possible, the bitterness of religious controversy. He preached at Charleston; and thence wrote to his family, in a tone of cheerfulness, that he should be with them in a few days. On the way from Charleston to New-York on shipboard, the fatal disease manifested itself, and he felt, that he was a dying man, and conversed, as such, with the calmness and unostentatious simplicity, that might be expected from such a man. He dressed himself, and went on deck in the morning, and expired at noon.

The letter, that conveyed to his family the agonizing intelligence of his death, arrived, while they were yet exulting in the joy occasioned by his own letter, that he would be among them in a few days. Alas! such is the tenure, by which we hold all, that pertains to earth. The author of this discourse, and Rev. Mr. Bartlett, extracts from whose discourse are appended to this sermon, and all the ministers, with whom this eminently good man was associated, vie with each other in demonstrations of sympathy for the bereaved. We quote the following, as samples of the sermon, and an abstract of the character of the deceased, as eloquent, as it is just.

'There was an amenity and benignity in Dr. Abbot's air and voice and address, exceedingly conciliating to strangers and endearing to his friends. His countenance beamed with complacency, and bespoke that inward satisfaction and peace, "which goodness bosoms ever." He had always something kind and courteous to say to every one, into whose company he fell even for a few moments; and no one could long remain in his society, that had a heart, who did not feel that he had been conversing with a man equally amiable, intelligent, and gifted. The minister and the man were never in him at variance with each other. In his most playful moods there was no unbecoming levity. His sport was the innocence of a child, seasoned with the wit of a man, and guarded by the circumspection of a Christian.

'Of his religious sentiments it is enough to say, that he called no man master, that he belonged to no sect but that of good men—to no school but that of Jesus Christ, and that he was liberal in the best sense of the term. Though he loved, like the eloquent preacher whose words I quote, "to escape the narrow walls of a particular church, and to stand under the open sky, in the broad daylight, looking far and wide, seeing with his own eyes, hearing with his own ears," still he never thought himself called upon to denounce the opinions of others, and rarely to obtrude his own upon the controverted points of the day. He preached, as he thought his Master would have him, *speaking* what, after diligent and prayerful inquiry, he conceived to be *the truth in love*.'—p. 20.

'Few men have lived more endeared, or more deservedly dear in the more private relations of life. Like all virtuous men, he sought and found the best happiness which this world affords, in the bosom of domestic affection, in the reciprocation of those sacred charities and daily offices of love, which render home, the fireside of a Christian and well ordered family, at once the best emblem of the mansions which await the righteous in our Father's house in heaven, and the best scene of preparation for those mansions. The yearnings of his heart to return to this asylum of his repose, of his purest affections and joys, are affectingly expressed on his arrival from Cuba at Charleston: "Happy am I to touch natal soil again, and hope soon to revisit *home, sweet home.*"

'I remark one trait more, in these days, of inestimable value in a minister; his signal love of peace. No object was dearer to his heart, than to bring ministers and the people to feel on this subject, as he felt. His convention sermon, the delivery of which was almost the last public act of his ministry, will now seem to his brethren, to the community, and still more to his flock, like the dying bequest of Jesus to his disciples: "*Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.*" No; the world, and I grieve to say it, the ministers of the Prince of peace, too many of them, speak a very different language, and breathe a very different spirit. But with that dying appeal of your pastor in your hands, you, my brethren of this ancient and respectable society, will feel yourselves inexcusable in the sight of heaven, if you allow discord to arise among you, or division to scatter you. How much he was grieved by the angry disputes of the day, and the rending of churches and societies, of which they are the cause, appears from the following extract from the letter before cited. "Yesterday was the anniversary of my peace sermon before the convention. I fear its gentle notes have not been echoed this year. There is no one thing, that gives me so much pain in returning to my loved country, as to think of its religious dissensions. May the God of peace hush them; and for ever preserve my voice from the notes of discord." Happy spirit, thy voice never uttered the notes of discord, and they can never again reach thy ear. Thou art now joined to the sons of peace, the children of God,

> "*Who have no* discord *in their song,*
> *Nor winter in their year.*"

Farewell, faithful servant of God; thy warfare is accomplished, thy work is finished, and thy reward is sure. O God, with whom do rest the spirits of just men made perfect, grant that we, who survive, may *gird up the loins of our minds—be sober and watch unto prayer,*—that by diligence and perseverance in well doing, we *may be followers of them, who through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.* Amen.'

An Address delivered before the Pittsburgh Philosophical Society. By Robert Bruce, D. D., *President of the Society.* Pittsburgh: 1828.

It gives us great pleasure to observe the existence of philosophical societies in points so favorably situated to diffuse the fruits of investigation and the lights of science in the surrounding regions. Associations for similar purposes exist in almost every city in Europe, and they are rapidly multiplying in our country. Those, that originate little in their own bounds, still serve, as telegraphic auxiliaries, to extend the discoveries to others.

This is every way a respectable discourse, and looks like the production of a man, who had not allowed his mind to be tramelled in any department of investigation. After an introduction of the customary character, it sketches the fields of philosophic survey, in the several kingdoms of nature, beginning with the vegetable kingdom, ascending to the animal, surveying its quadrupeds, birds and fishes,—contemplating the boundless field of geological inquiry, the ruins of a once submerged world, and of an animal world gone by,—the conformation, character and strata of the existing earth,—investigation, touching the manner, in which the earth receives its warmth,—the wide range of the wonderful properties of light; such are the most obvious subjects of philosophical inquiry, on which the orator disserts. The paragraph on pp. 12 and 13, that speaks of the stupendous attainments in the application of mathematical demonstration and analysis to the solution of the laws of the heavenly bodies, that move in such harmony and grandeur, and by such invariable laws in the infinite space, is one of dignified and impressive language, which we regret wanting space to quote.

Philosophy, the orator remarks, has not rested, as it ought not to rest, in sterile speculation. It has applied its lights to the investigation of the laws of our frame. It has aided the discoveries of medicine and anatomy. Is has taught the most useful of all knowledge, how to improve the soil, and fill the granaries of the husbandman. It has furnished the principles, by which the machinist has invented his labor saving machinery. It has penetrated the minutest bodies, in the analysis of chemistry. It has taught the construction of philosophical instruments. It has taught how to form the ship to traverse the seas; and has compelled the expansive power of steam, acting with its superhuman power, to accommodate its forces, almost with human intelligence, to drive vessels on every water, and every kind of machinery on the land.

It approaches its close, by suggesting the importance of the situation of Pittsburgh, its great physical resources and advantages of position, and looks with natural pride upon its canals and railways, now in such successful progress. Pittsburgh is unquestionably a place of justly proud anticipations, and her resources are such, as no change of time or circumstances can take away. The discourse closes, by suggesting the obvious, but important thought, that philosophical attainment ought to lead to piety. Obtuse must be that mind, and leaden that heart, which does not see, and adore God in his works. Strange must be that temperament of investigation, which can look on what man is, what he has achieved, and how under certain circumstances he can conduct, and yet not see, that a being of such high endowments, and capable of such godlike acting, must be immortal.

Reading this discourse inspired us with respectful sentiments for the orator and the society, with which he is connected.

TO OUR READERS.

During a journey, which the editor made to the Atlantic country, a great amount of pamphlets and periodicals have accumulated on his hands, which he would gladly have noticed in this number. He particularly regrets inability to give extracts from an excellent address on intemperance, delivered before the Temperance Society of Boston, by Dr. J. B. Flint, Dr. Lowel's sermon on the Trinitarian controversy, Rev. Mr. Upham's learned treatise on the '*Logos*,' Dr. Short's *Florula Lexingtoniensis*, the Southern Literary Gazette, various agricultural pamphlets, Sismondi and Say's Political Economy, and a prepared article on Mr. Picket's Female Institution in this city. Notices of some of these will appear in our next. He owes an apology to his excellent friend, Judge L. of Louisiana, for omitting his communication on 'Human Nature.' He perceives in this extract the speculations of a mind, equally acute and serious. No one can entertain deeper respect for such an union of learning and piety, or feel stronger desire to see the whole work, of which this is an extract. But communications simply of a theological aspect, and especially those containing controverted points of speculation, have been hitherto pretermitted, as not in keeping with the general character of this work. Two or three manuscript letters on silk making are, also, unavoidably omitted.

To the patrons of this Review, he states the simple fact without comment, that three quarters of the amount of subscription from the commencement are still due; that those, who do not pay within six months from the beginning of the series, must be unreasonable, in expecting to be considered, as having paid in advance;—and he repeats, that he warrants all transmissions by mail, and that he cannot conceive an easier, or more direct mode of payment, than the declaration of the postmaster, that a letter, declared by the sender to contain the amount of his subscription, has been put in his office. Such a declaration of the postmaster shall be to the sender a receipt from the editor and proprietor.

Those, who have discontinued without paying, he wishes respectfully to notify, that prescription, and invariable usage, and, he believes, the law unite, in considering no discontinuance valid, until all arrearages are paid. The accounts of subscribers so delinquent, after a short interval, will be put into the hands of an attorney for collection, without respect of persons, and without further notice.

THE

WESTERN

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A TOUR.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Cincinnati, Sept. 1828.

DEAR FRIEND,

I LEFT the hospitality of your town, the kindness of which will never be forgotten, and the intercourse of friends endeared to me by the remembrances of my earliest years, to say nothing of the last departure from your own threshold, to mingle with crowds of strangers, for a distance of more than a thousand miles, with as much tranquillity and firmness, as a person of my health and temperament might assume. In the frequent transference from stage to steam boat, and thence to canal boat, by land, sea, river and lake, you will not doubt, among the thousands, with whom I was thus necessarily brought in contact, that if I were disposed to enter heartily into the business of individual and personal sketches of various singular personages, thus met, *a la mode du Madame Royall*, I might present you a sufficiently amusing group of portraits. I ought not to forget an interesting young man, Mr. D., who accompanied me to New-York, and showed me many civilities there. He was from Harvard, sprightly, intelligent, and apparently amiable. Similarity of discipline, thought and pursuit removes the disparity of years, and he caused many of my hours to pass pleasantly.

I ascended North river in the North America, the largest steam boat, I believe, at present on our waters. There could not have been less than four hundred passengers. Of course there was fine scrambling for seats at the table; and not a few ill mannered, dandy dressed young men showed an entire disregard to the *morceau d'honte*, and to the feelings of older and more gentlemanly people. Such procedures in such places ought to be corrected. From Albany I took the stage to Schenectady, and travelled that dismal turnpike of sand, shrub oaks, and mean taverns. We asked the host in one of these taverns to hand a pitcher of water to the passengers; but, like the rude boy of spelling book notoriety, the murky and sullen personage told us plainly, he would not. We were well wedged together in a small carriage, and the road was dusty and the day sultry. But we had to disarrange our order, and get down, and help ourselves. As this was a *rara avis*, I am sorry I have forgotten his name.

At Schenectady we were beset by half a dozen canal boat prowlers, each claiming to have the best and swiftest boat, and the most comfortable accommodations. With two or three acquaintances, that I had made, I took the first boat, that offered, as they all resembled each other. It proved to be one of the 'line boats,' as they are called. When it moved off, we found it filled with freight and passengers of all characters and from all countries. When we turned in for sleep, we were packed away, male and female, almost as compactly, as if we had been barrelled for market, and our fare was precisely that, for which our native village was so undeservedly celebrated. To crown the matter, we travelled with pace of snail, and the packets uttered canal wit with most provoking glee, as they passed us in the style, in which the hare passed the tortoise. Almost for the first time in my life, I deserted my colors with the first opportunity, and made an exchange, incomparably for the better every way, in a packet boat. The accommodations were comfortable, and the society both pleasant and respectable. Indeed, this way of travelling, of which most people complain, is pleasant to me. You can read, or write, unmolested by noise or motion; and what is better, where the canal is circuitous, or while the locks are filling, you can walk from point to point, and can have full exercise without fatigue. For want of this an invalid languishes on board a steam boat.

The incidents of canal boating furnish an unwritten chapter. The circumstances and the slang of this kind of journeying are naturally of a very peculiar character, and are yet to be described. The language appropriate to it is still in an incipient and Babel stage of formation. A considerably copious vocabulary is already formed, to meet common exigencies. It would be superfluous, at this stage of it, to give a grammar and dictionary, even if I were sufficiently a philologist. To come at it rightly, you must learn it, as you would French, by living in the family. The drivers are a peculiar set of land sharks, some of them with no small share of wit in their way. The encounter of coarse wit between the boats, that are passing each other every few minutes, is not unamusing. A standing part of it, is to question the parties, whether they are for Jackson or Adams? A thousand impertinent questions of this sort are proposed to the people on the banks, and in the thresholds of the adjacent houses, who, for the most part, have the grace and sense to preserve a provoking silence. The story of the Irishman, who worked his passage by walking behind the horses, and driving them on the tow path, is one of those anecdotes, that are told every day, as recent events. An unaccommodating spirit, touching the courtesy of dividing the way in passing, is often manifested. Coarse abuse and threats are elicited; and sometimes a fist fight and blacking of the eyes ensue. Were it not, that at the north the ill temper of such rencontres is apt to evaporate in angry words, frequent quarrels must occur. Our boat was struck one night by another, passing it, with so much force, as to break the decanters and glasses in the bar, which, as it was close by my birth, was excessively annoying, from the potent and mixed smells of spirits, that steamed into the cabin.

Every view of this wonderful work, which will soon cease to be wonderful in our country, only as the voyage of Columbus is to the present passage of the Atlantic, inspires the beholder with pride for the country, that dared and executed such a Herculean achievement in the very dawn of her career. One cannot fail, at the same time, to venerate the memory of him, whose mind marked out the course and directed the waters of this long, artificial river. We admire, at the same time the beneficence of nature, which has left a track so admirably fitted for such a river, between points so remote, as the Hudson and lake Erie. Surveying the country, as we move along the canal, the configuration shows us an alluvial, level and deep valley, for the greater part of its length; and among the hills, cliffs and mountains, here seems to be the only feasible channel for such a work within the limits of vision. The first hundred miles, the canal does not depart from the valley of the Mohawk. In that distance it is seldom out of sight of that beautiful river, and for considerable distances is only separated from it by an embankment. The river, rolling through its rich valleys, is the last object visible by evening twilight. In the gray of the following morning the winding curtain of white mist shows you, that you are still close by the stream. The landscape is always rich, and sometimes, where the gentle acclivities rise in the distance to cultivated hills, crowned with villages, is splendid.

In passing up the valley of the Mohawk, we pass in view of many villages and hamlets. The names, except the principal ones, would give you no information, and are best learned from an itinerary. I was not prepared for so impressive a spectacle, as the Little Falls present. They are so called in comparison with the Cohoes. But though there is here no fall to compare with that, the prospect impresses me, as surpassing the Cohoes in interest and beauty. The rapids extend for nearly eighty rods. The river is compressed between spurs of the Kaatsburg mountains, and comes pouring down, apparently from the hanging woods, in a magnificent mass of foam. Strata, cliffs and boulders of solid stone tower on either side the narrow channel. It must have required no common reach and hardihood of mind, to think of cutting the bed of a canal through these strata of stone. By a number of locks you mount up between the precipices. Every thing is wildness and confusion, but the tow path and the subservient waters of the canal. At the summit of the ascent, a romantic collection of houses, dispersed among the rocks, opens upon you. The genius of factories has here found a place, although in general this spirit does not seem much at home in New-York. On the whole, the scenery of the Little Falls is exceedingly impressive, although the boulders of rock, scattered in all directions, give it a shade of harshness.

Beyond this growing village, you enter the far famed settlement of the German Flats, so noted for their fertility, and their place in the history of the Canadian and Indian wars, and so finely sketched by Mrs. Grant and others. Herkimer is a considerable village in this alluvial tract. But the country, rich and delightful as it is, wants the Connecticut river villages, wants the neatness and taste of Yankee establishments, wants what is much easier to feel, than describe, a something of order and the result of cultivated perceptions, certainly found in higher perfection in New-England, than in any other portion of our country. But the eye traces, in new villages, neat houses, and establishments strongly contrasting with the old *outre* 'residenter' buildings, that New-England is gradually making its way among the Dutch villages in this direction. Canals, like turnpikes, taking directions from convenience and locality, are not often seen passing through the villages, and showing most habitancy and cultivation. This accounts for less show of villages and houses along the canal, than might otherwise be expected. Thirty years hence, the banks of the canal will be a continued village.

Utica is a large and growing town, central to a fine country, abounding in rich farms and handsome country seats. The canal passes through it. The number of arriving and departing stages, especially at this season of the year, is astonishing. From the size and opulence of the town, you cannot realize, that you are so far from the sea. The great scale of the public works, the hotels and churches indicate the ambitious thoughts, in which every thing is erected in this great state.

Eight miles below Utica, commences the 'Long Level' of the canal, which extends sixty-nine miles without a lock. Just beyond the termination of this level is Syracuse, a pleasant and growing village, whose hotel shows of dimensions, as if the guests were giants; and you see, as elsewhere, a curious mixture of backwoods and city ideas brought into union in the new erections. The salines here, and at Salina, distant a mile and a quarter, and to which there is a lateral cut from the canal, show to what an extent salt is made. I think, they told us, that a half a million bushels were manufactured annually. From this place to Montezuma, and over the Cayuga marshes to the great embankment, is not far from ninety miles. This embankment is two miles long, and seventy-five feet high. Not far from this, a road passes under the canal. A load of hay actually drove under it, while we were moving on its surface above.

Rochester, through which the canal passes, is one of the wonders of this strange country. But a few years since, it was occupied by a solid wilderness. It is now a large town, and its magnificent outline is rapidly filling up. There are fourteen churches, one of them with a spire of prodigious height, the summit of which shows a most noble prospect of lake Ontario, which seems to spread in its boundlessness almost from the base of the church. The inhabitants are said to exceed twelve thousand; and there are white handed young gentlemen of the counter, fops, fine ladies and all sorts of affectation and pretension, men, who settle the nation, and who settle the republic of letters, fine houses and squares, gigantic hotels, heart-burnings about the point of good society and the first circles, orthodoxy and night meetings, a small leaven of heterodoxy, plenty of Morgan excitement, soda fountains, concerts, shows,—and, in short, all the good and bad points of a large town, not quite amalgamated, and its pretensions not yet settled by prescription.

The canal crosses the Genessee, which passes through this town in a long and beautiful rapid, on which there are numerous mills and extensive factories, which constitute one of the resources of the place. The crossing is by a noble aqueduct, seven hundred and fifty feet in length. By a lateral canal, the town communicates with lake Ontario. You see magnificent conceptions, huge hotels, works with foundations of massive stone, and every thing, that you see and hear, astonishes you, when seen in a town scarcely twelve years old.

No spectacle on the canal, however, impressed me so much, as Lockport. In seeing the stupendous works here, we forget, that they were wrought in a country, not yet won from the woods; and are transported to the times of the undertakings of imperial Rome, when the wealth of a subdued world enabled her to execute her colossal enterprizes. You look up an elevation of more than a hundred feet. It seems as though nature alone could have wrought the excavation, which appears before you. Nor can you realize, that any human power could raise a loaded canal boat to the dizzy eminence above. But the achievement is accomplished in a few minutes by the simplest means; and you find yourself raised to the level of the next village above. The steps, the abutments, and all the lockwork is firmly done in massive stone. The canal, for some distance above, is carried along at a great depth through strata of stone. To imagine the spectacle at Lockport, you must see it.

There is nothing very interesting between this place and Black Rock, a romantic village on the south bank of the Niagara, with whose waters the canal here communicates. The position and scenery of this village are fine, and the Niagara rolls by in a magnificent sheet, I should judge, more than two miles in width. There was a stout contest, that the canal should terminate at this place, which has a fine harbor. Among the conspicuous dwellings here, is that of general Porter, secretary of war.

At Buffalo the canal is wedded to the lake, which spreads in the western distance beyond the measure of vision. The village here, you remember, was completely burned, during the late war. A poet would talk of its having risen, like a phœnix, from its ashes. The levelness and amenity of the country round contribute to the pleasantness of this charming village. The name is one, that instantly raises associations with savages and a wilderness. The place is at the foot of lake Erie, which, before the late war, sounded in our ears, as the *Ultima Thule*, the last limits of habitable nature. The site was, but a few years since, a dark forest, which had resounded only with the dashing of the lake, or wilderness sounds, from the commencement of time. There are now here compact blocks of buildings, a number of churches, some of which would do no discredit to New-York, and one of the most tasteful villages, that I have seen. Coaches were rolling across the chief square. Fine ladies and gentlemen and tourists, and odd fishes of all descriptions, flying from heat, ennui and themselves, or hunting after fortune, were to be seen in city abundance. Rathbun's hotel, for neatness, comfort, extent, and even splendor, seemed to me only second to Barnum's in the United States. In the convenience of its private apartments, and the magnificence of its dining room, and the arrangements of its external appendages, I have seen nothing superior to it. The citizens of this place may show it with honest exultation, as one of the legitimate children of the lake by the canal. As every body is now gadding from home, on their travels, and as every one calculates to see the Falls, this charming village will soon become a hackneyed point of visitation. There is something in a place, as in a person, which attaches us at first sight; and if climate, society and circumstances admitted, there are few places, where, it seems to me, I should prefer to fix my domicile. The Welland, or some other projected canal, threatens to deprive this village of its advantages, as the upper depot of the New-York canal, and the lower one of the Ohio canal. I have no doubt, that the unrivalled advantages of its position will secure to it a triple ratio of increase, when the latter canal shall be completed. The morning of my departure from this village, there were two steam boats in the harbor, fourteen canal boats in the basin, and six vessels, with their sails spread to the breeze, in view on the lake. A cargo of German Swiss passengers had just landed from one of the boats, and nothing could exceed their filth, raggedness and seeming *non chalance*, touching all observation.

In closing my account of the canal, I may add, that its course is generally along a deep valley, having rather a swampy and insalubrious aspect; that a considerable portion is through an actual swamp; and that the upper hundred and fifty miles are through a country, where the stumps and dead trees have not yet disappeared, and where you are under continual surprize, to see such a great work executed in a country, which seems much less and more recently to have been reclaimed from the woods, than the interior of Ohio. I need not inform you, that another branch of this canal connects the Hudson with lake Champlain, and that by lateral cuts it is already connected with many interior lakes, rivers and important points of water communication, and that still more lateral canals of this sort are in progress, or in contemplation. I need not here mention the numerous villages in the central parts of this great state, of surpassing beauty of position and scenery. Among them Canandaigua and Skeneateles hold the first place. The naiads of this charming chain of interior lakes and fountains will soon be scared from their greenest and most secluded retreats by the sound of the bugle of the canal boats, and the hackneying trample of canal horses and boys.

From Lockport I took the stage to Lewistown. Opposite this place, on the Canada shore rises the white and beautiful monument of general Brock, who fell in the affair of Queenstown. You ascend it by a flight of stairs in the interior, and from its summit have a most extensive and magnificent prospect over the plains of the Niagara, down the expanse of lake Ontario, and upwards to the Falls of Niagara. From Lewistown I ascended the banks of the Niagara to the village on the American side of the Falls, where we arrived at half past one at night. My weary fellow travellers in the stage immediately retired to their beds. The moon never shone clearer, nor illuminated a more beautiful evening, since the creation. The air was cool with the freshness of night, although not a breath rustled the lightest leaf. The pleasant and mournful creaking of the autumnal crickets and catadeds was the only sound, that mingled with the heavy and eternal roar of the cataract. This had been one of the spectacles, which it had been almost the first remembered wish of my heart to see. I now saw it in a temperament, at a time and under circumstances just such, as I would have chosen. The moon rode in her brightness at her noon, and threw an indistinct shadowing of glory upon the rebounding masses of foam and the whiteness of the spray, which left much to the imagination. Every thing was asleep, but nature. There was none to question, interrupt, distract, exclaim, or divide my thoughts. Far up this wide and majestic stream, in a line stretching from shore to shore the water is seen to change its cerulean color to a snowy brightness, beautifully mingling with the light of the moon, and in its whole width it comes rolling down the declivity, broken into a thousand masses of foam by its bed, jagged with rocks, still accumulating power, until its continuous volume plunges down the unfathomable depths below. You are not thinking, that I am expecting to give you any adequate idea of this spectacle by mere words and details. He must have been obtuse of brain and of heart, who could have thus contemplated this spectacle alone in this repose of nature, under the light of the moon, and the blue stars twinkling in the cloudless dome of the firmament, and not have had thoughts, which the poverty of language can never clothe in words.

I was alone by the Falls the next morning, before the rising of the sun. An excavation nearly a mile in width, and three hundred feet in depth through strata of limestone, for some distance below the cascade, is always filled, in the lower strata, with foam, in the next with spray, and still higher with mist. Every one knows, that when the sun shines, beautiful prismatic arches overhang this cavity. I saw the first rainbow of the morning sun bending over this grand spectacle, and I contemplated it anew by the clear and cloudless light of the day. For an account of this often described spectacle, I refer you to the descriptions of various tourists, who have undertaken to embody the whole image in words. If you wish my account, and will allow me to quote myself, I refer you to 'a sketch of the lakes and Niagara Falls' in the 'Geography and History of the Western States'. That was given, as you have heard me observe, from the best estimates, I could form from the descriptions of others. But, although imagination may have had some influence in moulding it, so far as mere description can go, I can give no better now, that I have seen the Falls myself. For myself I must admit, that in regard to the apparent depth of the descent, imagination, that had been so many years excited, outran the impressions raised by actual survey, in the light of the morning, and under circumstances, which precluded all estimates but those, derived from the distinct measurement of the eye. I have no doubt, that many other spectators of this scene for the first time have felt, if they would confess it, the same short comings of truth and reality compared with the illimitable outlines of the imagination. There are various reasons why it should be so. I had supposed, that Goat Island divided the two sheets of the cascade only by a narrow interval of rock. The fact is, that the cascade is divided into two distinct sheets, separated, I should imagine, by one third of the width of the river. A second reason is, that the eye, accustomed to measure perpendicular descents by intermediate and comparative points and objects, naturally measures one, that is uninterrupted, as it does spaces on the surface of the water; that is to say, sets it down as much less, than it is. I am aware, at least, that such was the effect upon my eye. Another reason is, that the rebounding volume of foam springs up, in its misty and obscuring whiteness, and thus veils, I should suppose, one third of the descent from view. Hence I should doubt, if an unsophisticated observer, seeing the falls for the first time, and without having formed any preconceptions, would estimate the descent to be as much, as a hundred and sixty four feet. But the grandeur of this spectacle consists in its being one, that grows upon the eye and the mind by contemplation, and by associations derived from calculation. You begin to compare the depth of the fall with the deep bed of the river below, which is in itself a great, and as far as my reading goes, an undescribed spectacle of interest. You look up from this chasm, which seems to have been scooped out of the limestone strata by some convulsion of nature, to the plateau, from which the mass of water is always tumbling; and the estimate of the descent, at first too small, gradually enlarges, and you probably end by thinking it greater, than in fact it is.

The Falls are a few miles below Mr. Noah's famous Grand Island, fourteen miles above lake Ontario, and considerably farther below lake Erie. Where the rapids commence, I should suppose the river a mile and a half wide. The river in a mile descends nearly sixty feet. Above, where the break begins, the water, from its transparency, seems blue. For the distance thence to the pitch, the whole width of the river is of a snowy whiteness, and the whirling masses of water generate an atmosphere of a misty coolness, creating the sensation, as of an approaching storm. The noisy roar of the rapids is heard far above the deep, hollow, and earth shaking rumble of the Falls. In any other place, such rapids in so wide and deep a river, would of themselves constitute a spectacle of surpassing grandeur. The current is seen disparting, to form the two sheets, at the point of a little islet above Goat Island. Contrary to the common impression, the greatest perpendicular descent, by fourteen feet, is on the American side, the former being a hundred and sixty four, and the latter a hundred and fifty feet. But it must be confessed, that the far greater portion of the river is royally inclined, and bends over to the Canadian shore. The American sheet is three hundred yards wide, and the Canadian six hundred. On the American side of Goat Island, there is a narrow and most beautiful sheet, separated from the main one by an islet. The American sheet is perpendicular. The eye traces in the Canadian sheet a small angle of declivity, which causes it to project beyond the base. I should judge the interval between the two sheets made by Goat Island, to be five hundred yards.

The sheet on the American side is a beautiful and regular convex curve, and the depth of water, where the roll of the fall commences, is not sufficient to reflect any other, than rays of a milky whiteness. The shape of what is called the Horse-shoe fall on the other side is not designated by its name. It is a section of an ellipse, with a deep indentation, extending upwards beyond the central point of the curve, and about this indentation, down which the great mass of the river pours, the depth of water gives to the rays, which are reflected from the upper convolution of the sheet, an emerald green of an indescribable softness, brilliance and beauty, which was an unexpected circumstance, that I had not seen noticed. Perhaps it may be a contingent effect. The lakes this season are some feet higher than usual. A West wind had blown for two or three days, and this propels an uncommon quantity of water from the lakes, whenever it occurs. Of course an unusual volume of water was now precipitated down the Falls, and the emerald hue at this point may be the consequence.

The spray extends across the river and for many rods below. At the point, where I was crossed, of course some distance below the Falls, I felt the spray, like that rain, called Scotch mist. Congealing every where on the shrubs and trees in the vicinity, I can easily imagine the beautiful frost work, which it is said to create in the winter. I took my first survey from the American side. I then crossed the bridge, which stretches over the rapids to Goat island. The river foams and whirls among the rocks, and the bridge trembles on its rocky foundations with the concussion. On the shore, trip hammers are worked by the waters of the rapids, and beyond, there is a large and handsome paper mill. On the island is a house, where toll is received for crossing the bridge, and the names of the visitants are there registered. In nothing was I more mistaken, than in my conceptions of the extent of this island, which I had fancied to be a small rock, covered with a few junipers, and a retreat for birds of prey. I found it a large and beautiful island, and though based on limestone, having a deep, alluvial soil and covered with a dark forest. It contains eighty or ninety acres, and a more romantic position for a summer retreat can hardly be imagined. From a bridge, projecting from this island towards the Canada shore, the best view of the Falls, and of all the accompaniments of scenery, according to my judgment, is obtained. I crawled cautiously on to some large rocks beyond this bridge, where I had a full view of the sheet, just above its convolution to fall. Here I took my longest survey. Here I endeavored to impress this grand spectacle, which I might never enjoy again, indelibly on my memory, so that by closing my eyes, with a little fixedness of attention, I can at any time repaint the magnificent vision for my own contemplation.

The mass of waters incessantly rolling down, here shown in visible dimensions, is so prodigious, that one can hardly avoid the impression of the peasant, that this unimaginable drain will finally empty the fountains of the upper world, and leave the channel dry. Another impression fixed on my thoughts, as I contemplated this wide, deep and incessant roll of waters, as it descends the rapids, whitening into foam, and accumulating in power. When it takes the final plunge, it seems to you, as if the element, impatient of the restraint of banks, and of its ordinary calmness of course, was about to break away from the beneficent control of nature. Sea fowls, lighting in the water above, can no longer recover the wing, and are borne down the gulf. Fishes can no longer guide themselves in their own element, but are dashed down, and found either killed, or maimed below. In proof that the Falls are wearing away the precipice, and advancing up the stream towards the lake, Mr. Forsyth, who has lived near them for nearly fifty years, is confident, that during this time the progress has been very considerable. The falling in of an immense mass just below Table Rock, which recently occurred, and the boulders of which are still visible, and the falling of another mass from the American side of Goat Island, which occurred since the other fall, are demonstrations, that this operation is going on. A stronger evidence is the immense excavation, for some distance below the Falls, of three hundred feet from the level of the banks to the surface of the river, and of three hundred feet below that surface to the bottom. The ferryman who rowed us across the river, while the spray of the Falls was covering us with mist, and while the yawl was rocking with the tumultuous motion from them, as in a heavy sea, assured us, that, where we were, we should not find bottom with a line of three hundred feet. The same depth is found for a considerable distance below. There can be no doubt, that this excavation of six hundred feet, through the strata of limestone, has all been worn down by the dash of this mighty cascade. The part of this excavation, which is visible above the water, is not one of the least striking spectacles appended to the general view of this scene. It is heightened by contrast with the banks of the river above the Falls, which are smooth, regular, and but a few feet above the water.

I crossed to the Canada side, spent part of a day at Forsyth's fine house, from the roof of which you have a still better view of the Falls, as I think, than from the Table Rock. For those, who choose the customary immortality of getting wet to the skin, by going behind the cascade, changes of clothes are provided on the spot. This was beyond my ambition.

At Forsyth's we conversed about the tug of battle at Lundy's lane and Bridgewater. People were present, who saw those gallant and bloody spectacles, and the battle ground was close at hand. The terror of the moving squadrons was described by citizens, who took no other part in the contest, than witnessing the blaze of the fires, and hearing the shouts of the combatants. You may be sure, that I forgot neither to think, nor speak of your gallant and excellent parishioner, who acquired in that battle such merited renown. I ascended the Niagara to the little village opposite Black Rock. Contrary to all my previous impressions, I found the land about the Falls a smooth plain of rich soil and great amenity of landscape. The Niagara, on the very verge of which our road ran, is from two to three miles wide, a most magnificent sheet of water, calm to the eye, immediately above the line of the rapids, but with a powerful current. From the Falls to the lake the water never freezes, a circumstance, which is attributed to the swiftness of the current. This I could not credit. The current can hardly be swifter, than that of the Missouri, and it shows much calmer on the surface, than that stream, which, however, in a far milder climate, often freezes firmly from shore to shore.

I heard the diminishing roar of the Falls, as I moved up the fine country on the Canada shore, I confess, with regret. But we had a pleasant company in the stage. We were passing through an interesting and well settled country. The scene of many of the affairs in the late war was under our eye. One of the noblest rivers in the world rolled past us, and we were approaching the second in the great chain of the lakes. The green forests of the Great island of the *grand judge* of *Israel* were in full view, and we could be in no want of interesting themes for conversation. The continual leaping of large and small fish from the water in the river confirmed all that was said, of the abundance of fish in it.

A little after sunset we crossed the Niagara in a horse boat to Black Rock, and thence ascended to the Eagle tavern, kept by Rathbun at Buffalo, of which I have spoken.

Next morning I embarked on lake Erie, in the steam boat William Penn, a mean and slow boat, with some agreeable people on board, but with a much larger number of a different character, not the less disagreeable for being well dressed. The water scenery of this lake is no way different from that of a large bay, or portion of sea scenery of equal dimensions, except, that we occasionally remind ourselves, that we are sailing on a fresh water sea in the central depths of the backwoods. A few leagues from Buffalo, a green headland promontory on the Canada shore affords an agreeable point of view, while the wide, level belt of fine land, skirting the New-York and Pennsylvania shores, is charmingly surmounted by distant lines of the Alleghanies, subsiding gently towards the lake. The country along the southern shore is heavily timbered, level and of a warm and good soil. The Erie canal has opened new prospects to this region, and brought the people in comparative contiguity to a market for articles, which would else not have paid their transport. This country is settling rapidly, and will soon show a continued line of cultivation and frequent villages along the shore.

You are aware, that these lakes are subject to dangerous storms, and are more apt to create sea sickness, than equal extents of sea sailing. Calm as the day was, I felt something of sea sickness, that diminished the pleasure, with which I inhaled the cool air, looked into the transparent depths, and saw the fishes clearing away from the path of the steam boat; or looked upwards on the delightful blue of the atmosphere, and the mild and white clouds, that hung motionless in the firmament, reflecting, the while, that I was sailing on a fresh water sea in the interior woods of the continent.

We landed at midnight at Erie, a harbor on the Pennsylvania shore, to protect which a pier is extended more than a mile into the shallow water. This is a small village, a hundred miles up the lake from Buffalo, from which a stage runs to Pittsburgh. We took it, and immediately commenced our way for that place. The country between the two places is far from being interesting, and the '*turnpike*' is one of the most execrable roads, I ever travelled. Surely the legislature of that opulent state ought not to allow toll to be taken for passing over such roads. At the same time, you are aware, that the ground is susceptible of an excellent road at a small expense. Persons, who do not covet to have their bones dislocated by being shaken along the gullies, and then plastered by being thrown into the soft mortar of the mud holes, must especially avoid the Erie turnpike. It is intended to unite the lake with the Pittsburgh and Delaware canal by a canal, to be made somewhere on this line, to pass, I think, through Meadville. We passed by the college of Rev. Mr. Alden, of which you have heard. The walls and roof of a respectable building already exist; and it is to be hoped, that the sustained and unwearied exertions of that amiable man, to raise an institution there, will be crowned with ultimate success.

At Pittsburgh I contemplated the noble works on the great canal, which is to connect that place with Philadelphia. The work is advancing with infinite spirit, and whole masses of Irish, with their customary good nature and volubility, were laboring on it. Massive blocks of stone, split out for the locks, encumbered our road It is hoped, it will be finished to the mountains next season. A warmer, or a dustier day, seldom occurs. The clouds of dust, added to the volumes of coal-smoke, gave this busy and growing town an atmosphere of umbrageous compactness; and the inhabitants might be said, without much stretch of figure, to dwell in the blackness of the darkness of the smoke of industry. The following day, a company of Scotch, in full tartan plaid, marched through the streets. I never have seen a battalion of urchins so conspicuously coated with dirt, as the crowd of boys, that followed the procession.

The river was too low to expect a steam boat at Pittsburgh, and we took the stage through Steubenville to Wheeling. Ten miles before we reached that place, we hailed a steam boat, that had been aground above, and was now passing down. They laid to, and took all the stage passengers on board. We arrived at Cincinnati with no other accident, than being grounded twice or three times; once most provokingly just after sunset, when within eight miles and an hour's passage of home. I was obliged to digest my impatience, as I might. I reached home at nine the next morning.

As you and various other of my friends have talked of making a tour towards this world of woods and prairies in the regions of the setting sun, it is but right, that I conclude this long letter, by a word of information touching my views of the best way of coming here from your country. I lay out of the account the thoroughfare from Virginia to Kentucky, and from North Carolina to Tennessee, as being beyond the limits of your probable route, and confine myself to a comparison of the three chief northern routes of approach,; to wit, by Baltimore and Wheeling, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and Buffalo and lake Erie. You take either the stage or the canal from Albany to Buffalo. Thence there are different routes to Cincinnati. From Erie by the stage over the '*turnpike*' to Pittsburgh, is 120 miles. If the road were tolerable, the Ohio is generally too low to be navigable by steam boats, during the summer months. The next route is to Cleaveland, and thence by the stage to Cincinnati, over a road ordinarily muddy and deep, and not far short of 280 miles. The other route by the lake is to ascend the lake to Sandusky, nearly a hundred miles higher, and thence by the stage to Cincinnati,—the distance something less than by Cleaveland. But there are two other routes in this direction, either of them unquestionably preferable to either of these; because they much curtail the distance over the bad roads in Ohio. The first is to take passage from Buffalo to Cleaveland, and thence ascend the canal sixty-four miles to Massillon, to which point the canal is in excellent passing order, with fine boats; and thence to take the stage to Steubenville. I know not the exact distance, nor the character of the road. But the distance cannot be over one hundred miles, and the road is said to be comparatively good. The other, and I deem the pleasantest, and best of the whole, is to ascend the canal, as aforesaid, and thence take the stage to Dayton. The distance cannot be more than 68 or 70 miles, and the road is on the table land between the waters of the lake and of the Ohio, and is said to be good. From Dayton to this city, the canal will be in operation, it is said, this autumn. This reduces the whole distance of land travel between New-York and this city to the distance between Massillon and Dayton, say 70 miles.

On the road from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh the route is all turnpike; but it is a very indifferent road notwithstanding, and the taverns beyond Chambersburgh very ordinary. The mountains are more precipitous, than by the Baltimore route; and from Pittsburgh you are by no means sure of a steam boat passage during the summer months. For pleasantness and comfort, I decidedly recommend the route to Baltimore, and thence by the national road to Wheeling. The time by the steam boats and the mail stages, from your town to this, is from ten to twelve days.

When the great canals and rail roads are completed, you can choose between the Ohio canal by the Scioto, or the Ohio canal direct to this city; for finishing which half a million acres of land have been granted by Congress, and which, to the central and richest portions of this valley, will be more important, than any other. Or you can come by the canal from the Delaware to Pittsburgh, or by the rail road from the Chesapeake to the Ohio. At any rate, you will have an ample range of choice, and can come by either route, without any jolting, on your couch, if you are ill, or in any state of the case, as lazily, as you choose.

Therefore, for my sake and your own, live on, if possible, *et sis beatus*, until these great works are completed. Then, and not until then, can mercantile business between the East and West be transacted with facility, order and despatch. Then, if not before, the Atlantic people will begin to be instructed by their senses what has been going on in these wide, shaded and fertile valleys. Then they will have the elements of calculation before them, what our number and power are one day to become.

Yours, as ever.

POETICAL.

THE MARTYR SON.

[*From* 'The Shoshonee Valley,' *an unpublished Tale.*]

In Sewasserna's greenest dell,
Beside its clear and winding stream,
The Shoshonee at evening tell
A tale of truth, that well might seem
A poet's wild and baseless dream,
If many an eye, that saw the sight,
Were not as yet undim'd and bright,
And many an ear, that heard it all,
Still startled by the sear leaf's fall.

For years the tribe had dwelt in peace,
Amidst the free and full increase,
That Nature in luxuriance yields,
From their almost uncultur'd fields,
Without one scene of passing strife,
To mar their peaceful village life.
The buried hatchet, cased in rust,
Had almost moulder'd into dust,
And o'er the spot, where it was laid,
The peace-tree threw a broadening shade,
On whose green turf the Warriors met,
And smok'd the circling calumet.

At length Discord, the Fury, came,
Waving her murd'rous torch of flame,
And kindled that intestine fire,
In which the virtues all expire;
Which, like the lightning-flame, burns on
More fierce for being rained upon
By showers of tears, which vainly drench
A fire, that blood alone can quench.

Two chieftain brothers met in pride,
While brethren warr'd on either side,
And kindred hands, that clasp'd before,
Were deeply dyed in kindred gore.
How many fought, how many fell;
It boots not, now to pause, and tell;
Besides, that tale may be another's—
I never lov'd the strife of brothers.

On a smooth plain, of living green,
Their mingled monuments are seen,
In turf-crown'd hillocks, circling round
The fallen Chieftain's central mound;
And yearly on that fatal plain
Their kindred meet, and mourn the slain,
Wat'ring their humble graves anew,
With fond affection's hallow'd dew.

When time and truce at length subdued
The fierceness of that fatal feud,
The Chieftain sent his council call,
And every Warrior sought the hall,
To smoke the pipe, and chase away
The memory of that fatal fray.

But Justice claims another life—
Another victim to that strife;
And her stern law may not be chang'd.
One Warrior slumbers unaveng'd.
Some one must die; for life alone
Can for another life atone.
It was at length decreed, to take
A victim, for atonement's sake,
By lot, from those, against whom lay
The fearful balance of that day.

The solemn trial now had come,
And, slowly, to the measur'd drum,
March, one by one, the victim band,
To where two aged Warriors stand
Beside a vase, whose ample womb
Contains the fatal lot of doom.
That mystic rod, prepared with care,
Lies with three hundred others there;
And each, in turn, his fate must try,
With beating heart, and blindfold eye.
Woe to the hand, that lifts it high!
The owner of that hand must die.

Could I in words of power indite,
I would in thrilling verse recite,
How many came, and tried, and past,
Ere the dread lot was drawn at last,
By a lone widow, whose last son
Follow'd her steps, and saw it done.
I would, in magic strains, essay
To paint the passions in their play,

And all their deep wrought movements trace,
Upon that son's and mother's face.

Yes,—I would picture, even now,
The paleness of her care-worn brow,
The tearless marble of her cheek,
The tender voice, that cried, though weak,
In tones, that seem'd almost of joy,—
'At least it is not thine, my boy!'
I would describe his frantic cry,
When the dark symbol caught his eye;
The look of fixt and settled gloom,
With which he heard the fatal doom;
And the flush'd cheek, and kindling glance,
Which, from the high and holy trance
Of filial inspiration, caught
The brightness of his glorious thought,
When through their circling ranks he prest,
And thus the wondering crowd addrest:

'Hear me, ye Warriors. I am young;
But feelings, such as prompt my tongue,
Might, even to a child, impart
That living language of the heart,
Which needs no rules, of age, nor art,
To recommend its warm appeal
To every bosom, that can feel.
Oh! let my grief-worn mother live,
And, for her life, I 'll freely give
This life of mine, whose youthful prime
Is yet unworn by toil or time.
An offering, such as this, will please
The ghost, whose manes ye would appease,
More, than the last few days of one,
Whose course on earth is almost run.

'Her aged head is gray with years,
Her cheeks are channel'd deep with tears,
While every lock is raven, now,
Upon my smooth, unfurrow'd brow,
And, in my veins, the purple flood
Of my brave father's warrior blood
Is swelling, in the deep, full tide
Of youthful strength and youthful pride
Her trembling steps can scarce explore
The paths, she trod so light of yore;
While I can match the wild deer's flight
On level plain, or mountain height,

And chase, untir'd, from day to day,
The flying bison, on their way.

'Oh! ye are sons, and once were prest
In fondness to a mother's breast.
Think of her soft voice, that carest;
Her arms, where ye were lull'd to rest;
Her quivering kiss, that was imprest
So fondly on your sicken'd brow;
Oh! think of these, and tell me, now,
If ye, as sons, can here deny
A son the privilege to die
For her, who thus wak'd, watch'd, and wept,
While in her cradling arms he slept.
Ye cannot. No,—there is not one,
That can refuse the victim son.
Warriors, the young man's talk is done.'

Th' approving shout, that burst aloud
From all that wild, untutor'd crowd,
Was proof, that even they, the rude
Free dwellers of the solitude,
Had hearts, that inly thrill'd to view
The meed to filial virtue due.

I will not waste my time, nor oil,
Upon a scene, that I should spoil;
Nor labor to describe that pair,
Striving in fond affection there,—
The darling son, and cherished mother,—
Which should die to save the other.

Ere long, there was a gather'd throng,
Whence rose a wild and solemn song,—
The death-song of that martyr son;
And thus his plaintive descant run:

'I fear not the silence, nor gloom of the grave;
'Tis a pathway of shade and gay flowers to the Brave,—
For it leads him to plains, where the gleams of the sun
Kindle spring in their path, that will never be done.

Groves, valleys and mountains, bright streamlet and dell,
Sweet haunts of my youth, take my parting farewell;
Ye Braves of my kindred, and thou, Mother, adieu;
Great Shades of my Fathers, I hasten to you.'

He fell. The verdant mound, that prest
Upon his young, heroic breast,

By warrior hands was rear'd and drest.
The mother, too, ere the rude breeze
Of Winter's wind had stripp'd the trees,
Had bow'd her head in grief, and died,
And there she slumbers at his side.
Hard by the village on the shore,
Their mounds are seen, all studded o'er
With various wild flowers, by the care
Of sons and mothers, planted there;
And, to this day, they tell their tale,
In Sewasserna's dark green vale.

M. P. F.

REVIEW.

Letters on the Logos, by Charles W. Upham, *Associate Minister of the First Church in Salem, Mass.* Boston: Bowles & Dearborn. 1828.—pp. 215.

The Trinitarian Controversy; a Discourse delivered at the ordination of Rev. Daniel M. Stearns. By Charles Lowell, D. D., Boston: S. Simpkins.

When the former work was put into our hand by the amiable and promising youthful author, we admit, that we hardly expected to find time to give it such a perusal, as we were aware, we owed to the talents and industry of the writer. A general impression, too, that the kind of learning, which we expected to find in the book, was best fitted for the study of dreaming doctors in monkish sinecurism, and little adapted to the pursuits of an accomplished young divine, quick-sighted in general to discern, and follow the true and the useful, we admit, mingled with this expectation. But we have perused it with some degree of diligence; and although prejudiced against such inquiries in general, we have entirely altered our views both of the interest and utility of this particular work. We do not presume to have sufficiently investigated the subject to be able to give a confident opinion, touching his demonstration of the truth of his theory. But we are sure, that the book shows a meritorious degree of research,—a great amount of biblical criticism,—an accurate acquaintance with the several biblical commentators, and very respectable acquirements in the languages, in which the scriptures were written. To give a brief analysis and abstract of it, we conceive, will be the best service, we can render to the book and the reading community.

The work is inscribed to the Rev. Dr. Ware, theological professor in Harvard University, and appears in the form of a series of letters to him. The object and purport of them is briefly delineated in a neatly written and pertinent preface. Thrice happy would it be, if this treatise, and the excellent discourse, whose title appears with it, should have any tendency to settle, or allay the bitter and unprofitable controversy between the two warring sects, who combat on the ground of these discussions.

The Trinitarians consider, as their most tenable ground, the first verses of the Gospel according to St. John. If then the precise scriptural import of the term 'Logos,' there used, can be ascertained, the author justly thinks, that a great point would be gained towards settling the controversy between them and the Unitarians. To ascertain, therefore, and settle the import of the term '*Logos*' is the great object of this treatise.' 'It has been demonstrated, he says, that he, that is, the Saviour, is not what the Trinitarian declares him to be, that is very and eternal God. But it is not yet clearly discovered, and settled, what he really is in the great scheme of the dispensations of religion and of the moral administration of the world. The accidental perusal of Mr. Lowman's tracts upon the *Shekinah* and *Logos*, put the author upon the investigation, of which this treatise is the result.' The single point of his inquiry is this, what constitutes the peculiar dignity of the Saviour, and, placing him above men and angels, renders him worthy to be called the Son of God? The author contends, and we believe it is generally admitted on all hands, that the text 1 John, v. 7, is an interpolation. There are a hundred passages, which Trinitarian ministers commonly quote in the pulpits, as irrefragable proofs of what are called the orthodox opinions. But it is only, because in that place much passes unquestioned, which it would hardly be deemed creditable, to bring into an argument, where both parties could be heard. In such an argument the more untenable ground is abandoned, and the question is made chiefly to bear on the first eighteen verses of St. John's gospel. As a clear and satisfactory definition of the import of the word '*Logos*' in these verses is the hinge, upon which the question turns, so far as those passages are concerned, the great purpose of the work before us is to settle that import.

The first fourteen verses of St. John's gospel, it is generally admitted, are advanced as counterpositions to prevalent errors of misguided friends, or false doctrines of open or secret enemies of the gospel. The first step in the investigation, then, is to discover, what those false opinions were. The fundamental articles of the Jewish religion were the simplest and most unmodified declaration of the unity and spirituality of the Divinity. By this they understood, that He was confined to no place, and filled every place, and existed in no visible or material form. Surrounded on every side by polytheism, and by people abandoned to the worship of idols, the Jews were constantly in danger of losing this fundamental article of their worship; and in fact their history is a melancholy one of the frequency of this abandonment, and consequent attachment to the idolatrous worship of the surrounding nations. To preserve the doctrine of the unity and spirituality of God inviolate seems to have been one of the great purposes of the Jewish dispensation. Not only the Jews, so often characterized in the bible, as stiff-necked and hard-hearted, found it difficult to retain these simple and elevated conceptions; but if any one of us will earnestly examine his own views of the nature and mode of the divine existence, he will find, that the most thinking have in their minds images, sufficiently vague, and rather ideas of negation, than of distinct and comprehensible thoughts upon the subject. We can do little more, than exclude from the image form, color, outline, and material attribute. We can easily imagine power, wisdom and goodness inherent in a certain being, whom we call God. But when we analyse the idea of God, we think of his being, as such, and not of his attributes. As it requires deep and painful attention to investigate this idea in the abstract, it will be easy to conceive, how extreme was the danger, to which the Jews were constantly exposed, of losing this simple and fundamental truth. The union of a single image, drawn from material objects, would effectually destroy it. To guard the Jews from this danger was the obvious end of the second commandment.

There can be no doubt, that the first images, which children form of the Divinity are material ones. The Catholics, sensible of the importance of fixing the ideas in worship, and indulgent to this universal propensity to embody the divine image, present Him before the worshippers, in the painting of a venerable old man; probably, thinking it better to concentre the ideas in this mode, than that the worshipper should have no distinct idea of God present to his mind. It is well known, that the Jews in worship, and in common discourse, from a period at least as early as the Babylonish captivity, have never dared utter the awful name of Jehovah. The author thinks, that piety may have been the first motive to this interdiction. But, he deems, it had its origin, also, in the wisdom and policy of the Jewish theology. The author does not affirm, that we think in words, but seems to suppose, that we may perform this mental exercise without them. But words are necessarily so associated with certain images, related to particular thoughts, that they instantly and reciprocally suggest each other. 'Ideas,' as he beautifully expresses himself, are 'wafted, or floated on from one to another by the instrumentality of images, impressed, as it were, upon particular words, and to whatever minds the images are thus presented, they suggest the intended ideas, either directly, or by the agency of some supposed analogy.'

This thought furnishes the author with a clue to the motive, why the Jews were interdicted the use of the ineffable name. Used in the interchange of thoughts, it would gradually assume the place of that abstract and negative notion, which is alone appropriate to the one, omnipresent and immaterial divinity. They were thus interdicted the utterance of the word, by a solemn avoidance of it more effectually to impress the Jews with the impropriety of their allowing themselves to speculate in imagination, concerning the nature of that being, whose very name their lips could not without sin and danger pronounce.

The policy of the Jewish divines did not end here. They were as much exposed to the danger of imagining the divinity a circumscribed and local being, as they were to give him a corporeal image. Naturally would they imagine him, dwelling in flames and smoke, and causing earthquakes by his presence on the top of Sinai, or between the cherubim, where the visible symbol of his presence rested. To warn them against such natural, but unworthy thoughts, Solomon sublimely said, in his consecrating prayer, *behold Heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee.*

To guard against this error the Jewish scriptures occasionally use, instead of the ineffable name, the phrase *the word, or the 'Logos' of the Lord.* It is used, he says, in various places in the Jewish scriptures. It is used almost invariably in their Targums, and in the Pentateuch version by Onkelos, and he quotes seven, or eight examples. The object of this circumlocution, he considers to be obviously this, that men might not mistake the manifestation, or the word of God, or the declaration of his will and purpose, for God himself. The use of this circumlocution he traces to the Babylonish captivity, and finds the expression *Mimra or Logos* applied to divine manifestations, commencing, he thinks, at the time, when the ineffable name became interdicted, and at least as far back, as the Babylonish captivity. The third letter turns from this view of the Jewish theology, to that of the Gentiles. With the least advance from barbarism, there always sprung up some more powerful and enquiring minds, that were dissatisfied with the gross polytheism and idolatry of the Gentiles, some few, disposed to trace effects to their true causes, and to enquire about

> *'Magni primordia mundi,*
> *Et rerum causas; et quid natura docebat;*
> *Quid Deus? Unde nives? quæ fulminis esset origo?'*

In the schools of this philosophy, the polytheism of the Gentiles was ingeniously tortured into allegories, symbols and physical discourses. The moving powers and elements of the natural and moral world were personified in the superior gods of the pantheon; and the inferior, not having this claim to importance and perpetuity, sunk into gradual contempt. The author supposes, that the natural issue of things, without the Christian revelation, would have terminated in the 'trinity' of Plato, the quaternity of Pythagoras, or, more probably, in the duality, or the good and evil principle of Manicheism, or in a universal infidelity, or Atheism, based either on the philosophy of the

Stoics, which inculcated the extinction of all feeling; or of the Epicureans, which allowed the indiscriminate gratification of all the desires and passions.

Egypt and Chaldea were, probably, the sources of the gentile Polytheism and idolatry. In these countries religion was veiled under a mysterious shrouding of allegory and symbol. This, concealing their speculations from the vulgar, allowed them an unmolested range of investigation; and it is probable, that of all the nations of antiquity, they approached nearest to just conceptions, respecting the unity and spirituality of God.

They held to a supreme Original Cause, who gave birth to a succession of *Œons*, or emanations, in regular gradations of rank and dignity, and to whom were entrusted the several departments of the administration of the world. To the vulgar they imparted the most debasing superstitions; to philosophers, the most sublime truths. It incidentally appears, that the author has full credence, in the late discovery of the supposed clue to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It may be superfluous to remark, that he has a faith upon this subject, that we have not.

The emperor Julian, it is well known, objected to the Christians, that the pagan system was not what they represented it; but that it announced one supreme Divinity, to whom all the rest were subordinate. Plato held to the *Supreme Intelligence*—the *To agathon*. Homer, more than once, represents Jove, as omnipotent, controling *agathonte kakonte*,—both the good and evil principles. Every one knows, that Virgil often designates Jupiter, as '*pater omnipotens*.' Many of the first Christian fathers, in the prevalent disposition to philosophize, probably strained theories, to carry these parallels between Christian and gentile speculations, as far as possible. Cudworth, in his admirable 'intellectual system,' admits, that the gentiles were given to '*physiologize*,' or symbolize, and to look upon the world, as a mirror, reflecting the visible image of the Invisible Deity,—and the several departments of nature, as manifestations of the Divine power and providence; and that these several manifestations of the Divinity might be made distinct objects of veneration; but that, though they thus personified parts of nature, the intelligent might clearly understand their fundamental persuasion, that one *Numen*, one divine power, was visible through the whole world in multiform displays of himself.

From the traditions of Orpheus to the mystic and transcendental lore of the sublime Plato, each philosopher and poet had his own notions, touching the celestial powers. They struggled hard, but it should seem, after all, ineffectually, to spell out the great master truths of religion from the dim and hieroglyphic characters of the book of nature. They apprehended not the possibility of the co-existence with the material universe, and diffusion throughout it, of a single spirit, simultaneously and every where intelligent, active and powerful. This ignorance naturally led them to the admission of derived and dependent beings, to whom were parcelled out the several provinces of the government of nature.

Why did not the philosophers, who travelled in every direction for knowledge on these high points, gain it, where it existed in its truth and simplicity among the Jews? The author supposes, that it was in consequence of this circumlocutory way of speaking of the Divinity, derived from the interdiction of his ineffable name. The Deity was spoken of by this name, '*Logos,*' *the Word of the Lord;* and this mode of describing his name and character gave birth to wild and erroneous opinions, not only among the Jews themselves, but also among the disciples of Platonism.

Anaximander considered '*infinity,*' as the First Principle. Thales viewed '*water,*' as the origin of all things. A Greek verse of Homer is quoted, which represents the '*ocean,*' as the source, whence all things sprung. Virgil, in his Georgics, repeats this sentiment. Pherecydes Syrus supposed the eternal beings to be Jupiter, time and the earth. Pythagoras varied in his opinions, at one time representing the sun, moon and stars, as the chief divinities, and at other times inclining to Manicheism, under the names Monad and Dyad. To him also is attributed the doctrine of a '*Tetrad,*' a fourfold division of the divinity,—an idea, probably, drawn from the Rabbinical fancy of the '*Tetragrammaton,*' or four Hebrew letters, which constituted the name Jehovah.

The author proceeds to the transcendental and mystic speculations of Plato. The supreme, underived Power, he designates '*To en,*' the one, and '*To agathon,*' the good. This is the supreme Moral Power of the universe. The intellectual power is next, though subordinate, and is called '*Nous,*' and '*Logos,*' equivalent to 'reason.' He named the third and last principle '*Psuche,*' or *the Soul of the World.* The author justly remarks, that it is an admirable testimony to the unassisted powers of this gentile philosopher, that he gave pre-eminence to the moral over the intellectual principle, and placed his 'trinity' of the divisions of the divine attributes in the order, benevolence, intelligence, and vitality, or the active principle. It was a beautiful and sublime conception, that the ultimate and controling principle of the universe is *benevolence.*

If this view of the Divine nature by Plato were not an allegory, the only alternative is to suppose, that he regarded these three principles, as divinities, existing in the order of power, in which he has named them. This theory became the basis of the systems of the western schools. The author traces it in the three capitoline gods, Jupiter, Juno and Minerva, and these were again allegorized to mean the *higher heaven*, the *middle æther*, and the *lower air*.

We now approach the bearing of these opinions upon the author's theory. He says, that when this triad became firmly established in the Pantheon, infinite controversies sprung up, touching the meaning, origin and rank of these divisions of the Divine nature. A whole host of such expressions, as '*Self-begotten, Eternal generation, the Father of himself*,' &c. came into use. Reasoners in this school, like the leaders of all sects, desirous to enlist antiquity in their favor, tasked their ingenuity, to force the ancient systems to give evidence in favor of their trinity. The Platonizing fathers went over to Christianity, in order to bring Christianity back to Platonism. Such, he supposes, is the view of the philosophy of Plato in the book, entitled '*Platonisme Devoile*,' which represents the trinity of Plato, as meaning the three principal properties, which he saw in the creation and course of the world, '*goodness*, *wisdom* and *energy*.'

The fathers of the church, the author remarks, were bold and indefatigable in their exertions, not so much to make the heathen system give testimony in favor of their trinity, as to force the Christian Scriptures to testify to its truth. The heathen philosophers, he observes, had done it to their hands. The whole host of oriental idolators and Grecian polytheists, from Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer down to Plato, were marshalled in solid column along with the sacred writers of both covenants, in defence of this dogma; and they labored, he says, with the zeal and ingenuity of special pleaders in support of their cause. They endeavored to show as great a similarity as possible between the systems, and to diminish to the utmost extent the change, necessary in a person shifting relations, as a disciple, from Zoroaster, Pythagoras, or Plato to Jesus. Stillingfleet observes, that they rather sought to conform the Scriptures to the school of Plato, than reform that school by the Scriptures; '*veritatis dogmata ad philosophicas sententias adulterare*.'

The author adds, that to him there is nothing surprizing in adopting the notions of the trinity into the Christian church. The deification of the three *archial* principles of Plato was very natural. His genius and eloquence rendered his system widely popular. It was thus preserved in the world, until it became embalmed, by being blended with the doctrines of the gospel. It was in itself a pure and sublime system of philosophy, and offered to the apologists of the simple gospel of the poor the very point, they needed, to put them on a level with the heathen schools in estimation,—that is, a certain amount of mystery and recondite learning.

From a passage of the controversy of Origen with Celsus, it appears, that 'Celsus reproached the Christian priests with keeping their doctrines secret. Origen, in reply, partly denies the charge, and mentions several doctrines of the gospel, such as *a future punishment* and *the resurrection of the dead*, as doctrines every where published. But, he concludes, if there be some *arcana imperii* in the Christian religion, it cannot be denied, that there are the same in philosophy.'

The fourth letter proceeds from the consideration of the simple and original gentile and Jewish theology, to the eclectic systems of philosophy, compounded and composed of those, which had preceded them. The Greeks and Romans treated the gods of the *barbarians*, as they politely phrased all other people, as Napoleon treated the pictures of the countries, which he conquered. They brought them home, and placed them beside their native gods, and made them free, if we may so say, of the city. While the common people were always zealously attached to their own faith, they were equally indulgent to that of others. In adopting the gods of the conquered countries, they naturally assimilated themselves to the opinions of the various people, with whom they had intercommunication. Hence the Roman empire, embracing the known world in one vast community, would naturally originate a philosophy, compounded of all the systems of all the nations, they had conquered. Schools of philosophy were established in various points of the empire; and the most wild and visionary schemes of cosmogony and religion were the result.

We have not space to follow the author in his instructive view of the different eclectic systems by the different philosophers. The Jews, among the rest, had their *kabbala*, and incorporated gentile visions and mysteries with theirs; and the gentiles again borrowed from them. The advocates of these compounded systems were called '*Gnostics*,' in consequence of their high pretensions to knowledge. From the time of the Jewish captivity, as has been remarked, the Jews substituted the term '*Logos*' for the interdicted and ineffable name; and the theory of the author is this, that so far from this term importing a being distinct from the one God, it was adopted for the very purpose of preserving the idea of his unity, by divesting the manifestations made by him at different times and places of the idea of any distinct personality. In the development of this idea, the author shall speak for himself.

'In order to prevent the error of supposing, that the Divine essence, which is every where equally present, and equally imperceptible, had ever made a sensible appearance, under a limited and circumscribed outline, or shape, or species, the administrators of the church of Israel most prudently instructed its members, when speaking or writing concerning the wonderful exhibitions of a miraculous nature, which had been vouchsafed to them, or to their fathers, never to say, that God immediately and really appeared in a personal manner, but that his *Logos*, or *Will*, or *Word*, then and there was made known, or came forth to them. When the idea of a communication or revelation, made to the minds of men, by any outward signs, or sensible symbols of the existence, purposes, laws, or power of God, was to be expressed, instead of saying, that God appeared in these signs or symbols, they were taught to speak of them, as the mere instruments or vehicles, by which the ideas of his existence, purposes, laws, or power, were conveyed to them. As we arrest the attention of each other's minds, and interchange our ideas by the means of words, so it was a most natural use of language among the Jews, to call all those appearances, by which God communicated with them, his 'Word.' We have, then, the existence of this phrase in the Hebrew nation, certainly as far back as the captivity of Babylon. We can discern the purposes for which it was invented. We perceive its original, simple, and, as will hereafter, I think, be shown, true meaning. Let me now offer my conjectures respecting the causes, which attached to it that false signification, which, in substance, has so long adhered to it, and the process by which it became connected with it.'—p. 59.

The gentiles heard the Jews speak of their God, under the name of 'The Word.' They were generally believers in two principles, the good and the evil one. They would naturally regard this '*Logos*' the one, or the other, according as their own views of him were favorable, or unfavorable. Many of them, unable to settle his character, concluded him to be the author of both good and evil. The author imagines, that the Egyptians would suppose the *Logos* to be one of their *Œons*. The Greeks would regard Jehovah, for whose name the word *Logos* was substituted, as the '*To en*,' or the '*To agathon*.' Unacquainted with the considerations, which led to its original use, they would naturally translate '*Mimra*,' the Chaldee word, into *Logos*, the Greek one. To them it would be equivalent to the term 'reason.' Without inquiring into the original meaning and intent of the term, from the correspondency between it and the term for the second person in the Platonic trinity, to wit, the *mind*, or *reason* of the Divine nature, they would naturally believe, it had the same purport. As the term 'Logos of the Lord' became gradually adopted by other nations, it is not unlikely, that the Jews themselves, forgetting its original import, would imperceptibly imbibe the gentile idea, and regard it, as the title of a separate divine existence.

A leading doctrine of the philosophy of the times was, that the world was not created by the Supreme God, nor the *Logos*, nor the *Nous* of Plato, but by inferior angels, called *demiurges*. This was to avoid the perplexing difficulty of supposing, that evil could come from the intellectual principle, or the good being. It was the common opinion, too, that matter was the source of evil. Hence sprang the doctrine, that Christ had not a body of material flesh, but of some etherial substance,—or that he was a mere phantom. It was asserted, also, that there existed a large number of *Œons* between the First Cause and this world. There were *Thought*, *Foreknowledge*, *Incorruption*, *Life*, *Light*, and innumerable others. Some considered God and matter co-eternal first causes, the one the origin of good, the other of evil.

Besides these, there was another prevalent opinion at this time.

> 'It was this; that the God of the Jews was either the angel, or one of the body of angels to whom the creation of the world was ascribed; that, under the administration of this angel, the God of the Jews, called by them 'The Logos of the Lord,' men were detained in sin and darkness, and kept from the knowledge and service of the Supreme and Benevolent First Cause; that this Supreme Being sent Jesus Christ, who was one of the first and most exalted of creatures, derived from him, and who was clothed with a body of a celestial substance, to overthrow and supersede the government of the God of the Jews, to whom men before looked up, as to their supreme ruler; to make known unto them, for the first time, the existence of his Father, the first cause of every thing true and good; and to prepare them, by a course of discipline, and by a constant contemplation of him, for a translation to a nearer communion with this all-perfect being, where, liberated from flesh and all evil, they would pass a blessed immortality.'—p. 67.

Among those, who entertained monstrous opinions of this sort, were Simon Magus, Menander, Nicolaus and Cerinthus. This latter affirmed, that Jesus had a human nature, until the time of his baptism; and that afterwards one of the most exalted of *Œons* descended upon him, the first begotten *Nous* of Plato; and previous to his crucifixion, ascended to the *pleroma*, or upper heavens. The author supposes, that this may have been the origin of the opinion of the two natures in the Saviour.

We have, also, detailed accounts of the errors in the church in the second century. The author here enumerates the sects, and speaks of their prevalent errors. These errors, he supposes, prevailed at the time, when St. John wrote his gospel. Ireneus and Epiphanius give the following, as a part of the scheme of Basilides. The author here presents a kind of genealogical table, for which, in its extent, we have not space. We give it in mass, omitting the Greek, and retaining the translation.

1. *The Unbegotten, who alone is Father of all.*
2. *Nous, or the Intellectual Principle.*
3. *Logos, The Word, or Reason.*
4. *Phronesis.—Understanding;* dividing itself into
5. *Dunamis, Strength, Sophia, Wisdom;* again subdividing into
6. *Archai (Principalities,) Exousiai (Powers,) Angeloi (Angels.)*
7. *The upper heaven.*

From these, according to Lardner, proceeded three hundred and sixty-five other angels and heavens! This specimen of the wildness of the philosophical opinions of that time might be extended to any length.

The author proceeds to quote various passages from Paul, which clearly manifest, that he had reference to these opinions. He proceeds to give the scheme of Valentinus in another table, similar to the other; only that in this the first principles are *Bathos*, *the profound*, and *Sige*, *silence;* and then he quotes other passages from Paul, which evidently hint at these visionary *fables*, *babblings*, *genealogies*, *oppositions of science*, *feigned words*, &c. It is worthy of remark, the author says, that in this system, '*Logos*' is neither the *only*, nor the *first begotten*, and that the *Logos* and *Nous* of Plato are separated, as distinct principles.

The remainder of this letter is occupied in citations from the ancients, as Homer and Virgil, in giving the opinions of Philo, whom some have supposed to have been a Christian, and in whose writings the word *Logos* is frequently introduced. On these sentiments of Philo a very interesting note is given, which we would be glad to transfer to our pages. A few lines are given to the heresy of the Sabians, and to the Serpentists, who held to two natures in the Saviour. Christ they considered a divine, and Jesus a human nature. The divine they worshipped; the human they anathematized; and he quotes two passages from Paul, which, probably, refer to that heresy. 'No man, speaking by the spirit of God, calleth Jesus accursed. If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.'—This parallel was to us a new and striking illustration.

The Jewish Rabbis were not behind the philosophers of the day, in dispositions to personify their *Logos*, and to ascribe to him a personal existence. With a survey of the ground, over which he has passed, some further comments upon the import of the term *Logos*, and some impressive reflections, this letter closes. We reserve further remarks upon this treatise for another number.

The remaining half of this volume evidences a surprizing amount of reading and research for so youthful a theologian. We have perused it with a great degree of satisfaction and interest. If there is any thing to regret, it is that, treating of points of inscrutable import, and of the most abstract and mysterious character, and his own mind filled with his own train of ideas, he seems not to be always aware, that the chain, which may be connected and clear to him, may not be so easily grasped, in all its links, by the reader. His language in some places is too much involved, too abstruse and philosophical, for common apprehension, for which, we would suppose, the book was written. If we apprehend him, the discriminating feature of his theory is, that the *Logos*, mentioned in John's gospel, and in the Hebrew Scriptures, is not the name of the individuality and person of Christ, 'but a word derived from the name applied by the Jews to the divine appearance, or manifestation; and that its true meaning is to be found, by investigating their views of these divine appearances.'

The speculations of the author, touching the precise character and offices and dignity of the Saviour, have not yet appeared in that part of the volume, of which we have here given the abstract. The only corollary from this theory, if demonstrated, would be, that the argument drawn from what is said of the *Logos*, in the beginning of St. John's gospel, can in no sense be conclusive to prove the personal divinity of the Saviour, and his absolute equality with the Father, as contended by trinitarians. We would be glad, that he, and all disputants, would leave this point of bitter question, where it is left by Scripture, and by the excellent discourse, the title of which is at the head of this article; that is to say, that the abstract nature and dignity of the Saviour are a mystery, which God has not seen fit to reveal to us, probably, because we could not comprehend it, if revealed. The mental comprehension and the language of heaven are not yet ours, and we must wait patiently till they are. Every one believes in one, simple, indivisible and infinite Being; and therefore every one, in this high and exclusive sense, is a unitarian. We have no doubt, that the dispute between the two sects is, for the most part, what the greater portion of theological discussion has always been, a dispute about terms, to which neither party affixes any distinct ideas whatever. We do not believe, that men were more idolators fifty years ago, before this dispute existed in our country, than they are now. If trinitarians and unitarians were compelled to be silent, until they had precise ideas about what is the point of division and dispute between them, we are clear, that the greater portion of the dispute would be consigned to silence and oblivion. Worship is a feeling, a homage of the mind and of the heart, and the object not the less real, because utterly incomprehensible, either as three, or one. —We regret the application of that ingenuity of unitarians, which denies that Christ is the object of worship in the Scriptures. Whether the term for that homage be *proskunesis*, or one of higher import, we have no doubt, that the primitive believers worshipped Christ. We have no fears of giving him too high a place in our thoughts, or of placing on him too entire a reliance. If the gospel and the epistles do not give to the Saviour a claim far above any prophet, apostle, martyr, example, principality, angel, or power,—if the apostles do not assign to him a high and peculiar place in their faith, thoughts and hopes, then words to us would cease to have a meaning. Happy, and thrice happy would it be for the world, if theologians were obliged by the prevalent sense of the community, to preach, and inculcate conversion and a new life, instead of wasting a perverted and idle ingenuity upon points, which neither men, nor, probably, angels understand. The bitterest disputes have always been about the most trivial points, and questions, upon which neither party had any distinct ideas. How much blood has been shed, and how many anathemas denounced, touching words, mere words without ideas! If all the controversial divinity upon these points, that ever was written, were condensed to the sum of what was useful, in our opinion, a nutshell would contain it all; and all this about the most natural, simple and instinctive sentiment of the heart—religion.

From some one of the multitude of young men, who have commenced perpetrating criticism, we presume, we have received the critique, which follows. Many of these sprigs of wisdom have set up in business in this way with no more stock, than an amalgam of lead and brass in the upper department, and mistaking the commotion of envy and malignity for the genuine movements of inspiration. We are aware, that one or two editors have obtained money and notoriety by detraction and abuse, enlivened, however, and spiced by a certain degree of wit. Multitudes without a particle of the latter are emulating these unfortunate examples of success. Time was, when it was thought, that to be a critic required some learning, experience and taste. But we now see, that this personage can be made of any block of wood, that comes to hand. We every day see people assuming this business, as competent to do it, as an ant, that had crawled up one of the columns, would be to judge of the architecture and proportions of St. Peter's. The very pigs of lead in the warehouses are in a fair way to cant about taste and books. There would be no harm in this order of things, were it not so easy a thing in our country to become an editor, and thus obtain the control of a press, that omnipotent engine for good or evil. The self-same spirit, which leavens the political lump, begins now to ferment the literature of the land. No measures of regard to truth and gentlemanly feeling are kept. It is only necessary to make a liberal use of the terms, *dunce*, *fool*, *blockhead*, *stupid fellow*, &c.—and when the change is rung out, place these terms in a new combination, and then ring them over again, to set up for a full fledged critic. If a man, however talented, cannot sustain the impudence of all this pack, starting into full cry every time the moon shines, he had better at once forego committing himself to the press. The modest and respectable will be driven from the walks of literature, as most of them have already been from the arena of political struggle. The mass of readers, unable, or too much occupied to judge, are too ready to take the responses of these self-constituted oracles upon trust. A thousand mistake flippant and malignant pertness for wit, and the frothing of small beer for the less visible fermentation of the juice of the grape.

We love our country, and are as proud of it as another; and we well know, that there is abundance of true taste and excellent feeling in the community. But these bustling and unblushing spirits pre-occupy the ground, and forestall public opinion. The ten thousand judge and feel rightly; but these flippant personages are the only audible judges, and their decision seems to be the response of echo, and the voice of public opinion. We suspect, in fact, that let the work, criticised below, have fallen anonymously from the press, and multitudes of these dashing critics would have coincided in taste and judgment with what follows; and other multitudes would have received the opinions, as witty and just, and would so have spoken of the book. Who knows, but what, under such circumstances, it would have been consigned to oblivion? It is thus, that many a frothy editor begins with books, as Nero commenced his presages, with killing flies, and ends by pouring the matured and augmented leaven of his malignity into the political fountains.

We should need the compass of a volume, to point out the influence of this spirit upon the literature and morals of our country. Every one is bound to exercise a severe discrimination, that scurrility, impudence and flippant pertness should in no case pass for wit. The success of such writings, and of 'black books,' is a most humiliating proof, that whoever deals in abuse, detraction and calling names,—whoever will condescend to cater for the envy and malignity of the community, may be sure of a certain degree of pecuniary success. All good and respectable men ought to join hands to correct this procedure. Without further comment, we submit to the reader the following criticism upon St. Pierre's inimitable 'Paul and Virginia.' The editor appears to have considered a translation and a new edition of this work, as an original production, coming from an anonymous American novel writer. EDITOR.

Paul and Virginia.

THIS production of some puling, anonymous blockhead, appears to be a home made work, doing no honor to our country. It is the perpetration of a kind of namby-pamby love pastoral, as silly, and stupid, as the reader can expect to meet in any November morning. We have no conjecture, who the author is; but we are aware, that if we allow him to throw his bantlings on the charity of the public without rebuke, we shall soon have a whole brood of sickening love stories of the same class, to the great annoyance and detriment of the public. We have paid dearly for what we learned in our young days; and more recently we have been chastised into a good deal of knowledge and keen perception of the merits of books, which, we do not intend, shall be lost by extinguishing our light under a bushel. Being thus *soi disant* conservators of the public taste, and having put ourselves to the Herculean task of reading this book, though it made us prodigiously drowsy, we now feel it to be our duty to 'snooze' our readers with an account of this miserable stuff.

The scene of the story commences in Normandy, in France, and is thence transferred to the Isle of France, in the Indian ocean. Madame de la Tour is left a poor widow in a remote cottage, and finds near her a young woman, the frail earthenware of whose reputation had been flawed in France. In short, Marguerite comes to the Isle of France with a chubby rogue of a son, without being herself either maid, widow or wife. She settles down close by Madame de la Tour, no doubt from similarity of reputation, feeling and character. Both of them are as poor, as Job's turkeys. Madame de la Tour had borrowed, or may be stolen, money enough to buy a negress, and there is a negro man between them. These are the hopeful personages for the basis of this silly story.

The next thing, of course, is for these precious comrades to build cottages near each other; and then there is a great deal of extremely silly talk about friendship in humble life, and the industry of blackey, the male servant of one, who was very naturally married to the negress of the other. Then follows a long fuss about their making baskets and milking goats, &c.; and a great deal of hum-drum stuff of that sort; as if any body had any interest in knowing, how such people get along. But Madame de la Tour has a Gill for Marguerite's Jack, and from the outset of this poor affair, it is foreseen, that the b——d Paul is to be in love with the dowdy Virginia. The little things, as dirty, we dare say, as two little starved curs, roll towards each other on the ashes, and begin to make love to each other from the eggshell. Virginia has blue eyes and coral lips,—think of that, gentle reader,—and Paul is brown and masculine, &c.; and only think, that all this is in a cottage in the Isle of France, and the whole dramatis personæ not worth a sous.

Madame de la Tour is very anxious and solicitous, touching what will become of Virginia, when she is under the sod. She has a rich aunt in France. There must always be a great fortune somewhere, in all these poor contrivances. The dirty rustics go to the governor of the island, and through him get a letter from Madame de la Tour's aunt. The old lady is very properly, we have no doubt, in high dudgeon with her renegade niece, and there is no hope from that quarter. The cotters pack up their bundles, and go home to hug their dirty children again.

Now follows a long rigmarole of description of the country about them,—and a very pretty business it is; as though every body did not know, that in tropical countries, there are tall trees, rocks, mountains, swamps and palmettoes. One tree is called 'the tree of Paul,' and another 'the tree of Virginia;' and these important matters are deemed worthy of finding a place in the book. There is an abundance of talk, too, about pantomimes, and rural songs, and such sorts of 'snoozing' stuff.

About the middle of the book, it begins to be seen, that Miss Virginia is in love; and there is evidence enough, that she is a chip of the old block, and bids fair to come out like her mother and Marguerite. Of all silly things, that we ever read, the silliest is the author's description of their account of their unconscious loves. As Paul is a large, stout fellow, with fine capabilities for a good porter, we do not admire at all, that the mothers should find it wise and expedient to separate them; though we think, for our part, it would have been much more in keeping, to have let them run wild together.

If we found ourselves disposed to allow any thing tolerable in the book, it would be the account of the storm, that follows. But even this only inspires regret from the circumstance of the proof, it affords, that the author might have done better.

To this succeeds a most pathetic and lackadaisaical account of packing off Miss Virginia to France. Paul, meanwhile, is a good deal mulish, and behaves badly on the occasion. Indeed, he becomes idle and negligent, after he no longer has Virginia to beat the bushes with him; and promises to be of very little service to the family. Then comes a letter over sea from Miss Virginia, about as good a sample of letter writing, as we find from young misses in our boarding schools, who commence with '*I now take my pen in hand.*' To be short about this immeasurable business, Virginia has been such a romp, and so long indulged in a taste for the society of negroes, low company, and lubberly and tall men at home, that she cannot endure the confinement and decent manners in France; and away she goes, a *steerage passenger*, we suspect, back to her hopeful basket making friends. The vessel is in sight of the harbor of Port Louis, when a storm arises, and the vessel is stranded; and, gentle reader, what would you think is the point, upon which the catastrophe is predicated! Why, Miss Virginia will not swim ashore with a sailor, because he is in his birth-day suit! Surpassing delicacy! She is drowned in consequence. Her body is found; and Paul, whose idle habits had been growing on him for a long time, becomes hypochondriac, and would have taken to hard drink, but that the whole concern is so poor, that they can afford him neither taffia nor rum to cheer his low spirits. There are no poor laws there, and no parish to take care of these vagabond paupers. Then follows a long winded dialogue between an old man, who is supposed to tell this story, and Paul, who has turned confirmed stroller. This is to us the silliest part of the book. The author evidently strives to be pathetic, and only succeeds in being nauseating. To come to a finish, Paul, Marguerite, Madame de la Tour, and the negroes, we suppose, too, all die in their dirt. The old man concludes this fine story, and wipes his eyes, and seems to feel, as though he had achieved a great deal of pathos. The author says, that his tears flowed at hearing the relation. For our part, we sweat the while, and when he tragically used his handkerchief, we only yawned grievously.

Such is the story, as far as we remember; for we read it dozing, and not quite sure of our memory. The reader may take our word for it, it is the silliest book, that has been written for a long time. It is all droning, drowsy, prosing stuff. One is disgusted, to think of love-making and cottage-scenery-painting for such low personages. There is no spirit, no smartness, no wit, no gentlemanly spice of scurrility, no incidents, nothing like our writing in it. If the public do not decidedly frown upon such puling nonsense, we shall be sickened with dose upon dose, until we shall be nauseated past all endurance.

Since writing the above, we perceive, that the story was by no means an original one. Another person has given a new version of it. The old man is called Varole, which is, being interpreted, with the addition of petite, *Small-Pox*,—a very appropriate name. This version differs materially from the other, and is, no doubt, the true one. Virginia is saved from the water by a negro, and Paul marries her,—and there is no question of their having a large family; and as yams and bananas are raised with great ease in the Isle of France, the reader need have no anxieties about their getting a comfortable subsistence. There is much more interest, sense and propriety in this happy termination, and we think that the story, as thus amended, will bear perusal.

Note by the Editor.—We give, as we have received. We only ask the reader to examine, and compare the above with many of the reviews and notices of books, that he has recently read. Most of them are, like the above, mere vile, flippant malignity, without the least particle of wit, or taste to recommend them. The critics are often, even if they were honest, no more capable of judging of the work, they travesty, than an oyster of singing psalms, or a mole painting landscapes. And yet a careless community, in their willingness to see this cruel and wanton sport, countenance such a spirit and such efforts by showing themselves amused.

Every one knows, that to abuse a work in this way, is the easiest of all labors. Witty, as such productions seem, of a hundred blackguards from the streets, each individual of eighty, with a few months training, will fill the columns of the largest paper with just such trumpery every week. Every one, who has read the vile doggrel of the earl of Rochester, knows, that there is nothing so beautiful, or so good, as not to be capable of being assailed and villified in this way. Ridicule is not the test of truth. We cannot help connecting these ludicrous and disgusting associations with the most respectable works, after we have so witnessed the connexion, so that the mention of the one shall not call up the remembrance of the other. To give an example:—We appeal to any scholar, who has read the wittiest of all these vile travesties, Cotton's travesty of the first books of Virgil, if he ever reads some of the most beautiful passages in those books, without remembering, with how much felicity Cotton is obscene, where Virgil is delicate; and plunges in bathos, in the same points, and in the same proportions, as the other soars in the sublime. And yet, who would covet this distorted desecration of talent? If even the reading of Cotton, witty as he is, excites loathing and disgust in every rightly constituted mind, what shall we say of those vile would-be-literary assassins, who show the same propensities, without a particle of his perverted wit and humor to garnish them? The public ought to rate this base effort at debauching the general taste with the sacrilege of desecrating churches, and erasing and destroying churchyard monuments.

A View of the Jurisdiction and Proceedings of the Courts of Probate in Massachusetts, with particular reference to the county of Essex. By DANIEL APPLETON WHITE. Salem, Mass.

No branch of jurisprudence is more interesting to the whole community, than that, which relates to the settlement of estates. Not only the widow and the orphan, but in their turn every member of the community, at some period of life, is brought within the purview of its influence. The modes of the settlement of estates ought to be simple, clear, unembarrassed, as much as may be, with technical forms, and so settled by prescription and precedent, as to be readily apprehended by people, not versed in the 'glorious uncertainty of the law.' It is understood, that in Massachusetts estates are settled speedily and cheaply; and that minors and absentees are as little liable to be defrauded in successions, as in any other state of the confederacy. This book presents a compendium of the whole course of proceeding in the probate courts of that state. Gentlemen of the law describe it, as admirable for its simplicity and luminous order. Men, the least learned in the mysteries of the law, by consulting this book, see the whole course, necessary to be pursued in settling estates, laid out before them with the plainness of a chart. In our great state, where this branch of jurisprudence must be constantly growing in importance, and where probate business must be accumulating in complexness and difficulty, such information is much wanted. We should think, that the perusal of such a book as this, would be useful to all men of business, and more especially to those, who are called upon to act in the sacred and important trusts of administrators and executors.

Lecture delivered at the opening of the Medical Department of the Columbia College, in the District of Columbia, March 30, 1825, *by* Thomas Sewall, M. D., *Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.* Second edition. Washington city: 1828.

This is a discourse, a notice of which properly belongs to a medical review. We should have passed it over, but from the circumstance, that in reading it we discovered, that without that tedious periphrasis, which so often stands in front of a discourse of the kind, it comes directly to its object,—an object as immediately interesting to the reading community, as any one, which can be named. It is a succinct and luminous narrative of the progress of anatomy, medicine and medical schools in the country. Instead of spending time upon the manner of this excellent lecture, we shall present our readers with a tabular abstract of its contents.

Medical science had made little progress in Europe, when North America was first settled. In the early days of our colonies, the functions of physician were performed by the ministers. The first medical work published in our country, was by a Boston minister. Medicine was first studied as a profession, in the colonies, at Harvard college, somewhere about 1640. William and Mary college was founded in 1691, and Yale college in 1700. Princeton college in 1746, and Philadelphia college in 1754. The science of medicine was studied more or less in all these. In those days a surgeon rode 200 miles to amputate a limb, or reduce a dislocated shoulder. Sydenham, Boerhaave, Van Swieten, Mead, Brook, Huxam, Cowper, Keill, Douglass, Heister, Ledran and Lewis composed a physician's library, and all these were seldom found in the same collection. The body of a criminal, executed for murder, was first dissected in the city of New-York, in 1750. Lectures on anatomy and surgery, accompanied by dissections, were first delivered at Newport, R. I., 1756. The first medical school at Philadelphia was founded in 1765. The second at New-York in 1767. That at Harvard college dates its origin in 1782; that at Dartmouth college in 1797. The College of Medicine of Maryland was organized in 1807. Since then medical schools have been instituted in the western part of New-York, at Yale college, at Cincinnati in Ohio, in Vermont, at Transylvania university in Kentucky, at Bowdoin college in Maine, at Brown college in Providence, at Burlington in Vermont, at Pittsfield in Massachusetts, at Charleston in South Carolina, at Jefferson college in Philadelphia, and at the Columbia college, Washington, 1825. The country had been settled 158 years, before the first medical school was founded. In the half century, that followed, five were commenced. The first medical society was incorporated in Massachusetts, 1781. Since then they have been adopted in each state. We have produced works in the various branches of medicine, which have been republished and translated with the highest praise abroad; and we have unquestionably distinguished ourselves more in this, than in any other walk of science. We have 19 medical schools, 20 medical societies, more than 200 hospitals and infirmaries, 14 or 15 medical journals, and more than 2,000 medical students. Inoculation was opposed at first, as impious and contrary to orthodoxy. The first inoculators were mobbed, and the clergy were obliged to defend the practice from the pulpits. The notes are filled with interesting biographical sketches of our eminent physicians, and with other interesting medical matter, for which we regret, that we have no more space. We have seldom read a pamphlet, that comprised so much information in so narrow a compass. We quote the close of this useful discourse.

> 'Who knows but some bold and fortunate genius, who shall have his zeal first enkindled in this school, may be destined, while climbing the Rocky mountains, or exploring the vale of the Mississippi, to discover a plant or a mineral, which shall prove a cure for hydrophobia, or a remedy for consumption? or find out, on the Shaking Prairies of Louisiana, or at the mouth of the Mobile, the true nature of miasmata, and the mode of its operation on the human body? Who knows but this school may be destined to produce a Sydenham, a Harvey, a Hunter, or a Bichat? or to give to the world a Bard, a Rush, a Warren, a Barton, or a Wistar?'—p. 24.

Sermon by Rev. John Pierpont, *on Christ's Sense of Dependence on God, particularly, as shown in his Intercessory Office.*

This is by far the most interesting and impressive sermon of this gentleman, that we have read. Some of the last paragraphs have not often been surpassed in tenderness and unction. The Catholics, we should think, would be delighted with views, so like those in their church, which contemplate a tender and solemn intercourse between the living and the departed. At some future time, we hope to adorn our pages with one or two of these fine paragraphs.

Florula Lexingtoniensis.

We will incur the risk of being charged with repetition, in recommending this little periodical to all lovers of nature, as she shows herself in her beautiful department of botany. It contains a delineation of more than twenty genera, and between sixty and seventy botanical species, and is a most faithful and scientific description of these beautiful dwellers in our woods. We quote descriptions of four of the most interesting and common.

Cercis Canadensis.

'The Redbud, by which name it is universally known in this country, does not occur spontaneously in the level rich lands immediately round Lexington; but as the face of the country becomes more broken, on approaching the Kentucky river, it is met with in great abundance,—constituting, by the profusion of its pale rose-colored flowers, a pleasing object in early spring, before any of the forest trees have put forth their leaves. It never rises, even in the best soil, to any considerable elevation; but, when growing singly, its branches extend horizontally to a great extent in proportion to its height. The flowers appear generally by the 12th of April, and are succeeded by a great number of pods, borne on short peduncles; and the tree becomes clothed, towards the 1st of May, with large, heart-shaped leaves of a rich dark green.'—p. 43.

Laurus Benzoin.

'The Spicewood is a common shrub throughout the Union; and is here met with in all shaded, rich woods, where the undergrowth has not been destroyed,—preferring, mostly, situations near small streams of water. Its little, yellow, clustered flowers appear towards the middle of April, or earlier, before any appearance of foliage is observed on the branches, and are succeeded by numerous bright red berries. The bark of the wood is pleasantly aromatic, and is sometimes used in warm infusion as a diaphoretic.'—p. 45.

Phalangium Esculentum.

'This is decidedly one of the most beautiful of our indigenous plants; throwing up from the centre of a tuft of smooth, grass-like leaves, a long, solitary stem, one to two feet high, sheathed below by a few convoluted bractes, and clothed at the summit by a number of large purple or pale-blue flowers, ten or twelve of which are in perfection at a time; these slowly shrivelling, (marcescent,) others are evolved, so as to keep up a succession of bloom for several days. The root, which is bulbous and situated deep in the ground, is eatable and nutricious. Frequent in moist meadows in certain localities, but generally disappearing upon culture. Flowers from the 20th of April.'—p. 46.

Æsculus Pallida.

'This species is abundant throughout the forests in the rich lands of Kentucky. It is a tree of but ordinary stature, and for the most part of crooked growth; remarkable for the early period of its foliation, being the first of our trees to become green in the spring, and the earliest to cast its leaves in the fall. The fruit is a large round nut, of a bright brown color, with a very remarkable hilum or eye, which has given the tree its common name: it is sometimes eaten by cattle, and often with fatal effects. Flowers about the 20th of April, and is then a very beautiful object. Fruit ripens in September.'—p. 48.

We have received the June number of the '*Massachusetts Agricultural Journal.*' This is one of the eldest, and decidedly the most scientific and experimental journals of the kind in our country. The chief contributors are opulent gentlemen, who farm on experiments, directed by science, leisure, and a munificent wish to diffuse the benefits of the tested results of their labors through the country. We have not space to enumerate the articles; but they are all of high interest;—and we cordially recommend this long established and respectable work to the perusal of intelligent farmers.

Southern Agriculturist.

We have before spoken of this useful work. It goes directly into its great objects, without any useless circumlocution. The articles are all on matters of the first utility and importance, and are written with neatness and uncommon vigor. It cannot but be useful; and when such works are not patronized by the good sense of the community, we shall think that community right in giving itself up to batten on the tiresome and nauseous tirade of the newspapers. The sixth article of the number before us, 'on our southern agricultural concerns,' smacks strongly of the warm climate and fevered blood of the south. These respectable and talented writers will review the vehement declamation of such articles with other eyes, within a year or two from this time.

Southern Literary Gazette. Charleston, S. C.

This is a respectable looking brother monthly, and we see an acquaintance of ours, as one of its editors. We wish him and his colleague and the work poetic visions of the paradise of fame, money and usefulness,—and hope, as the good Vicar of Wakefield used to say, that they and the region, where it circulates, may be the better for it at the end of the year.

We are gratified with the condescending notice of our larger brother, *The Southern Review.* He has cast a look of kindness all the way towards us of the woods and the setting sun, and has heeded the admonition in the best of books, '*take heed, that ye despise not one of these little ones.*' We have read this work from the commencement. There is taste, eloquence, good feeling, and hitherto, we should think, independence in it. We hope the conductors will bethink themselves of the necessity of keeping literature cool, dispassionate and detached from the political fever. We love the southern climate, the southern breeze, the southern landscape, and warmth and energy of character. Upon more deliberate thoughts, their jealousies towards their brethren of the north and northwest will pass away. Let literature at least be guiltless of contributing to raise the breeze of bad feeling, and '*let brotherly love continue.*'

CINCINNATI FEMALE INSTITUTION,

ALBERT PICKET AND JOHN W. PICKET, PRINCIPALS.

We have little disposition to contend with those, who are pleased to suppose, that we conduct these notices on any other principles, than those derived from a sense of duty and desert, according to our estimation and judgment. Albeit we live west of the Alleghanies, we are not ignorant of the base methods, which England has transmitted as an heir-loom to the United States, to puff journals, books and institutions into notice.—However fashionable, necessary and universal these arts and methods may be, they are not ours. Neither are they the arts of any honest editor, who cultivates self-respect. The reader will either find things, as we describe them, or will allow, that they are described, as people in our circumstances would naturally see them; and he will either be with us in judgment, or will call ours, and not our purposes, in question. Premising, that those,who deem otherwise, probably, take their own thoughts, as the measure of ours; and that we do not mean to be interdicted from these notices, because they may be thought to belong to the common system of puffing; and that we consider, that the improvement and prosperity of our schools is, and ought to be, one of the most prominent of our wishes,—we proceed to a brief notice of the institution, the name of which is at the head of this article.

We have heretofore spoken of Dr. Locke's Female Academy in terms of high and merited praise. It is neither from neglect, or want of estimation, that we have hitherto failed to notice the institution before us; but unavoidable circumstances, not necessary to be detailed here. Messrs. Pickets merit a respectful notice in this journal, were it only to speak of them, as authors in the line of producing school books. The '*Academician*,' published by them, is a book of merit on the subject of education, not known by any means according to its deserts. But their series of school books, from first lessons to a respectable English grammar, and different selections in reading and speaking, are well and universally known in every part of our country. They, who have taught under our direction, have generally adopted these books. They were, for a long time, beyond question, the best books of the kind in our country, and next to Mr. Webster's, over which, in our view, they have a great superiority, they have been in more extensive use, than any other. They are, in fact, too widely diffused, and too well known, to require analysis or testimonial of ours. If Emerson's Spelling Book, and some more recent grammars have in any points surpassed them, it is, probably, owing to the circumstance, that they, who have the inspection of the ideas of their predecessors, can hardly fail to improve upon them. We trust, too, that in succeeding editions, these gentlemen will in their turn compress and simplify some of their school books, and new model and enlarge others, and in their turn advance upon the improvements of those, who have built upon theirs.

Most of our readers know, that these gentlemen are among the most experienced and longest established teachers in our country. We believe, they ought to be awarded the meed of having first introduced into the schools of our country the system of a regular book of debts and credits, according to the application and deportment of the pupils. They were long and well known, as popular and distinguished teachers in the city of New-York. As far, as authority of names can go, they have high testimonials from Dr. Mitchell, and the great and discriminating patron of schools, De Witt Clinton, Dr. Pascalis, Mr. Bayley, and many other gentlemen, distinguished in literature and science.

We have attended their examinations, as diligent observers, and we had the most satisfactory proofs of their unremitting industry and skilful management of their school. The whole exhibition bore the marks of order and discipline. The neatness of the books and the beauty of the handwriting were uncommon; and many of the young ladies gave very gratifying evidence of improvement in composition, geography, chronology, history, and even the higher branches of the mathematics. In the size, beauty and accuracy of their drawing of maps, we have seen nothing in any school, that we have visited, to compare with theirs; and we were assured, that they were by no means encouraged to an emulation in this species of skill and industry, to the exclusion of intellectual attainments of a higher order.

We have not space, nor does it comport with our plan, to go into an enumeration of the advantages of this school. It may not be amiss, however, to state, that they have four spacious apartments, four adult instructers, and the usual advantages in regard to teachers in music, painting, languages, &c. They generally have nearly two hundred young ladies,—the most numerous school of the kind, we believe, west of the Alleghanies.

Their school possesses one advantage, which we consider a great one, and which was the determining motive, that induced this notice. We are ready to admit, that there are very great improvements in the modern modes of instruction. None are more pleased, than we, to see every one, that experience has fairly demonstrated to be such, introduced into every school. But we are clearly of opinion, that under the idea, that modern improvements have terminated in new and shorter routes to knowledge, and under imposing, and to many parents unintelligible names and terms, a wide system of gross quackery and imposition, adverse to the real interests and improvement of our schools, has been introduced. Parents have been led to believe, that these names and terms contained a charmed influence, in virtue of which their children were to learn all things in a short time, and to come forth armed at all points with all knowledge and accomplishments. Fine houses, with trees, pleasure grounds, and a show of piazzas and ornaments, and proudly raised on eminences, have contributed to aid the effect. These gentlemen think, and think with us, that the immense learning of the scholars of other days was acquired, before these imposing terms had been broached, and we are clearly of opinion, that every invention, which tends to preclude laborious and faithful drilling of the pupils in their several tasks, frequent and strict recitations, rigid requirements of exercise of the memory,—in one word, every invention, which tends to render the pupil indolent, and to fill him with the persuasion, that any substitute can ever be allowed for severe industry and application, is far from being an improvement in education. We think it much better to depend upon firing the ambition of the pupil with the full impression, that no advancement is to be expected without toil and application, than to delude him with the notion, that he can dream, and loiter, and play himself into learning. Away with every species of mental labor-saving machinery, that is to preclude bending the whole mind, the purpose and the ambition to close study and severe application. No one ever did enter, or ever will enter, the temple of knowledge, except up this laborious and arduous eminence.

Parents will ere long open their eyes to the *legerdemain*, that has been practised upon them, under the cover of mysterious terms and beautiful buildings. They will learn, that white walls and fashionable resorts have no necessary connexion with learning; that there is no royal road to science; and that the lazy and indulged will not enter the temple. Money will soon cease to be extorted from them, under these impressions; and modern improvements will be quietly united with the patience and labor and regularity of ancient discipline. We only add, that we believe these gentlemen have steadily taught and practised on impressions, not unlike these.

It is a hackneyed truism, though it ought to be incessantly reiterated, that no labor is so wearing, thankless, and at the same time important, as that of a faithful and accomplished instructer. They, who have stood long and in good fidelity in this post of responsibility and forlorn hope, merit, in our view, a high place of honor and consideration. We wish their labors and merits may receive all discriminating estimation, and be crowned with the rewards of fame, adequate compensation, and the testimony of a good conscience.

We have two female schools, with which we are acquainted, and, perhaps, others, that we do not know, of a high order, and of which we are justly proud. When the advantages of this city are more justly appreciated in the West, and in the South, it cannot but happen, that pupils should come to them from distant points, in numbers proportioned to their intrinsic advantages. We are sorry to suppose, that any other rivalry should exist between these two schools, than that of honorable emulation, which shall show the most accomplished pupils. The range of the two schools, if we understand, is dissimilar; and there is no necessity, that the one should prosper to the harm of the other. Instructers, in their common struggles, pursuits and difficulties, ought to make common cause, and be like the sacred band of Thebes.

We have only to add, that we eminently need a high school for boys, on a footing equally respectable with these for young ladies. Such an institution, properly endowed, and placed upon one of the airy and salubrious heights, in the vicinity of our city, and conducted by some of our ripe scholars, would be worth to the real honor, interest and advantage of the city, half a dozen crumbling institutions, called colleges, built to be tenanted by bigotry, cobwebs and owls.

We have before us, from different quarters of our wide country, printed tables and synopses of schools, containing a prospectus of their objects, rules and advantages. We, probably, conform to the expectations of the senders, in giving them such brief notices, as our sheets allow. No one, we think, enters more deeply into the interests of these schools than we do; and we are cheered to the duty of giving these notices by the honest pride, we feel, in seeing these institutions, of a higher class of instruction, springing up on every side. We look to them, as harbingers of good, of glory, of science, and of perpetuity to our great republic, for the generation to come. We see, rearing in these institutions, enlightened freemen, who cannot be crouched down under the bondage of despotism, nor led blindfold by the arts of designing demagogues. We see the fair youthful forehead, the sparkling eye, the gentlemanly port, the high promise of eloquence, science and song, in the squadrons of youthful phalanxes, that issue annually from these seminaries; and in this view, they not only assume importance in our eye, but, as we contemplate them, become invested with the most delightful associations.

It cannot be for a moment supposed, that we should think of instituting a comparison between these nurseries of instructed freemen. As this journal circulates, more or less, in all parts of the country, we can only expect to place before those parents, who send their children abroad for education, and often to remote points, such views of the schools, we notice, as will enable them to understand where, and what the schools are, and become possessed at least of the general outline of the objects, course of study, and the discipline and rules of those schools. We select, at present, for a brief notice, Mr. Partridge's Military Academy, at Middletown, Connecticut, and Major Holbrook's American Institution, at Washington, district of Columbia.

Few of our readers, we suspect, are ignorant of the name, character and former history of Mr. Partridge. It is not our present object to travel beyond the record before us; and this informs us, that he first commenced his institution at Norwich, in Vermont, 1820. In August, 1825, it was removed to its present position. Whoever has travelled down the beautiful Connecticut, among the many charming villages, that adorn its shores, sees no one more delightful, than this. Though handsomely built and populous, it has still an aspect of seclusion, which, along with its elevated site and salubrious climate, certainly gives it all the claims, which can be based on such grounds. It has been recently new modelled, placed under the customary care of respectable and responsible curators, and has received, in the new arrangement, a more scientific and academical form. We notice the names of thirteen instructers in the different branches. The course of study is not very different from that, pursued at the American colleges, and the range seems to be equally extensive. But both here, and at the Military Academy at West Point, mathematics and the exact sciences, we believe, receive a more prominent attention, than at the colleges. We notice the names of three instructers in languages, and two for the very important branches of Spanish and French.

Most of our institutions have introduced of late, as a part of their system, more or less of a course of gymnastics. The Military schools combine gymnastics with military exercise. The strict subordination of military rule seems well calculated to curb the fiery and uncontroled spirit of the young, and learn them to bear, not the yoke of bondage, but the voluntary and proud subordination of military precept. Young men, trained early to the strictness, the Spartan endurances, the vigilance and self-reliance of a camp, and, as a Roman would express it, to live *sub dio*, will be likely to acquire an erectness, a manly port and freedom of manner, calculated to give them a favorable passport in society. We add to this circumstance, that schools of this class have been abundantly tested in our country, and have grown upon the public favor, in exact proportion to the extent of experience of their tendency.

The constitution of this school consists of five sections. The third treats of the exercises, both military and scientific, so far as they can be practised in drill and pedestrian excursions. Among them we notice botany, mineralogy, geology and trigonometry. The fourth prescribes the conduct and deportment. The morals enjoined are of the stricter and severer class, and the punishments, for violation of the rules, are designated. The fifth prescribes the discipline and police. These rules are minute, detailed, and such as have been tested in all good institutions by experience. Careful supervision is exercised over the pecuniary concerns and expenditures of the pupils, and the complete expenses of a year amount to 275 dollars. A list of the books, used in the institution, is given—and they are clearly among the best of their class, and such as are studied in the most approved modern seminaries. A simple but neat military uniform costume is required. The cadets sleep in single births on mattrasses, and furnish a few of the most indispensable articles of furniture. Parents or guardians, placing their sons or wards at the institution, must direct their communications to V. B. Horton, superintendent.

Mr. Holbrook's American institution at Washington, D. C., seems to be a high school of rather a novel aspect. Military rules, discipline and exercise, though not made an essential and integral element, as in the institution just mentioned, are still important incidental features in this seminary. The course of instruction consists of the following departments, classical, mathematical, military and gymnastic. The amount of mathematical instruction imparted seems to be unusually great, and those branches of mathematics, which appertain to engineering, mensuration and surveying very properly take the first place. The military exercises occupy no portion of the time, which would otherwise be devoted to study, but are to fill up the intervals, that might otherwise be spent in idleness or amusement. The gymnastic exercises are bathing, running, leaping, pitching the quoit, &c.—in short a truly Spartan discipline. Terms of admission are twelve years of age, a common English education and the fundamental rules of arithmetic. The cadets will be trained, if desired, with a special reference to entering the different colleges, or the Military Academy at West-Point. A uniform costume is prescribed. Tuition, except extra branches, 50 dollars for the academic year of three sessions of fifteen weeks each. Extra branches are French, Spanish, Italian, music, dancing, fencing and broad sword, each twenty dollars per year.

The rules, touching expenses and pecuniary concerns, articles to be furnished by the cadet, his moral deportment and attendance upon church are of the customary and most approved kind. The academical rules and requirements generally seem to us to be judicious, and graduated upon a high mark of anticipation. In the progress of their studies in engineering, it is proposed to show the cadets the practical results of this science, by taking them on excursions to the canals and rail roads, recently commenced at Washington and Baltimore. The grand object of the school is to impart a thorough American education, by training a sound and enlightened mind in a sound body. The officers of the institution are seven in number, beside the principal, and the institution is in full and successful operation. Communications are to be directed to the officers and cadets, Georgetown, D. C.

SILK RAISING.

We are sure that our readers will not find this article out of place.

The writer of the former of the following letters, Dr. Seth Millington, of St. Charles, Missouri, is one of the most accurate and scientific experimentalists in farming, that we know. We deem his reasonings and observations upon silkmaking worth whole volumes of theory. We place great confidence in his judgment—and recommend his remarks to attentive perusal, as those of a man, who has faithfully and successfully experimented, what he describes.

The other letter is from the accomplished lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts, whose guardian was one of the first and most successful silk-raisers in New-England. In his house and beautiful little mulberry orchard we first saw this interesting and important species of industry in successful operation. We believe, Rev. Mr. Holcomb made silk as early as 1810.

St. Charles, July 4th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

I have had the pleasure to receive your recent letter, and will answer the queries it contains. I embrace the first leisure hour I have had since I received it, which happens to be the day on which we celebrate our Independence. While others are rejoicing for the independence already gained, I will with greater pleasure attempt to aid you in your endeavor to show, that we ought to be and can easily become more independent, by throwing off our dependence on other countries for silk and silken goods. Before I commence my answers, I will inform you, that my silk raising has been mosly experimental. I commenced these experiments, to ascertain, whether there was a probability that the silk raising business would be sufficiently profitable, to justify going to the expense of making a large mulberry orchard; and since I was convinced it would, I have continued these experiments for the better understanding of the business. I have raised one crop of silk-worms, all hatched within three days, which made two hundred and thirty-one pounds of cocoons; and another crop, which made seventy-three pounds. My other crops have been smaller. You will therefore understand some of my answers to your queries, as more properly stating what I have done, and am doing, by *way of experiment, and as what I intend to do on a larger scale, for profit*, as soon as my young mulberry trees will furnish a sufficiency of food.

Query 1st. How do you hatch your eggs, and manage your worms?

Answer. I hatch them without artificial heat. When the eggs are kept in a room, where no fire is used, they will seldom hatch, before the mulberry trees will furnish food. But I generally keep them in a cool place, until near the time I shall want young worms, when the eggs are placed in the feeding room, where they hatch within from five to ten days. The eggs are kept on the sheets of paper, as they are laid by the moths. When the eggs begin to hatch, the sheets of paper are spread on tables or shelves, and young, tender mulberry leaves are placed near the hatching worms. The worms attach themselves to these leaves, as fast as they come out, and are carefully removed every evening to the feeding shelves. *I keep each day's hatching by itself, and never at any stage of their existence, mix together on the same shelf worms of different ages.*

Q. 2. Do you feed on the wild, black mulberry, or on the Italian white, or both?

A. I have fed my worms principally on our indigenous red mulberry, (a variety very common here, which bears black fruit,) but not so much by choice, as out of necessity. I have but few white mulberry trees old enough to furnish food for silk worms; yet these few trees have enabled me to try several experiments, to ascertain which is most valuable. The result of these experiments has convinced me, that although the leaves of the white mulberry may not make the worms grow larger, they will fill their silk vessels fuller with the silk material, than our wild kind. This is shown by the fact, that worms, fed on the white mulberry, shrink less, before they begin to spin; and they spin larger cocoons, composed of a coarser and stronger fibre, with less gum, than those worms, which are fed on the wild mulberry. The silk, made from our wild mulberry, has often been admired for the fineness of its fibre; but this fineness, with the gum attached to it, certainly renders it more difficult to reel, and, in my opinion, does not add to its value, after it is reeled. I only mean to be understood to say, that I consider that there is an inconsiderable difference between the two kinds, and the white is entitled to the preference.

Q. 3. On what sized trees, and in what age, and state of the foliage, do you gather for your worms?

A. While the worms are young, I feed with the most tender leaves. These may be found most plentifully on young trees. They, however, may be procured from the fresh growing shoots of old trees. As the worms increase in age, I give them older leaves, or rather old and young gathered promiscuously, until after their last cast, when I aim to feed them wholly, if they can be conveniently procured, with full grown leaves, taken from trees of some age. As it regards the trees, after they are three years old, they may be moderately picked without injury. Very close picking and that frequently repeated, will check their growth; but when the growth of the tree is not an object, this may be repeated several times, during the same summer, and a new foliage will immediately succeed the loss of the old.

Q. 4. How do you manage your worms, while in a state of feeding?

A. I keep the worms on shelves, or on light frames, three and a half feet square, filled with basket splits, and then covered with some kind of strong paper. These are put up in form of shelves. I aim to give the worms at all times as much food as they will eat, and never give it in less than three meals, often in six or eight meals a day. I have the litter removed from them at least, often enough, to prevent its becoming mouldy or offensive. When the weather is warm, they have a free circulation of air.

I have sometimes set them to spinning on hedges, erected according to the French and Italian mode; but have found it more convenient to use oak bushes, having large leaves, and which should be cut three or four weeks before wanted, that the leaves may become dry and curled.

Q. 5. Is it known, that the silk-worm will feed on any thing, beside the mulberry so as to make cocoons?

A. It is said, the silk-worm will feed on the dandelion. I know, it will feed on lettuce, when it cannot get better food. The knowledge of this fact is often useful to silk raisers. When mulberry leaves fail, by frost or otherwise, lettuce may be fed to young worms, until mulberry leaves can be procured. Probably, there is no valuable substitute for the mulberry leaf, which is not much to be regretted, as few trees are more easily raised, and furnish leaves sooner, and more abundantly, than the mulberry.

Q. 6. What process do you follow, in preparing the cocoons, and in preparing the eggs for the coming year, and how often do you hatch feeding worms in the same year?

A. Such part of my cocoons, as cannot be reeled immediately, and are not wanted for seed, I prepare for keeping, by exposing them repeatedly to the heat of the mid-day sun. This will certainly kill the chrysalis, contained within the cocoon. But if cloudy weather prevents the use of these means, up to near the time the moths are expected out, I either steam or bake them in the manner commonly recommended in the several treatises on silk raising. But I prefer the sun. It leaves the cocoons better, and handsomer. My method is to expose them to the sun, thinly spread on plank, sheets or blankets. If the cocoons are to be kept a long time, I continue frequently to expose them to the sun, to dry the dead insect, contained within them. Those cocoons selected for seed, are kept where most convenient, until the moths begin to come from them. I put the moths on sheets of paper, which are spread in boxes, on shelves, the floor, or where most convenient, on which they lay their eggs. On each sheet of paper, containing eggs, I write the day and month they were laid, then roll them loosely together, and keep them either in a cool room, or cellar, until wanted the next season. A cool cellar will seldom keep the eggs from hatching later than until about the first of June, the following year. Such eggs as I wish to keep later, I remove early in the spring into a dry, cool place in an ice house. I cannot say certainly, how often I should wish to have fresh crops of worms hatched, were I doing business more extensively; but, probably every six or eight days through the summer. Last year I had silk-worms constantly in feeding from the 20th of April until after the 20th of October.

There are considerable advantages in having the worms of several different ages in the same establishment. One advantage is, the same room and shelves will hold abundantly more worms at the same time, without being crowded. A room and shelves, which will barely accommodate one hundred thousand full grown worms, will better accommodate two hundred and fifty thousand consisting of four or five different ages, provided each age or parcel are about equal in number, and are hatched out at about seven or eight days apart. Another advantage is, the same number of hands, with the same quantity of labor, will make more silk, and do it with less trouble and perplexity, than when the whole crop of worms are of the same age, and all spin at the same time. When silk worms are young, they are extremely small, and they require but little room, little food, and little attention. All the food they consume, up to the time they are sixteen days old, would not make more than one meal for them, when full grown. Consequently, when the whole crop of worms are of the same age, there is at first but little to do, but for a few of the last days, they will all eat voraciously, must all be removed, and cleaned frequently, and all set to spinning at the same time. So much to do at the same time, creates a hurry and perplexity, which must frequently eventuate in a loss for the want of time, to do all that is required. Such was my experience last year in a crop of worms, all of the same age, which made two hundred and thirty-one pounds of cocoons. They would have made more, had they been better attended for a few of the last days. When the worms are of different ages, the labor required is more equalized. A part of them will constantly be of the age to require considerable attention. But this parcel will be so small, the hands will have spare time to attend to the younger parcels. I would not be understood, that *I keep worms of all ages, and spinning worms too, on the same shelf.* I have certain shelves allotted to each parcel, during a certain age, and others exclusively for them to spin on. I begin with fresh hatched worms, placed on the shelves allotted to worms of that age. After their first cast, I pass them to the shelf allotted to the next age, and again supply the first shelf with fresh hatched worms. In this manner I continue, through the whole season, to bring young worms on to the first shelves, and pass them on, until they reach the spinning shelves, from which the cocoons are removed, to make room for the next succeeding parcel. I believe this mode of raising silk is somewhat new, and may not be approved of by those, who think we should strictly follow the plans laid down by the French and Italian writers. Probably, this is not the best mode in Italy and France. But I am sure it will succeed well in this section of the world. In 1826, I raised three crops of worms, and there was about one month between each crop, which made the last crop late. In 1827, I had worms in feeding from the 20th of April, until frost came late in October; *all which were healthy*, and made good cocoons not materially affected by the difference in the temperature of the air, or time of the season in which they were made. Then, why not continue to feed the silk worms through the summer, and constantly have them of several ages? It has been supposed, it will be attended with more trouble, than the common method. But this is certainly a mistake. Again, it has been supposed, that the spinning worms may be disturbed by the eating worms, while spinning their cocoons. But as my plan, rightly understood, *is to have certain shelves exclusively allotted to the spinning worms*, this must also be a mistake. See the Secretary's manual on the growth and manufacture of silk, page 117.

It has also been remarked, that silk-worms are affected by change of climate; that when removed to a warmer or cooler climate, they will not do so well, until after three or four generations; and that the eggs from worms, which have been raised for many generations in the cool spring months will not make worms suitable for our dry, hot summer months. Possibly, there may be some truth in these remarks. My experiments as yet give little light on the subject. But, even admitting that silk-worms are thus affected by change of climate, yet my plan obviates the apprehended evil. It will be observed above, that I write on each sheet of paper, containing the eggs, the time in which the eggs were laid. This shows me the time the parent insect existed; and enables me to bring their offspring into existence at the same time the following year. This plan, followed a few years, will produce several varieties of silk-worms, some one of which will be suitable for each month, during the summer. I have raised many worms, which hatched out the same season the eggs were laid. But this hatching is generally only partial, and cannot be depended on for succeeding crops, unless by continuing to breed from those which shew the greatest disposition to hatch, we can produce a variety of the silk-worm, which will more readily hatch repeatedly during the same season. This I am trying to effect. My remarks on the raising of several crops of silk the same season, are more extended, because I believe it is the mode best adapted to these western states. Here rich uncultivated lands are cheap and abundant, and can easily be covered with the white mulberry. Our summers are uniformly warm, and vegetation, the leaves of the mulberry in particular, put forth luxuriantly for more than five months in the year. We therefore can easily provide for a plentiful supply of food for the whole summer season, and will then certainly find it our interest to realize the profits of several years in one summer.

Q. 7. What is the lustre of your silk, comparing that of the wild with the Italian mulberry, and both with English and French silk.

A. I am confident that the American silk, from either kind of mulberry, is not deficient in lustre, while in its natural state. But it is greatly deprived of its lustre by the process used to remove the gum, and coloring matter attached to it. Were it an object, the lustre might be retained.

Q. 8. How do you wind it? do you dye it in the domestic way?

A. We wind or reel our silk in the manner directed in the several treatises lately published on silk raising. We have a reel made after a plan found in an old French Encyclopedia. It takes two threads at a time, and has a traversing bar to spread the threads equally on the reel. Our dyeing is somewhat in the domestic way, and not worth detailing.

The above answers to your queries, I am sorry to say, are given in too much haste. At a period of more leisure, I might have gone more into detail, and, perhaps, have made my answers more acceptable. But the facts would be same as now given, and I preferred giving them in this hasty manner, to delaying the answer to your letter. I am, very respectfully, &c.

SETH MILLINGTON.

REV. TIMOTHY FLINT.

[Mrs. White's Letter in our next.]

NOTICES OF WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

The American Common-Place Book of Prose. S. G. Goodrich, Boston. A selection from American authors. The pieces are generally fine, and the execution uncommonly beautiful. We noticed an extract from us, put down as anonymous, with the more surprize, as another extract from the same work gave the proper credit. We remarked four different repetitions of this sort of injustice in the contents of a single late mail. A long description of Red river from us in a Georgia paper was signed 'Philo,' a *nom du guerre*, to which we have a particular dislike.

De Lisle, or the Sensitive Man, a silly English novel re-printed—made up of episodes, and the common amount of small-talk-dialogue between some twenty-five gentlemen and ladies. The patience, that can go through it, is without bottom or shore.

Roue, or the History of a Rake, has some piquancy in places, but on the whole is a book of vile tendency.

Pollok's Course of Time. We intend a notice of this work hereafter.

Salathiel has been much quoted, and is written, in places, with power. In constantly straining for the sublime, it is often turgid. On the whole, it has less interest, than Godwin's St. Leon, after which it is copied.

Kuzzilbash, a kind of oriental Gil Blas. The object is to raise excitement, no matter from what source. Those, who love to witness executions, will be gratified with the perusal of this book.

Dunallan, a novel made up of a singular *melange* of love and religion. It is rather sweet of the two, but the honey is candyed, and the sugar refined. It is in religion true Calvinistic orthodoxy. We are with the authoress, who recently deceased, in one point. A novel is a book, that ought to turn upon love, as much as an epic upon heroism, or a tragedy on the catastrophe. Without this spice, it is no more than the two shells of an oyster. Why should our would-be oracles turn up their noses at love? Every one knows, that the whole discipline of society is rapidly tending to relieve every body of the inconvenience of a heart. True, death will have fewer points of assault, when the world shall all have become vampyres. But we question, if society will be happier, than in the days of our grand-mothers, when ladies were not ashamed to love, and when a novel, on the face of it, was supposed to be a love story. Ask Mr. Malthus if love ought to be banished from political economy?

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PREFATORY NOTE.

It will be perceived that the "thoughts" contained in the following address, relate immediately to only three of the departments of a national university, the literary, the philosophical, and the political.

The three professional departments of law, medicine, and divinity, are left untouched; it being found impossible to embrace the whole in a single discourse, without protracting it to an inadmissible extent.

But it is to be distinctly understood, as the opinion of the writer, that whatever is true of one department, is true of all; provided all be administered with equal ability.

On the most suitable organization, and the general provisions of a *national university*, he does not intend to offer an opinion. He means to designate, by the name, *a great Institute*, in which shall be taught, in the most approved and efficient manner, all the high and substantial, as well as the more ornamental branches of literature and science, including, of course, political economy, and the three learned professions of law, physic, and divinity.

In such an institution, provision should be made for the aid and encouragement of the *profession of letters*. To attain, like other countries, real and permanent literary glory, we must, like them, have genuine literary men; authors, whose professional employment is *to write*. Under such an arrangement only, can scholars and writers so discipline their minds, as to be able to think and express themselves in the style of real authorship, and produce works that shall set time at defiance, and give to immortality their own names and that of their country.

As relates to the mode of communicating instruction, in professional and other elevated branches of knowledge, the writer is an advocate for *lecturing*, as by far the most valuable.

Reading, conning, and mere recitation, the process of teaching too generally practised in the schools of the United States, is suitable, to a certain extent, to the intellects of boys. But, for young men, who are to be taught to think; to exercise their reflecting, as well as their acquiring faculties; to form principles, as well as to collect facts; for this description of pupils, such a process is wholly insufficient. For them, the only adequate mode of public instruction, consists in lectures, in which the professor *shall reason to them;* and in examinations and discussions, where they, in turn, will *reason to him.* Suitable books they must at the same time study, as collateral aids.

To be valuable in the highest degree, lectures, on most subjects, should be connected with a text-book, prepared for the purpose, to be placed in the hand of every pupil. Of this synopsis, which may be more or less full, according to circumstances, while the lectures afford detailed and ample illustrations, with matter confirmatory of the principles it contains, *it* serves, in relation to them, as the best possible remembrancer; and, at the same time, enables the pupil, by reading in the synopsis, in advance of the lecturer, to prepare himself perfectly to receive his instructions.

Taught in this way, provided the lectures be ably prepared, and clearly and impressively delivered, a class will, *in a given time*, imbibe more knowledge worthy to be remembered, in the proportion of *seven-fold*, than they can, by any other mode of instruction, that can be adopted. By those who have faithfully attended to the subject, this representation will not be deemed extravagant. But a class, to be thus instructed, must be ambitious of knowledge.

The writer will close this note, by informing the reader, that the article which it introduces to his notice, was prepared to be delivered, and was, in part, delivered, as a public address. Hence arose the style and form in which it appears.

THOUGHTS ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Such was the opinion, deliberately formed, and distinctly promulgated, of a well known and favorite author, who was not only distinguished as a votary of the Muses, and an accomplished master of the Belles Lettres, but was one of the severest analysts, and most profound judges of human nature, that time has produced

For evidence of the truth of this, as relates to his philosophical powers and attainments, I may confidently appeal to that celebrated production, the "Essay on Man" by the writer referred to; a work which compresses, within a narrow compass, a much greater amount of the true philosophy of our moral nature, than is elsewhere to be found within threefold its limits. In favour of the inestimable value of education, then, we have here the recorded opinion of a philosopher and scholar, whose rare talents, and extensive attainments did not a little to give character and distinction to the land that produced him, and the age in which he lived.

Shall I be told that it is only over the "common mind," and not over mind of an *elevated order*, that education is here pronounced to exercise an influence so powerful and permanent? I answer, that in the passage quoted, the poet did not intend the term "common" to be identified in meaning, with *inferior*, *feeble*, or *vulgar*. By the expression "common mind," he meant the mind of the *great majority* of mankind; the human intellect, as *usually* constituted and endowed by nature.

The only exceptions to the maxim here laid down—for an important maxim it certainly is—are to be found either in idiots, who are destitute of intellect, and in those extraordinary individuals, who, possessed of lofty genius, and impetuous feelings, receive from nature an inclination so irresistable to some favorite pursuit, for which they are always pre-eminently qualified, that no scheme of education can divert them from their purpose, or check their career. The impulse from within, arising from the incompressible elasticity of genius, hurries them on against all opposition, and carries them triumphantly over every obstacle.

In characters of this description, who are no less rare than splendidly gifted, although education does not *form* the mind, yet, when wisely adapted to it, and skilfully applied, it adds very eminently to its power, its polish, and its general efficiencies. Although it neither begins its career of action, nor is able to arrest it, it regulates and modifies it, heightens its dignity, augments its intensity, and brightens its lustre.

Widening almost immeasurably the sphere of its operations, it enables such a mind to draw from the rich and elegant stores of literature and the arts, belonging to all times and all countries, as well as from the inexhaustible fountains of nature, abundant lights to irradiate its path, and every aid that example can supply, to fire its ambition, fertilize and elevate its conceptions, improve its taste, and give to its productions, already marked by native vigor, all the refinements and polish that cultivation can bestow.

That this view of things is founded in truth, facts innumerable incontestibly prove. Examples to this effect are presented abundantly in the lives of sculptors and painters, orators, musicians, poets, mathematicians, and actors. Although, from the pre-eminent adaptation of their native talents to their selected pursuits, those gifted individuals may, *self-taught*, attain to very splendid and durable renown, it notwithstanding appears, as the voice of history, and the result of all experience, that, by a suitable education, under great masters, their genius is elevated and improved, in all its competencies, their works and exhibitions become more perfect and attractive, and their fame more radiant, and more certainly imperishable.

But there is yet another class of minds still more exalted and precious, because more invaluable to the interests of man, which are, in a great measure, *formed* by the influence of education. There are those choice intellects and master spirits, which, marked by no ruling faculty, or predominant power, acting as an autocrat in the control of the others, are characterized by the highest vigor and general excellency in all their faculties, animal, intellectual and moral, which are, at the same time, so harmoniously united, and exquisitely blended and balanced, that while they reciprocally aid, they serve as salutary checks on each other.

Intellects of this description are formed for no *particular* pursuit; nor are they, to the exclusion of all others, forcibly drawn into the vortex of any, by inordinate propensities, which they cannot resist. As exigencies may call them into action, and open to them a field of suitable compass, they are displayed, with equal aptitude, in various walks and departments of life, civil or military, and become illustrious in them all. They are fitted alike to confer greatness and glory on statesmen, civilians, or jurists; on historians, physicians, or philosophers; on those who preside over the multiplied and momentous interests of peace, or control the destinies of nations in war.

Intellects of this description belong to such personages abroad, as Alexander, Cæsar, and Pompey, Cromwell and Chatham, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Napoleon; and to such, at home, as Hamilton and Greene, Adams and Jefferson, Franklin and Washington. Were it requisite further to illustrate my position, or strengthen my argument, by a reference to living characters, many might be selected from the United States, suitable to my purpose.

Over all individuals, whose intellects are thus pre-eminent in powers, and accurately balanced, education asserts what might be almost denominated a *creative* influence. It certainly so far *forms* their minds, as to prepare them more perfectly for their exalted destinies. It augments their aptitudes for many spheres of action, and inspires them with acquired predilections for some.

But that it may be seen, in all its most important relations, and may receive the consideration to which it is entitled, my subject requires a more analytical exposition, and a wider range of inquiry and thought. In my attempt thus to treat it somewhat in detail, and to illustrate it by such further lights as I may be able to collect, I trust it will appear, that education is worthy of a much loftier encomium than I have yet bestowed on it; and loftier, perhaps than I could bestow, were I to make the effort.

In relation to extensive preparations, and multiplied fitnesses for all the more elevated departments of life, it is the great source of distinction, between man and man. In the varied career of ambition, honorable competitors for the objects of pursuit, attain an ascendency over each other, if not in brilliancy and force, at least in promptitude and general usefulness, much more frequently by the influence of superior education and training, than of superior talents.

Even Newton declared that his *self-education* in mathematics and astronomy, by intense and continued devotion to those sciences, conferred on him the *chief*, he said the *only* superiority, that he possessed over many of his cotemporaries. Their native capacities for those two branches of science, he believed and pronounced to be equal to his own.

In reference to his eminence in chemistry, metaphysics, history, and general philosophy, the celebrated Priestly is known to have made repeatedly the same declaration. He made it, with all the earnestness of sincerity, to the writer of this article. In native talent, he confidently asserted, that many of his schoolfellows were equal to himself. He added, that some of them were not a little superior. Had they cultivated their powers, therefore, as industriously and perseveringly, which is but another mode of expressing the great work of education, he contended that they would have equalled him also in knowledge. Nor does there exist, perhaps, any solid ground, to believe that he was mistaken in his opinion. Men unquestionably derive from nature, not only different degrees of intellectual power, but different aptitudes for particular pursuits. Still, the rule indubitably is, that the difference between the efficiencies of individuals, in science, letters, and the arts, as well as in the general transaction of affairs, is much less the result of native endowment, than of discipline and attainment. In attesting this, history, observation, and experience unite. But before proceeding further, it is requisite that I expound to you the meaning which I attach to the term education.

To an audience as enlightened and discriminating, as that which I have now the honor to address, it would be superfluous to observe, that a word so significant and comprehensive, and whose meaning is so intimately connected with all the most important interests of society, is not, in its interpretation, to be limited to that circumscribed portion of knowledge, acquired by youth at seats of learning, whether under the denomination of schools, academies, colleges, or universities. It embraces, in its import, a field not only much wider in compass, but more abundantly multifarious and rich in its productions.

Under the term education, I would include the cultivation and improvement of the *entire man, in all his faculties, corporeal and intellectual*, by whatever amount of attainments, derived from reading, observation, conversation, reflection, and other sources, he can acquire, by the labor and assiduity of a lifetime. Mere scholastic instruction and discipline do little more than fit the individual for subsequent training. That system of early instruction, which inspires youth with a burning love and ambition of knowledge, and prepares them well for the future attainment of it, deserves the praise and the patronage of all.

Strictly and philosophically considered, education divides itself into three branches, *organic*, *muscular*, and *cerebral;* and to the perfection of man, these three are alike essential.

By organic education, I mean the skilful and continued cultivation of health. Without this, it would be superfluous to say, how unsightly, inefficient, and miserable we are.

By muscular education is to be understood, a suitable and well directed attention to the acquisition of corporeal activity and strength, and of manual dexterity in the different arts. It need scarcely be added, that this and organic education are so essentially connected, that the one can neither be properly cultivated, nor improperly neglected, without the other being injured or improved.

By cerebral education, I mean the training and improvement of the cerebral system; which is tantamount to the cultivation and improvement of the intellect.

In the estimation of the truly enlightened and liberal, it is no longer heteredox or immoral to believe, that the brain is as literally and necessarily the organ of the intellect, as the muscles are of voluntary motion, the lungs of respiration, or the glands of secretion.

The improvement of the intellect, then, arises as directly and certainly from improving the condition of the brain, as does the improvement of corporeal activity, from improving the condition of the muscles and joints.

To speak of educating and improving the *mind*, in its *spiritual and abstract capacity*, is, to say the least, to employ words, without attaching to them a definite meaning. Were I to call the language inconsistent, or even absurd, the term would not be improperly applied. There is not wanting reason to believe, that the *mind* of the idiot is no less perfect than that of the philosopher. His cerebral system alone is in fault.

All that intellectual education can do, is to ameliorate the condition of the brain, as the organ through which the mind receives impressions, on which it acts, and by the aid of which it performs its multiplied and important functions. But, like other portions of the body, the brain is strengthened and rendered more dexterous in action, and more exquisite in susceptibility, by *suitable exercise*, the awakening, direction, and general superintendence of which, constitute the principal province of the teacher. In relation to these points, let him perform his duty ably and perseveringly, and judges will call him faithful and competent to his trust.

Thus defined, education embraces, as it ought to do, not merely the discipline and enrichment of the *intellectual faculties*, but the cultivation and government of *feeling or active propensity*, the elevating, purifying and confirming of *moral and religious sentiment*, the strengthening of virtues, both public and private, the refinement and polish of manners and taste, and the promotion of corporeal sanity and activity, dexterity and strength. It embraces every kind and degree of improvement, that render man more useful, eminent, and agreeable *here*, and that give to him a fairer title to the enjoyment of happiness, and higher aptitudes for one endless career of usefulness *hereafter*. Thus educated, he becomes worthy of his most exalted destinies, as an efficient and responsible actor, in the great drama of creation, in which, both physically and morally, he has his part to perform.

Under this comprehensive, and I hope I may add, legitimate definition of the term, the influence of education on the condition of man, is all but omnipotent. It constitutes the great source of difference that obtains, not only between one individual and another, but between community and community, nation and nation, age and age, and between the different states of society, in which the human family is found.

Why are savage hordes and barbarian tribes disrespectfully denominated *barbarian* and *savage?* The answer is obvious. Because they are shackled by ignorance, enslaved by superstition, enfuriated by licentiousness of propensity and passion, and debased by the deep defect of moral principle, that belongs to their dark and deplorable condition.

And why is their condition thus dark and deplorable? Because their intellect, their temper, and their manners, are uncultivated and unimproved. Not because nature has denied them abilities, but because their abilities have not been developed; because a want of opportunity, and a deficiency of exertion, have withheld from them knowledge; because the sun of education has never shed around them his vivifying beams. The author does not contend that the several *races* of which the human family consists, are possessed of the same degree of *native* capacity, or the same aptitude for civilization and morality. The reverse of this he is persuaded is true, the Caucasian being superior to the others. But he does contend, that, by means of education, the intellectual, moral, and social condition of each race may be greatly elevated, and human virtue, power, and happiness in a high degree promoted.

Let that cheering and quickening orb appear over their horison, in his brightness and power, and no longer will the phantoms of superstition, securely reposing amidst the shadows of ignorance, madden the soul by their mystical orgies, debase and mislead it by their prejudices and delusions, or paralyse it by their spells.

Controling influences being entirely altered, a new condition of things will arise.

> "Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

The intellect, being disenthralled, will begin to unfold itself, and the savage, and the barbarian, divested, by degress, of their grossness and depravity, will rise toward the virtue and dignity of civilized man.

Nor will their modes of life, and their general habits, be less strikingly revolutionized, than their intellectual condition. Resulting from active and well directed industry, the products of agriculture will begin to burden and ornament the earth; offspring of the useful arts, the comfortable dwelling will be erected on the ruins of the hut and the wigwam; coarseness and brutality will give place to decorum and refinement in manners; profligacy and vice, to a system of sound and virtuous morals; animal strength and courage, to a government of laws; and the rites and abominations of pagan idolatry, to the rational worship of the LIVING GOD.

It is under mutations and improvements like these, that, morally and intellectually, as well as physically, the desert becomes a fruitful place, and the wilderness, bursting into blossom like the rose, is laden with the choicest products of cultivation. It is here that man, escaping from the fetters of ignorance and superstition, and emerging from that degraded station, which closely allied him to the inferior animals, ascends to the rank, in which he is only "a little lower than the angels." And, for this change in his present condition, and his future hopes, so exalted in its nature, and so felicitous in its effects, he is indebted to the beneficent influence of education.

This is no fiction or fancy-piece; no unreal tale of other times, or distant countries, conceived in a moment of fevered enthusiasm, and decorated in the pomp of oriental diction, to dazzle and delude. It is an unexaggerated delineation of an existing reality; an honest representation of what education is now achieving, and has, in part, already achieved, within our own borders, and under the patronage of our own government.

Cast your eyes, toward the setting sun, on the dwelling of the Cherokees, that once savage, but now partially civilized, once degraded, but now rising people, and in the moral beauty and grandeur of the *original*, you will soon forget the humble *picture* I have attempted to draw.

But the portraiture of the entire amount of the benefactions of education is yet to be delineated. Nor is it by powers like mine, that the representation can be given, in the colors that become it. The only qualification worthy of the subject, that I can confidently promise to bring to the task, is the fidelity of my effort.

To aid me in my enterprize, direct, for a moment, through the mist of ages, your view to the various nations of antiquity, and mark the achievements of Education among them. In whatever spot or region she has established her dwelling, she has, like another Prometheus, elicited fire from the altar of heaven, to kindle up a conflagration of genius around her. Through whatever tract she has directed her march, wisdom, science, and amended morals, have been her constant attendants, while plenty, greatness and power, taste, elegance and happiness, have followed in her train. The very soil she has trodden, as if enriched by her footsteps, has poured out its treasures in more precious productions, and more immeasurable abundance. And commerce and the arts, in rivalry of science, letters, and agriculture, have risen in grandeur, unfolded, at once, their opulence and beauty, and, uniting with their sister-products, have formed a constellation, to shine with a lustre, whose lingering radiance, after the lapse of several thousand centuries, has scarcely departed.

For evidence confirmatory of this representation, I need only refer to the *countries* of ancient Egypt, Chaldea, and Persia, and to the *cities* of Thebes and Persepolis, Palmyra and Babylon.

But the states of Greece, had I leisure to avail myself of it, present to me a still more illustrious example. Over all the nations of the ancient world, they were proudly pre-eminent, in whatever was refined and exalted, magnificent and powerful. They were the birth-place and the home of heroes, statesmen, and philosophers, poets, orators, and historians, architects, sculptors, and painters, unequalled, at the time, in the annals of man. For several ages, the entire genius and talent of the world, appeared to be monopolized by the descendants of Greece. While, by their unrivalled achievements, in their respective departments, those illustrious men bestowed on their parent country her transcendent glory, and her immortal name, they themselves were indebted, for their renown, to the influence of education. But for that influence, neither would Homer have sung, Aristotle taught, Thucidydes written, nor Demosthenes astonished, by the thunder of his eloquence; nor would Philip have been the wisest statesman, nor Alexander the most splendid conqueror of antiquity. But for that, neither would the canvas have quickened into life, under the magic of Apelles, the Venus, the Apollo, and the Antinous, breathed in marble, nor the Parthenon arisen, in its symmetry and magnificence, the boast of the time, and the admiration and delight of succeeding ages. In a word, without education, ancient Greece would have continued what she once was, the haunt of savage beasts and savage men, engaged in daily, and sometimes doubtful conflict; and would never have presented herself to the world, a paramount model in letters and the arts. In further confirmation of this, I might cite, were it requisite, the intellectual darkness, deep demoralization, and degraded condition of modern Greece, since education has forsaken her.

I well know, that efforts have been made to prove, that ancient Rome attained to her zenith of greatness and splendor, not only without education, but under the influence of sentiments and measures, in open hostility to it. But I as well know, that those efforts have proved fruitless and unavailing, because their object was the establishment of error. They failed on the ground, on which every enterprize *must* fail, that they were in opposition to nature; an attempted reversion of the irreversible order of cause and effect.

That Rome was inferior, in education, to Greece, is well known to every classical scholar. And, in the same degree, was she inferior, in genuine glory, and permanent renown. For whatever she possessed of these, she was, in no ordinary degree, indebted to Greece. Greece bestowed on her her imperishable name, by becoming her instructress, extending education from the shades of the Ilissus to the banks of the Tiber, and consecrating the grove of Egeria to the same employment, that had previously been pursued in that of Academus.

Figure to yourselves Rome to have been a warlike nation, and nothing more; her only occupation rapine and blood. Suppose her to have been destitute of historians, orators and poets, philosophers, architects, sculptors and painters, and all other characters devoted to science and letters, or skilled in the arts. Where would have been her true glory and magnificence, even when at the zenith of her power? and where her renown at this distant period? I answer, that during such an insulated and sanguinary condition of existence, her glory would have been spurious, that she would have presented, at that time, nothing but a terrific and debasing spectacle of moral depravity, and ruffian crime,—and, at the present, a mortifying blank in the catalogue of nations. She would have been immersed in revolting barbarism then, and buried in hopeless oblivion now.

As relates to genuine glory and lasting renown, in vain would her Romulus have founded the republic, and her Cincinnati and her Scipios, her Pompeys and her Cæsars defended it, had no Livy, Sallust, or Tacitus arisen, to give to posterity their immortal story. In vain would even Æneas, the goddess-born, have survived the fall of his native city, and planted himself in Latium, had not education formed a Virgil, to sing of his exploits. So true is it, that nothing but the emanations of cultivated genius can embalm even the hero's name, and preserve it, in evergreen freshness, from oblivion.

Of the many thousands of time-consuming strollers, and the few classical travellers, who repair, at this day, to the land of the Romans, how many are led thither by a wish to visit the sites, and derive enjoyment from the scenes, of ancient warfare?—to linger, in contemplation, and forget both the present, the future, and themselves, in feelings of delightful recollection, at Pharsalia, at Philippi, or on the fields of Canæ? I answer, not one.

If those places, which cannot now be identified with certainty, even by the most curious and skilful antiquarian, be resorted to at all, it is only in the form of a passing visit, and with sentiments of but little emotion, and transitory regard. Nor is it, on the present occasion, unimportant to observe, that all the interest now attached to them, is derived, not from the blood, by which they have been fertilized, nor the swords and helmets, which the ploughshare has turned up, when furrowing their surface, but from the immortalizing works of historians and poets, who have made them their theme.

Influenced by sentiments, and obedient to motives, of a more refined and exalted order, the traveller hastens to other objects; to the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, to the tomb of Virgil, the Tusculanum of Cicero, the Capitol, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, the Forum, and the Via Sacra, the Temple of Peace, the Pantheon, and the Coliseum. It is when gazing on the exquisite and time-defying beauty and magnificence of the latter edifice, so rich in its suggestions of power and grandeur, that he feels inclined to unite with the poet, in his burst of enthusiastic admiration:

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

Or the traveller repairs, with suitable emotions, to the Palatine Hill, whence, at a single view, he can feast his eye on the majestic remains of most of the surviving monuments of art, that swelled the pageant of the capital of the world. True to the predominant principles of his nature, some of the memorials of ancient education continue to be the engrossing objects of his regard.

The works of Cicero, Horace, Virgil and Ovid, and other writers of the Augustan age, shed on Rome a much brighter lustre, than the sword of Cæsar; and even of that unrivalled leader, the historical writings, his nervous and graphical "*veni—vidi—vici*" descriptions and narratives, are much more glorious to him, than all the heroic achievements they recount. And the enlightened and virtuous reign of Trajan, as a civil ruler, particularly his patronage of literature and the arts, which was, in him, the result of the education he had received, conferred on him more renown, than his victory over Decabulus, and all his extensive conquests in the East. When even his own majestic column shall be ruins and dust, and the traveller shall search in vain for the spot where it stood, the works that speak his praises shall be fresh in immortality.

But the reality and intensity of the lights of education, which threw their lustre over the Roman empire, are best attested, and most conclusively demonstrated, by the effects that ensued, when they were extinguished in blood, by the swords of the barbarians. Those effects, in the world of intellect, were such as would be produced, in the physical world, by the extinguishment of the sun; a night of the soul, long, cheerless, and almost hopeless; a renovated state of ignorance and barbarism, with their native growth of deep depravity, superstition and crime. Hence, by common consent, and with entire aptitude, the term of that gloomy and demoralized condition of man, has received the appellation of the "*Dark Ages.*"

During that dismal and revolting period, Europe was a theatre of desolation and misrule. Nothing valuable was held sacred; nothing unprotected by arms was secure. If the superstitions fostered by the church, seemed, in some instances, to give a temporary security from lawless aggression, their influence was generally of short duration, and always precarious. On every side, and in every conjuncture, where any thing useful or gratifying was at stake, lawless power usurped both the name and the privilege of right. Hence, by force and fraud, rapine and assassination, the strong, the artful, and the vicious, feasted and fattened on the spoils of the feeble, the innocent, and the unsuspecting.

Nor did this state of things terminate, until, like the vernal sun, rising from his long repose in the south, and dispelling, by his beams, the winter night of the polar circle, Education began to cheer, by her radiance, and cherish, by her beneficence, an awakening world. And, let it not be forgotten, that, according as that radiance fell sooner or later on the nations of Europe, did those nations, sooner or later, start from their slumbers, and rise to civilization and knowledge, refinement and virtue.

But, notwithstanding the forcible and instructive examples, which, on this subject, we derive from antiquity, it belongs more especially to modern times, to unfold the inexhaustible treasures of education, and demonstrate the full extent of its ameliorating influence, on the condition of man, and the destinies of nations.

It is only in modern times, that the genuine meaning and entire force of the expression, "knowledge is power," are fully understood and realized, as a principle. It may, therefore, be legitimately added, that it is only in these times, that the expression is recognized, as practically true.

If, then, it *be* true, that knowledge is the proximate cause of power, and education the immediate source of knowledge, it follows, of course, that education, though the remote, is the legimate fountain of power; and that, other things being alike, not only that individual, but that nation, which is most correctly, richly and substantially educated, is most powerful and influential, in the control of its own destiny, and the regulation of human affairs.

That this is to be received as a fundamental truth, in the science of cultivated man, and a principle connected with the condition and character of nations, appears alike from the lights of history, and as the result of observation. It is illustrated and established by the well known fact, that, in every community, the ignorant and uncultivated are the least influential, but the most degraded, vicious, and wretched. It is a truth, moreover, distinctly recognized, and perseveringly acted on, with stupendous effect, by the most powerful empire of modern times. I allude to Russia.

When Peter, so significantly and justly denominated the Great, ascended the throne, which he filled with such lustre, what was the condition of his extensive empire? and what was the cause of that condition?

The correct answer to these two questions, so important to the determination of the topic I am discussing, his ever-watchful and penetrating sagacity immediately discovered, and he acted, on the occasion, with the promptitude of instinct, and the wisdom and energy of a great reformer.

In proportion to the number of his subjects, his empire was, in all respects, weak and inefficient. In agriculture, commerce, and the arts, it was scarcely known beyond its own immediate borders. Of available wealth it was entirely destitute. A maritime force was unknown on its waters; and, by land, it was scarcely a match for Sweden, although inhabited by more than fivefold its population.

At a single glance of his eagle-eye, the monarch perceived that all this arose from a want of knowledge; and that that was the result of a want of education. But, in him, to discover, and remedy an evil, in matters that concerned the interests of his empire, were cotemporary acts. He became, therefore, at once, the active and munificent patron of education.

For the accomplishment of his views, on this subject, which he deemed so vitally important to his dominion, he founded and endowed several seats of learning, inviting, to the superintendence and administration of them, with suitable honors and emoluments, distinguished teachers from other nations; encouraged, in various parts of his empire, the establishment of literary and scientific associations; and, by furnishing them, at once, with employment and reward, induced many artists, of talent and eminence, to make his capital their home. Nor did either agriculture or commerce fail to participate of his fostering attention. To erase, as far as possible, the very recollection of their more uncultivated and rude condition, he altered the costume, and, in many respects, the customs and manners of his subjects. He adopted, in fact, every measure, that wisdom seemed to dictate, and which his means could accomplish, to eradicate barbarism, and diffuse among his people, according to their rank, such useful knowledge, as suited their condition. To say every thing, at once, he gave them to enjoy the benefactions of education.

The change, which he thus, in a short time effected, in the condition of his empire, seemed the work of enchantment. In its suddenness and extent, as well as in its charm, it resembled the quick succession of full-blown summer, with its rich luxuriance, and ample promise, to the icy reign and withering influence of a northern winter.

It is from that period, that Russia dates her power and consequence. No longer treated with indifference or disrespect, the empire of the north began now to be regarded as an infant Hercules, contending with the monsters of ignorance and superstition, conquering difficulties, of various descriptions, and successfully laboring for the advancement of civilization, and the amelioration of the condition of man.

Within her realm the earth began to be burdened with harvests, the waters with vessels of commerce and war, the arts, both the useful and ornamental, to send forth their products, and science and letters to enlighten and refine.

Nor did her mighty march toward power and greatness, terminate with the life of its illustrious author. Fired by his example, directed by the radiance, which his genius left behind it, and profiting abundantly by their own wisdom, his august successors pursued the same enlightened policy, diffusing widely throughout the empire the influence of education, until, from a feeble beginning, Russia now controls the destinies of continental Europe.

But for a still more glorious display of Education, we must direct our attention to Great Britain and France. It is there, that she appears in her greatest strength, and her most developed and resplendent character, the vicegerent of Heaven, dispensing its blessings and accomplishments to all things around her, in every form of varied beneficence. The earth, the rivers, the freighted ocean, man in his highest state of cultivation, several of the tribes of inferior animals, unite in doing homage to her all-controlling influence. It is there, that, putting forth her highest powers, Education has done apparently all that can be done, for the glory, the perfection, and the happiness of man,—there, that she has erected an intellectual paradise, fair and magnificent as imagination can conceive; where every tree and shrub and humbler plant are beauteous in flowers, and rich in fruit; and where every object speaks, at once, of genius, judgment, and matured experience. It is within the boundaries of those two neighboring and rival kingdoms, that education has concentred tenfold the amount of power and grandeur, physical and moral, of that which Rome possessed in her zenith of greatness, although her boundaries were more than twentyfold the dimensions of theirs. So transcendently pre-eminent is cultivated over uncultivated man; and so exactly do the influence and efficiencies of nations correspond with the degree of cultivation they have received.

[We do not vouch for all the opinions contained in the foregoing article; but we recommend it to the reader, as one, that will repay the most diligent perusal.—Ed.]

SILK RAISING.

Dedham, August 15th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

According to your request, I have applied to Mrs. White for some information, respecting the management of the silk-worm and the manufacture of silk. She has stated the principal facts, and wishes me to commit them to paper, as her domestic concerns interfere a little with the exercise of the quill. The following contains the substance of her knowledge on the subject. On or about the 10th of June, when the mulberry trees are beginning to put forth their leaves, the eggs that were deposited the preceding year, are exposed to the air for the purpose of hatching, and the worms very soon begin to appear. Immediately upon being hatched, they are furnished with leaves, in a place where they will not be exposed to the sun, as its immediate rays appear to disturb, if they do not destroy them. Attention must be paid to keeping them clean, by removing the old leaves and filth, and this as much as possible without handling them. During their progress from the first to the last stage, they undergo three changes, that is as nearly as can be recollected. After about nine days, they are in a torpid state, and refuse to eat. This continues about two days. Two similar periods of interruption follow. Care must be taken to keep them pretty constantly provided with good fresh leaves. It is proper to guard against giving wet leaves to the young worms especially. If they are well fed, they accomplish their labor in four or five weeks. At this time, when they discover an inclination to stop eating, and prepare for securing a continuance of their race, it is proper to furnish them with bushes, *such as the sweet fern*, (which is reckoned favorable to them,) upon which the cocoons are fastened. As soon as the cocoons appear to be formed, those, which it is desirable to preserve for silk, before the expiration of nine days, are to be exposed to the sun, or the heat of a heated oven, for the purpose of destroying the miller or the grub. The outer coat is to be removed from the covers. Those which are intended for propagation, must be set aside, where no injury will come to them, and in the course of nine days they make their appearance. In nine days more the eggs are laid on paper, or some substance, which can conveniently be secured in places, where the air and frost will not reach them. The cocoons of the males are long, and pointed at one end; the females are rounded at each end. In winding off the silk from the cocoons, it was the practice to put about two quarts, (I do not know the number,) into water heated nearly to the boiling point, and then to take a bundle of twigs, and by applying them to the cocoons, gather as many of the threads, as will make half of the size of a common thread of sewing silk, say 60 or 70, perhaps more. Some of those gathered soon terminating, the thread taken up is soon reduced to its proper size. This is wound, as it comes off, upon a reel. After this operation it is necessary to remove it from the reel, and put it upon *winders*, to spin it, and then double and twist it. Then it is boiled in strong soap suds, which operation renders it soft and white and beautiful. Being separated into skeins, it was sold for 10 cents per skein. The color, you know, can be altered from white at pleasure. The leaves were taken from trees of a considerable size; but it is thought by many to be better to sow the seeds thinly, and as the plants grow, mow them down. Thus more tender leaves are produced and in greater profusion, and at the same time the labor is very greatly diminished. When Mr. Holcomb commenced the business, it was very profitable, as it was in the time of the late war with England. After the peace, it was less profitable, but considered advantageous. The principal reason, I suppose, why he discontinued the business, was, that the state of his health and family was very much changed, and the art was not well understood by successors. I have thus given you an outline of the mode of proceeding adopted by Mr. Holcomb. I shall be glad, if you receive from it any new information, or are confirmed in regard to former statements. Mrs. White joins with me in respectful regards for yourself and lady. Accept, dear sir, the best wishes for your success, of your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITE.

REV. TIMOTHY FLINT.

NAVIGATION OF THE OHIO.

IN descending this river in low autumnal stages of the water, no one can have failed to remark, the very great inconvenience, which we suffer from the impeded, or wholly interrupted steam-boat navigation of it, during at least five months in the year. There are two other months, in which the river is navigated by steam-boats of medial burthen; but the passage up and down the river is tedious, often retarded by the grounding of the boats, and rendered, in consequence, more prolonged, uncertain and expensive. It may be considered, too, that every other year on an average, we are interdicted from all navigation, by the ice, seven or eight weeks. Allow, then, one month in a year, on an average, for obstruction by the ice, and we have only four months of free and unimpeded navigation of our noble river in a year. The route to New Orleans, after all the great works, now in contemplation and in progress, to connect us directly with the Atlantic waters, will always remain our most important and most frequented channel of conveyance. Who can calculate the advantage, which would accrue to us from a free and unobstructed steam-boat navigation of this river eleven months in the year? We are clear, that we could scarcely imagine the sum, that we ought to be willing, on speculation, to pay for it. To say nothing of the long suspension of the only present convenient mean of transport, our southern friends are in a great measure deterred from coming to spend the summer with us, from passing through our country to the lake and to the north, and especially from returning home in this direction, by this impediment. In one word, this obstruction, to all useful purposes, dams up our river nearly half the year.

The same order of things renders the Mississippi something more inconvenient of navigation. But, as there is always in that river, from the mouth of the Ohio to the gulf, sufficiency of water for the largest steam-boats, the inconvenience only consists in the greater difficulty of finding the channel, and the necessity of lying by, during foggy and dark nights. But, as there are now most excellent and accurate charts of that river, and pilots of skill and dexterity of experience, which can only be adequately imagined by those who have witnessed it, the difficulties of summer navigation on the Mississippi, may be comparatively laid wholly out of the question. The only impediment, then, to the free and unmolested navigation from Pittsburg to New-Orleans, through all that portion of the year, which is not obstructed by the ice, is to be found on the Ohio. May it not be entirely removed, and with moderate expense? We have always thought it might. We have navigated the river, in its whole course, four or five times in this stage of the water, and have suffered the worst inconveniences of the low water, and impeded navigation. We have here put down such thoughts, as have occurred to us, in the hope that others, still more experienced in the navigation of the river, and of deeper acquaintance and better judgment in matters of this sort, may find their thoughts elicited to the contemplation of the subject.

We do not speak advisedly, but from such judgment as we can form from memory, and what we have experienced, in passing on this river in autumnal stages of the water. But every one, the least acquainted with the channel of the Ohio, knows, that, almost in its whole course to the Mississippi, it is laid off by nature in a succession of what may be called ponds, or small lakes, in low stages of the water, where the current is almost imperceptible, and where a boat floats little more than a mile in an hour. These ponds are broad, clear of sawyers for the most part, and generally from ten to twenty feet deep. At any rate, they have uniformly a sufficient depth of water for steam boats of any class. We are cautious in the opinion, which we express; but still we have a confident impression, that nine hundred miles of the distance between Pittsburgh and the mouth of the Ohio are of this character. The remaining eighty or a hundred are ripple, *schute*, sandbar,—in other words, shoal and swift water, over which steam boats of considerable draught cannot pass, and where the smallest are constantly liable to be brought up, and grounded.

With the exception of the falls at Louisville, which, as the canal round them will soon be finished, may be laid out of the question, we do not know a place, where the ordinary hands of a steam boat, or even flat boat, may not dig their way through from one pond to the other in a short time. Every one knows, that this is a deliverance very frequently self-wrought. These ponds generally terminate in a bluff bank, where the ripple, or shoal, commences. Sometimes the shoal consists of fine sand. But even then the substratum is underlaid with a singular kind of gravel, coarse pebbles, and stones from the weight of an ounce to half a pound. These stones, gravel and pebbles compact together, and for the most part form the obstruction along the shoal. Every one, used to the river, knows that no digging is easier, and that where there is nearly water enough, the steam boat raises her steam, and plows her way through these places. In a channel, almost uniformly of this character, with a gentle and equable declivity, the digging out of all these shoals between the ponds, from Pittsburgh to the mouth, would be a work of no expense, or difficulty, as it seems to us, to bear any proportion to the advantage of it—that is to say, the affording us the unmolested navigation for nearly half the year, that is now lost to us. It is our opinion, that the money, which has been appropriated to removing the sawyers from the river, which, according to our judgment, were very little hindrance to its navigation, would have nearly accomplished this great work.

In conversing with practical men on steam boats, when the difficulties in question were in actual occurrence, they have uniformly been in judgment with us, that the digging out and deepening the shoal places between these ponds would be neither expensive, nor difficult. But with them the objection to the adoption of this process is, that the channel frequently shifts, and that these channels would be constantly filling with sand. This seems to be the most formidable impediment, that can be apprehended in the way of improving the navigation of the Ohio. This objection seems to us to be founded on partial observation, and on reasonings, nowise parallel to those, that would apply to a regular canal through the shoal places. A steam boat, or a flat boat, is brought up on one of these shoals, either at right angles, or diagonally to the current. The watermen observe, that a bar rapidly forms upon the lower side of the boat, for the obvious reason, that the water, dammed up by the grounded boat, is thrown more rapidly by the bow and stern, creating a wake below, into which the displaced gravel and sand is naturally whirled. Would this occur in an unobstructed and deepened channel, into which, of course, the water would flow with greater power and freedom? We are clear, that it would not; and we are confirmed in this opinion by observing, that experienced watermen, when their crafts are grounded, and when they wish to work a new channel, deepen the water in the centre of the desired channel, and the accumulated weight and power of the water soon clears the required depth of channel of itself. On the contrary, the digging out and deepening of the shoal places between the ponds would concentrate the power of the water in those directions, narrow the thread of the current, by drawing it into these narrow points, and thus continually tend to level the bed of the canal, so dug, with the ponds above and below. We apprehend, that many places, so dug out, would require the sides of the canal to be secured and embanked by a wall of loose stones, or by sinking saplings and small timber lengthwise, as a kind of embankment for the sides of the canal. We are confident, that, at an expense, wholly disproportioned to the resulting advantages, these canals might not only be secured, but deepened by the constant and accumulated power of water, thus drawn into a narrow and strong current. If, in fact, during the high waters, or obstructions from grounding timber, or other causes, the channel should shift, and some of these canals at low water be found filled with sand, are not roads, railways and artificial canals subject to the same kind of accidental inconvenience? Would not the annual advantage pay for the annual digging out of the shoal places? We think it would, even upon this extreme calculation.

But we are sanguine, for ourselves, that the danger of these channels being filled in this way is entirely overrated. A slight embankment would effectually prevent the possibility of their being clogged with gravel, and pebbles, which constitute, as we have seen, the chief impediment of these shoals. Certainly, it could not be apprehended, upon any principle of moving forces, that the floating sand of the Ohio would subside, and fill such channels as these. The greater number of the channels, then, would remain to perpetuity, and would be far more likely to deepen, than to fill, and the remainder would be cleared out by an appropriation, which would bear no proportion to the advantage. Would not a small toll reimburse the cost, and defray the expenses of keeping the channel perpetually open?

In the present excitement of enterprize, to form canals and railways, and to triumph over nature, there is a very obvious tendency in the public mind to lose sight of improvements of this class, where nature is ready to take shares in the expenses and difficulties of the undertaking. We have in our valley a thousand natural canals, that only require a little digging out and removing of logs, to become navigable. A very moderate expense would form cordelling, or tow paths, along our rivers. Nature has dug canals in every direction through the great plain of Louisiana, though nine in ten of them require a little clearing. If the population, municipal spirit and enterprize of New-England, or New-York, were transferred to those plains, in a few years the Atchafalaya would be as navigable, as the Mississippi, to the gulf, and steam boats would come to the cotton gins and sugar houses of every plantation.

We hope, that in our laudable spirit of gigantic enterprize, to wed the remotest seas, rivers and lakes, regardless of expense and labor, of hills, rocks and mountains, we shall not become blind to the equally useful, and infinitely easier and cheaper, projects of following the guidance of nature, noting her imperfect outlines, carrying out her begun conceptions, and in all cases, where she will go with us, availing ourselves of her untiring aid, instead of putting in requisition the sweat, toil and expense of the living fibre.

Rolling dams at intervals, where there are ripples and shoals in our smaller rivers, with locks through them, would give us thousands of miles of canal at a comparatively small expense. Clearing out the channels would give us other thousands. Cutting away the timber and underbrush, and bridging the gullies, would give us tow paths. These canals would not be the less useful, because a mile of them would not cost a fiftieth part of a mile of canal of wholly artificial construction. It is no good reason, because some of them are boatable, perhaps, a month in the year, during a high fresh, that there should be no effort made to render them navigable at all seasons. As we advance in right apprehension of our true interests, we shall advance in the fidelity of our investigation of these points. The time will surely come, when every one of our long streams, gliding down their gentle declivities, that carries water enough to supply the drain of summer evaporation, will be dug out, dammed, and locked, so as to be rendered navigable. The fertility of our soil, the badness of our roads, and the animating incitements, derived from our prospect of being shortly connected by canals with the Atlantic, unite to invoke us to these enterprizes.

* AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

It is well known, that throughout all the explored portions of the continent of North America, vestiges remain, of a population somewhat more advanced in the arts, than any of the Indian tribes now lingering on our borders. These remains are, principally, mounds and embankments, sculptured rocks, and rude pottery. Objects, not strictly belonging to either of these three classes, may have been observed,—but not in great numbers; and in all instances, it is believed, a strict examination would invalidate their claims to high antiquity.

In relation to the last mentioned and least important class of these remains, namely, the specimens of pottery found occasionally in all the country between lake Superior, in the northeast, and the Spanish mountains on the borders of New-Mexico, in the southwest, we may remark, that they have, in all situations, a character of extreme and uniform rudeness,—consisting of common clay, with a free intermixture of coarse sand, or gravel, sometimes calcareous, but generally flinty. They appear to have been moulded by the hand, without the aid of a wheel, and ornamented, wherever any ornament has been attempted, in the same taste and style of execution, which our Indians to this day exhibit. They were hardened by being placed to dry in the sunshine; and when used for boiling food, heated stones were plunged in the contents. Vessels, in all respects similar, are to this day manufactured and used by the Indians in the remote and unfrequented parts of the country.

The language of the Ojibbeways affords evidence enough to convince an etymologist, that the use of this kind of pottery was very ancient among them. In the Algonkin dialects, one of the least variable of common substantives is the word, written by Roger Williams *auke*, earth; in the language of the Naticks it was, according to Elliot, *ohke;* La Houton writes *acke* in the Algonkin, or *ackonin* in some neighbor dialect; by Loskiel it is written *hakky* in the Delaware; by Zeisberger, *hacki* in the same; it is now pronounced *aukee* by the Ojibbeways, *auka* by the Menomenies, and has nearly the same sound in several other dialects. Their kettles, in consequence, doubtless, of having been made of earth, were called *aukeek*, or *akkeek*, earthen, or *auheek oance*, little earthen; and to this day, they designate all kettles in the same way,—sometimes particularizing the substance, of which it is made, as, *misquaw keek*, a copper kettle, from *misquaw*, red, and *aukeek*. It is also worthy of remark, that in the ceremonies of the *meta*, or grand medicine, the most solemn and important, as well as truly ancient, of their religious festivals, they use, what they call *metig wawkeek*, wood earthen. This is a long cylinder, made of the trunk of a tree, over one end of which they tie a piece of dressed leather; and this, after being moistened, is beat upon with an instrument resembling a small hammer. One of their esteemed religious songs commences, '*Metig wawkeek nenoandowaw*,' 'The wooden kettle, I hear it.' Some bands call this instrument *bwoin aukeek*, which appears to mean the roasted kettle,—perhaps, because the cylinder is sometimes hollowed out by fire. The *taiwaigun*, or drum, formed of a broad hoop of bent wood, and having two parchment heads, is a much more sonorous and convenient instrument,—used at *wawbenoes*, and in various feasts, but never finds admission into the solemn ceremonies of the *meta*. These etymologies authorize the conclusion, that the use of earthen vessels was, with the Algonkins, not only prior to the introduction of metallic kettles, but also to the use of wooden mortars, hollowed by fire. We have, therefore, no occasion to search for any other, than the present race of Indians, as the fabricators of the works of this kind.

Sculptured, or inscribed rocks, constitute the second class of remains, of which we proposed to speak. This part of the subject is involved in great obscurity; the remains in question having been but rarely noticed, and still more rarely described with any degree of intelligence and faithfulness. The central portions of the great valley of the Mississippi are the regions, in which these remains have been found. They present a variety of deeply wrought figures, among which those called *tracks* of men, of turkeys, and a few other animals, are most frequent. Those, who have visited various portions of the vast horizontal limestone formation of the West, and have found, that in every part, the hunters, and even the settled inhabitants, and those on other subjects well informed, will still insist, that they find not only snakes, frogs, tortoises, but buffaloes' horns, wasps' nests, honeycombs, walnuts, and even peaches, changed to solid rock, and deeply imbedded in the limestone, will not be surprised, that prototypes should have been devised for every possible indentation, whether wrought by the hand of man, or impressed by any accidental cause. Thus, we are told, with equal gravity, of the *impressions* on the solid lime rock, of the *feet of men*, and of the tracks of the great non-descript monster, who skipped away from the top of the Alleghany 'into the country beyond the great lakes, where he is living to this day.'* It is not surprising, that such very remarkable accidental figures, as those preserved in the chimney of a house at Herculaneum, on the Mississippi, should be at first view mistaken for impressions of human feet; but when examination at the quarry has convinced us, that they are only matrices of nodules of horn stone, we become in some measure incredulous, in respect to other alleged remains of a similar character. Yet sufficient evidence exists, to convince the most obstinate and incredulous, that inscriptions of unquestionable antiquity exist on several rocks in the state of Missouri, and, perhaps, in other places. These inscriptions, in which a figure resembling the track of a man, and another of three converging lines, ⋝ called the track of a turkey, are of most frequent occurrence, cannot now, it is probable, be decyphered, though they seem to belong to a species of symbolic, or picture writing, still in use among our Indians.

The mounds and embankments, so common throughout the country of the Mississippi, have been carefully examined, and accurately described. We have little to add in relation to them.

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* See North American Review for April, 1828, p. 365.

It may, however, be worthy of consideration, that four fifths of the whole number of these monuments very closely resemble such piles of earth, as would result from the abandonment and consequent decay of the earth-covered lodges of the Omawhaws, Pawnees, and other tribes inhabiting to the southwest of the Missouri. They are mostly found in large groups, sometimes arranged in regular streets, and sometimes irregularly disposed, like the lodges of the western Indians. The Algonkins, who are an eastern race, and who in their career of migration have been slowly advancing westward, know nothing of these works. We find no word in the Algonkin dialect, appropriated to them. The Menomenies, in whose country some are found, call them *spawkewun*, or *spawkewik*, hills; and they say the Great Spirit made them, having apparently no suspicion, that they were raised by human labor. It is, therefore, probable, that these mounds belong not to the Algonkin race; but no satisfactory argument has hitherto been advanced to prove, that they were not left by the people, whose descendants—a feeble and scattered remnant—are now found in the plains beyond the Mississippi.

When we compare the condition of the Indians at the present day, and at the time of the discovery and colonization of the country, we would gladly persuade ourselves, that some exaggeration prevails in the accounts of the early voyagers and historians. Our feelings of humanity forbid us to believe, that we have so soon supplanted and destroyed a numerous and happy people. But the concurring testimony of all the early historians, and of the vestiges, of which we have spoken, will not allow us to deceive ourselves. Where are now the numerous and warlike Caribs? Where the long forgotten tribes, who received to their hospitality our fugitive forefathers? Where the twenty villages of the Massachusetts, with their *fields* and *pastures?*[*] Where the powerful and politic and long dreaded Iroquois? Even the very names of tribes, represented to have been formidable, can now be found only in obsolete and almost forgotten records; so rapid and overwhelming has been the fate of this race, whom our forefathers found simple and virtuous, hospitable and happy.

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[*] Precipua quidem barbarorum habitatio est, juxta *Penobscot* versus Septentrionem, ad austrum vero oram secus *Macadacut*, *Segocket*, *Pemmaquid*, *Nusconcus*, *Kenaebec*, *Sagadahok*, *Anmongcawed*, hic populi. *Segetago*, *Pantiuntanunck*, *Pocopassum*, *Taughtacagnet*, *Wawbiggan*, *Nassaque*, *Mashecosqueck*, *Mosquoquen*, *Wackiago*, *Passaranaek*, degunt, et illorum confæderati. *Aucosisco*; *Accominticus*, *Passataquack*, *Aggowan* et *Naemkeek*, qui omnes preparum dialecto et moribus inter se differunt. * * *Massachusetorum* gens longe populosior; lingua, moribus et commerciorum usu, multum a cæteris barbaris diversa, pagos supra viginti cum suis pascuis et agris possident, multos amnes accolunt variosque in mediterraneis lacus juxta quos potissimum castores et lutra venantem.—De Laet. p. 65: 1633. If the Massachusetts had *pastures*, it is likely, that so early as the visit of Smith, whom De Laet quotes, they had received some domestic animals from the whites.

We may certainly rely with confidence on the statement, that the Indians, at the time of the discovery, were settled and agricultural. This one statement being admitted, it appears to us no longer improbable, that the progenitors of the Kanzas and Ottoes, the Omawhaws and Pawnees, were the people, who in vast numbers inhabited the American Bottom, and other fertile districts along the Mississippi, and its tributaries; and that, in the mounds, and other artificial works, there so numerous, we see the ruins of their dwellings, their public edifices, and their works of defence. All these remains, without a single well ascertained exception, bespeak a rude state of the mechanic arts; but many of them evince a degree of persevering and systematic industry, on the part of a numerous and agricultural population, and a condition of internal security, happiness and abundance, to which the barbarous communities of our continent have for many years been strangers. Records of undoubted authority extend back to the time, when the condition, here contemplated, was that of many of the Indians in the interior of North America. The days of the independence, and the confederated power of the Iroquois, are almost within the memory of man. We have not space to introduce at large the testimony of early writers. We may, however, refer to the authority of Hackluyt in his account of Cartier's discovery, to that of Lescarbot, (*Hist. de la Nov. France*, liv. vi. ch. 23,) of Pere le Caron, the Recollet Sagard, and many others in the *Lettres Edefiantes*, of M. Champlain, of M. L'Eveque, of Hennepin, Charlevoix, La Houton and Crespel, to prove, that the French found the native tribes of Canada, and even of the now desolate and famishing regions of lake Superior, not only populous and agricultural, but, in comparison to those of the present day, wealthy, independent and happy. The traveller in those distant, and now solitary regions, often pauses to survey the remains of some Jesuit's house, or trading establishment, whose magnitude and extent seem wholly disproportioned to the present state of the country; while the stinted specimens of exotic trees and plants, the apple and plum, the garden sorrel, the asparagus, and the domestic grasses, still remain to remind him, that civilization and industry have of late years rather receded, than advanced.

In a comparison of the condition of the Indians two hundred years since, with their present almost unexampled degradation and misery, we see the effect produced upon them by being brought in contact with the boasted civilization, the useful arts, the elevated and pure religion of white men. The schemes of the politician and the philanthropist, the avarice of the fur trader, and the zeal of the missionary, however directed, have all tended to the same result. All causes seem to have combined, to effect the debasement and annihilation of this unhappy race.

We have often been told, that in order to preserve and benefit the Indians, we ought to teach them our agriculture, our useful arts, and industrious habits, and above all, our elevating and divine religion. Do those, who urge these things upon us, bear in mind, that before we began to instruct and assist the Indians, they were a moral, an industrious and a happy people, and that our instructions have availed little, or nothing, towards making any of them better men? while our commercial intercourse has prostrated their rude industry, annihilated their homely arts, and our vices have plunged them into the most deplorable state of depravity.

These remarks are by no means intended to deter any from an effort in behalf of the Indians. If more than two hundred years have been worse than lost, in the great work of their conversion and civilization, it does not follow, that nothing can ever be done. A civilized and Christian community, who are their successors in this fair inheritance, certainly owe it to themselves, to continue, and redouble their efforts for the benefit of a race, which must soon become extinct. We say *extinct*, because we are convinced, that it is only by becoming identified with the whites, by adopting their manners, and acquiring their feelings, that any of them can be preserved. As separate and independent communities, with institutions of their own, they will always tend toward barbarism As citizens of the United States, many of them might become valuable to themselves, and to others.

Z.

POETICAL.

We would not presume to intrude our advice upon our young friend below, instead of that of the physician. But we frankly avow, that we think his an organic affection rather of the brain, than the heart. We prescribe the reading of sound books, and the study of mathematics. It would help the cause, if he would devote himself in earnest to some useful pursuit; in a word, in medical language, to pursue a regimen calculated to evaporate the water, and to give tensity and firmness and weight to the solids of the brain.

TUNE—'*Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love.*'

ALAS, what ails me? Can you tell?
My heart beats strangely. Doctor, hear.
But a month since I was as well,
As I have been for many a year.
But now I feel so awful queer,
My breath respires in one long sigh;
And I live on in constant fear,
That I am sick, and like to die.
Alas, alas! 'tis done for me.
A horrid sickness this must be.

I'm lean as Hunger, hate the light,
With steady burning at my breast.
I lay me down to sleep at night,
But get no snatch of quiet rest.
E'en when I sleep, I have such dreams!
Hearken to one, and then you'll know.
I dream'd last week, and yet it seems,
As though 'twere but an hour ago.

I dream'd that doctor Physic sate,
With look official, by my bed,
And said, that he was call'd too late,
To save a patient so near dead.
I begg'd him, name the ail, I had,
And try his utmost stretch of art.
He shook his head. 'Your case is bad.
Organic wasting of the heart.'
'Pray, doctor, don't! Alas, poor me!
A horrid sickness this must be.'

I thought, I felt a coward grief,
That such a hopeful youth must die;
And questioned, is there no relief?
He look'd denial in reply.
'Since Æsculapius first made pills,
No doctor, as the records say,
Has ever cur'd this organ's ills,
Though the disease spreads every day.'
'Oh, say not so. Alas, poor me!
Then I must die, I plainly see.'

I woke, all drench'd in sweat from fear,
Thanks to this terror-bringing dream.
A friend of mine was lying near,
And said, he thought, he heard me scream,
As though my death-blow had been dealt.
Perhaps I did so. So would you,
Or any other man, who felt,
The doctor's woful words were true.
Alas, good sir, I 'll tell you why;
'Tis no such trifling thing to die.

But a great doctor now, I 'm told,
Heav'n-sent, and deep in med'cine's lore,
Has found a cure, well known of old,
Which heals the heart, sound, as before.
He brings a witch, to spell the case,
And from her kind and pitying breast
Bestow a sound heart in the place
Of that, whose wasting broke his rest.
Have pity, fair one. May it be,
That I thus get relief from thee.

REVIEW.

'Letters on the Logos,' and 'The Trinitarian Controversy.'

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

MANY unitarian, and some trinitarian writers, have followed Tertullian, in maintaining the interpretation, that *Logos* imports the wisdom, or reason of God; in other words, a personification of some one of his attributes. The author raises a number of objections to this interpretation, and, in vindication of his opinion, evidences, as we have occasion to remark every where in this book, much acuteness of biblical criticism and patience of investigation. The amount of his opinion, in sum, is, that *Logos* does not import the personification of any one of the Divine attributes; and his most formidable objection to this view is, that, he conceives, he can offer a more probable one of his own. In search of the true import of this phrase, he recurs to one of the leading ideas of his theory, that the meaning of this term can only be discovered, by tracing it to its Jewish origin, and ascertaining what the Jews understood by it. He proceeds to show, how this people were imperceptibly led to regard this phrase, as denoting a separate existence from the Supreme Jehovah. He adverts to a modern school of divines, who consider the divine nature of the Saviour to be this *Logos*.

The divine manifestations, designated by the phrase *the Word*, or *the Logos*, may import, he says, either, that they were emblems of the Supreme God, or some subordinate angel, or messenger. The first view supposes, that Jehovah himself was the direct agent in these visible symbols, and audible voices, called by the general term *Shekinah*. On the other part, it is maintained, that they were emblems of angels, or the pre-existing spirit of the Messiah. Against this latter view the author quotes his favorite authority, Lowman, who assigns various, and apparently conclusive reasons, why the *Shekinah* ought to be considered, as representing no other than Jehovah himself.

Lowman presents, also, the arguments for the other side of the question. Various texts of Scripture are quoted, which seem to assert not only, that God has never been manifest to the visible organs, but that he never can be. In the second step of this argument, on p. 97, the author goes into a critical examination of the import of the word '*angel*.' But, were we to follow him through these refinements of verbal criticism, we should, probably, only perplex the simplicity of the brief view, which we mean to take. Those, who wish to understand this subject critically, will, after all, be obliged to advert to the book itself. The sum of the argument is, that the *Shekinah*, *Mimra*, *Logos*, or *Word of the Lord*, is used in Scripture, to designate neither *attribute*, *angel*, or *inferior existence*, but God himself, personified in the *Shekinah*.

The grand fundamental point of the Jewish worship was, that God only was to be worshipped. Yet in that ritual all their prayers and all their worship were directed to the *Shekinah;* so that, if they really worshipped in this manifestation any other than God, their whole worship for two thousand years was in direct contravention to the fundamental doctrine of their church. Such are the conclusions of Lowman, whom the author generally follows. On p. 108, he gives his own view of the subject in some fine paragraphs, which we are precluded from quoting by their length. The sum of his views is contained in the following.

> 'Whenever God caused any miraculous appearance, so as to direct the attention of men towards him, or to convey to them communications, then and there was a *Shekinah*. When, therefore, we think of a *Shekinah*, we are not to suppose that God is contained within it, in any sense in which we do not, at the same time, suppose him to be contained in every other object in the universe, and in every other portion of space ; but we are to regard it only as the chosen point, towards which we are to look, in order to recognise his being, and contemplate with reverence his character ; as the selected channel, through which we are to direct to him our worship, and receive from him instructions.'—p. 109.

He then proceeds to examine the nature of the *Shekinah*, by contemplating the several appellations given to it in Scripture; and a most laborious, faithful and patient survey of the Scriptures, in comments upon forty or fifty passages, is taken. On p. 124, the author takes a philosophic review of the ground, which he has gone over. The writing is fine, the strain serious and instructive, and the views philosophic and enlarged. Could we quote the whole, we should present the reader an impressive theological dissertation. In a note he quotes the unfortunate Servetus, who was put to death even in modern times for his unitarian speculations. It is not known generally, that this great and amiable man, besides standing in modern times, as a terrible monument of the blind fury of bigotry, was either the discoverer or assertor of the truth, which has conferred immortality upon Harvey—*the circulation of the blood*.

The author's view of the import of the term *Logos* is, that it signifies the Saviour,—using the phrase '*Word of the Lord*' in the same manner, as it had been applied to the *Shekinah*, for ages before his coming, in the Jewish church and Scriptures.

> 'At the very outset I would remark, that the idea of God himself being visibly, or personally, or peculiarly present, that is, present in such a manner, as to imply, that he was not equally, at the time, present in every other object and every other place, is obviously excluded, as we have seen, by the whole tenor of Jewish phraseology, as applied to the *Shekinah*, and in a formal, precise and definite manner by Solomon, in his prayer at the dedication of the Temple. The Jews did not regard the *Shekinah*, as God, in any proper sense. It was not God, in any proper sense. The application of the title of the *Shekinah*, 'the Word of the Lord,' to Jesus Christ, so far, therefore, from authorizing an inference that he was God, absolutely excludes and prevents such an inference'—p. 131.

The author's views of the bearing of this interpretation are given in the following words:

> 'So it will for ever be the duty of Christians, when they pray to the Father, to offer their petitions through Christ. For Christ, in his instructions, uttered the will, and in his virtues, presents us with a pattern, an image of the moral glory and sublime perfection of the Father's character. By fixing our eyes upon Jesus, that is, upon his example and principles, when we worship the Father, we shall have an accurate representation of his character, and shall worship him *in truth;* that is, with a correct perception of his moral attributes. When the thoughts and feelings have been regulated and adjusted by the contemplation of such a model of himself, the devout affections will rise, an acceptable offering, to God.'—p. 137.

The author closes the fifth letter with a general survey of the ground gone over.

The sixth letter advances to an exposition, or exegesis of the proem of St. John's gospel on these principles. The author goes critically, and at large, into this exegesis. The reader will see, that we must necessarily give it, or omit it, entire. Our limits impose the latter. We view it a specimen of exposition equally honorable to his learning and acuteness. We shall present the reader with the result of his interpretation almost in his own words. In the very beginning there was a *Word*. The *Word* proceeded from no other being, than the Supreme God. The Supreme God himself spoke to men in this *Word*. By the *Word* of God all things were created. The *Word* came to a world, lying in ignorance and error; but men would not resign their errors, and receive the truth from it. A man, named John, was sent with a divine commission. He was not that *Word*. His office reached no further, than to give testimony of its advent. The true *Word* soon appeared, conveying no limited or partial instruction, but one intended to be diffused through all time and all generations. But, though the world was created by such a *Word*, still the men of the world would not receive it, as coming from God. It came to the Jewish nation, which had been familiar with such *Words* from the beginning. Yet would not even they receive it. None of the terms of admission to the

Jewish dispensation are required, to partake of the privileges of this religion. Those, who receive its bearer, as bringing a communication from God, are at once admitted to all its privileges. This *Word* was, like every *Shekinah* in former times, accompanied by such a glory, as demonstrated, that it came from God. We ourselves saw its glory. Instead of displaying, as every previous *Shekinah* had done, the power and majesty of God, this made known to us his moral attributes, the sublime goodness and mercy of his paternal character. John declared, that this was a true *Word*, such as had been often manifested to men in the ancient church, and that he had come to testify of this *Word*. The glory, which belonged to this latter *Shekinah*, was not confined to it, but was capable of being diffused and communicated. If we receive this image of the moral character of God, we shall become filled with a sublimer glory, than ever accompanied the *Shekinah* on the mount, or in the temple. No man had ever before seen the consistency of all the sublime attributes of God. It was the office and privilege of Jesus Christ, to make them known to the world.

Such is a summary view of the author's exegesis of the first eighteen verses of the Gospel according to St. John. To confirm it, he takes another general view of the New Testament, to ascertain the import of the *Word*, or *Logos*, as there used. This survey is made by a critical and profound investigation of nineteen or twenty passages in the New Testament, where the phrase 'Word of the Lord' is used; and he finds himself confirmed in his interpretation by all these passages.

From p. 185 we feel less inclined to follow the author's speculations, because he seems to us there to have completed his subject. The remaining paragraphs, in which he more fully discloses his own views of the abstract nature and dignity of Christ's character, seem to us uncalled for, and born out of due time. We shall pass it with a single remark, that the author finds this interpretation a clue to the explanation of those passages, which have been generally understood to assert the pre-existence of Christ, and those texts, which speak of an intimate union and communion between Christ and the Divine Mind; such as, 'If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also.' 'He, that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on Him, that sent me.' 'Even as the Father said unto me, so I speak;'—and other like passages; particularly that, 'For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;' and those texts, which speak of Jesus Christ, as the image of God, of which he quotes a number of apposite examples. It will readily be supposed, that he applies the same exegesis to the often quoted trinitarian authority, Philip ii. 11; and those passages, which in the New Testament describe the kingdom and the glory of Christ, of which he quotes five or six striking texts.

The result of the effects, which, the author supposes, would follow from receiving these views of the gospel, are given in the following paragraphs.

'There is one reflection arising from the view now taken of the kingdom of Christ, and of admission into it, which I cannot refrain from expressing. We now perceive what is the great, the perpetual, the ever strengthening evidence of the truth of our religion. It is the moral perfection of the character and principles of him, who was commissioned and sent to be the Word of God in establishing it. It is this, which has given that impress of divinity to it, which will for ever sink deeper and shine brighter. The higher the moral and intellectual attainments of any individual, or of the race of men, the more clear and convincing will this evidence become. This glory of Christ, his moral perfection, has secured the admiration and preserved the faith of thousands, through periods when his religion has been buried beneath a load of corruptions, which of themselves would have repulsed every rational mind and every pure heart.

'Fanaticism and folly have endeavored, by associating with his religion the most horrible doctrines, by destroying the simplicity and beauty of his character, and by attributing to him a mode of speaking which would be considered deceptive among men, to obstruct and extinguish the sublime moral light which beamed around him, and thus destroy the great evidence of the divinity of his mission. But they never have succeeded. They never can succeed. It would be easier to put out the light of the sun, or to prevent its rays from reaching and warming the earth, than it would be to shut the eyes and the hearts of reflecting, intelligent, refined, or good men against the brighter, warmer radiance shed forth from the character of him, who, in the vision of the prophet, shone as the "Sun of Righteousness."

'As the idolatrous Israelites came back trembling to their God, when he appeared before them in the material glory of a *Shekinah*, so every doubting, wavering, disbelieving mind is compelled to return to faith and reverence, whenever Jesus, the everlasting *Shekinah*, appears before it in the sublime, the celestial glory of his moral perfections. And here I would appeal to the experience of every man, and there are many such men, whom the corruptions of Christianity have almost driven to infidelity, but who still adheres firmly to the faith, and I doubt not this would be his testimony: "I could not receive the religion as it had been presented to me, crowded with doctrines as repulsive to the sensibility of a good heart, as to the reason of an intelligent mind, and I was about to reject it; but I read the words, and contemplated the character and conduct of Jesus Christ, and his actions, his language, his sentiments were so reasonable, so pure, so holy, so heavenly, that I could doubt no longer; all distrust was driven away. Never can I look upon the moral splendours of his character—never can I look upon his *glory*, without exclaiming, surely God was with him!" Even the most obstinate and stubborn unbelievers have never been able to resist the force of the evidence of which I am speaking. They have all bowed down before the glory of Christ. In one of my former Letters, it has been shown how it broke in upon the infidelity of Rousseau. With an irresistible power it compelled him to testify, as those possessed of an evil spirit had been compelled to testify before, "Jesus, thou Son of God!"'—pp. 207-8-9.

Although we have the fortune to differ from the author in some of his speculations, that do not distinctly appear, except towards the close of this work, we have marked with feelings of unmingled approbation the evidences of profound and sober investigation, of patient and unwearied application, of temperate and catholic feeling, that run through the book. These are circumstances, so much the more worthy of praise, as youth, health, smiling prospects, and independence are apt to inspire and induce a very different train of habits. We know of no book, which, in the same limits, embodies more laborious criticism, or more extensive research upon the subject in discussion. Though his conclusions upon some points are very different from ours, we hope, that they, who come after us, if we do not, will survive, to see that first and most important of all truths in speculation universally admitted, that no man is to be blamed, or can be in fault for conclusions, which have been the result of honest inquiry, be they what they may. Men may be unfortunate and worthy of pity for holding erroneous opinions; but every wise and honest man knows, that we come by our conclusions as irresistibly, as we do by the result of our bodily perceptions. We cannot see visible objects, except as they appear to the eye. Nor can we any other ways perceive intellectual ones, except as they affect our minds by the irresistible law of evidence.

We have felt in reading this book, what the reader has, probably, perceived, that it is one, of which it is extremely difficult to make a fair abstract. The train of the author's thoughts is so connected, and yet the links are sometimes so little perceptible, that it is almost impossible to give any other view of his thoughts, than at his own length, and in his own words. The reader cannot fail to have observed, that if his exegesis of the proem of St. John's gospel be a just one, all argument, drawn from that chapter, for the equal divinity of the Saviour with the Father, and all support of the doctrine of the trinity, according to the Athanasian exposition of that doctrine, which is based on that foundation, falls to the ground.

It would be wholly superfluous to inform our readers, that there is at this time a wide spread schism, not only among our churches, but through Protestant Christendom, upon this ground. Unitarian churches are springing up on every side; and in some parts of our country the party earnestness, and the division of societies and families are as bitter and exclusive, as have been our fiercest political party contests. The unitarians, their enemies themselves being judges, are calm and dispassionate; for they are charged with not having zeal and earnestness and strength enough of conviction to impart to them a spirit of proselytism.

Not so with the thorough-going trinitarians. They depend much, in the first place, upon excluding all possible evidence and inquiry. The disciple is informed at the outset, that the doctrine is damnable, and, in the accustomed phrase, *soul-destroying;* that it is monstrous, and utterly unscriptural. Why not, then, encourage investigation? Assuredly the conviction of that man, who has seen and examined for himself, is deeper, than his, who receives his opinion in trust from another. Wretched indeed is the dependence for orthodoxy, which is based upon keeping the inquirer excluded from all views, but those, which tend to confirm him in his own opinions. It is the unhappy order of things in our country, that every thing is carried by the blindness of party fury. It is the great object of all leaders of all kinds of sects among us to exclude all sorts of information and reading, but just that, which is favorable to the preconceived dogma. The unitarian reads nothing but unitarian matter. The trinitarian is told, that the very reading of a unitarian book is polluting, and tends to destroy the soul. The same order of things runs through the management of every denomination and sect of religion, politics and philosophy. The disciples of Dr. Beecher are no more averse to reading the opinions of Mr. Owen, than the disciples of Mr. Owen are to read those of Dr. Beecher. And all this by men, who tell you, that truth is omnipotent; that the more it is examined, the more deep are its convictions; that the more it is assailed, like the rock on the seashore, the more clearly its shows the majesty of its unshaken power of resistance. When will men learn, that it is the poorest tribute, that can be paid to a doctrine, to attempt to shield it from scrutiny, and to denounce all attempts to hear and examine what can be said against it? Truth must always gain by assault and opposition.

Touching our own views of this subject of bitter questioning, we have never had our own thoughts and feelings more exactly met, than by Dr. Lowell's sermon upon the trinitarian controversy, from the text, '*No man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father.*' The doctrine is, that all attempts to investigate the abstract nature of Jesus Christ, and the precise connexion between him and the Father, must be unavailing,—because it is a speculation, which reason cannot comprehend, and which God has not seen fit to reveal. God has not imparted this secret of heaven to superior intelligences. He has not imparted it to man. 'It is a mystery, which the scanty line of human reason cannot scan; a secret thing, which belongs to God.' If so, to attempt to be wise above what is written, is not only futile and unavailing, but it is worse; it is arrogant. It is throwing away powers, that might be better employed. All, that is required of us, touching our salvation, is so clearly revealed, that there is and can be no question about it. The rest of the inquiry is worse than useless. Among Athanasian trinitarians, it is well known, there are a great number of sects and shades of opinion. Among unitarians there are an equal number. The author mentions ten or twelve in the limits of this single sermon. In the notes appended to this excellent discourse, there are fifteen pages of close printing devoted to brief notices of the different sects, touching this point. Neither Doddridge, nor Baxter, nor Watts were sound Athanasian trinitarians. Milton and Isaac Newton were equally unsound; and how often have we heard an orthodox minister, in the commencement of his discourse, triumphantly quote the great name of John Locke, as a proof, that the wisest and best of men could be believers, and numbered, as friends of the gospel,—and before his sermon closed, denounce to certain and eternal destruction every believer in those views of Christianity, to which he must have known, that Locke was most firmly devoted. Alas! when will ministers feel the dignity and sanctity of their office, and aver nothing in their pulpits, to stir up the blind zeal of bigotry; aver nothing, which they are not aware would stand the present scrutiny of an enlightened adversary, did propriety allow him to respond on the spot!

It is humiliating to hear every one of the numberless sects of Christianity denouncing every other one. What would become of the whole, if we were to take each one's account of the other? And yet each one of the sects triumphantly exclaims, '*They have taken away our gods, and what have we more?* If they were to take away our peculiarities, there would be nothing left to us, worth contending for.' We have heard remarks of this kind a thousand times. Nothing worth contending for! Is it possible? All denominations of Christians, of which we have any knowledge, believe, that we shall live for ever in another life, another conscious identical existence beyond the grave. Is this nothing, then? All believe, that we are accountable, and shall receive reward or punishment in eternity, according to our conduct in this life. Is this nothing? All believe, that the righteous will be happy and the wicked miserable. Is this nothing? All believe, that we shall be saved by, through, or on account of Jesus Christ. Is this nothing? Or shall we insist, that his salvation is of no use, because we may not exactly understand the mode of obtaining it? Now these, we conceive to be very important concerns; at least as much so, as the differences, that divide the thousand sects of Christianity, the differences between many of which are no more important, than that between two sects of the Greek church, which is said to consist in one sect holding up two fingers, when they pronounce the benediction, and the other three!—and yet, we are told, that more blood has been spilled on account of this *very important* difference, than any other in the Greek church.

But let us for a moment examine what is the precise difference between trinitarians and unitarians, as far, as we can understand it. The Athanasian trinitarian—for, observe, there are a great number of sects among them—avers, that there are three distinct persons in the Godhead, co-equal and eternal; and yet these three are one. They go further: whosoever denies this, they say, will be *damned eternally*. Whosoever believes it not, has *denied the Lord, that bought him*, and will perish for ever without redemption. We have no doubt, that countless millions of the best of men have thought, they so believed in the trinity, and have lived, and died in this honest, but erroneous conviction. It is easy for us to avow our belief in a catechism. It is easy to have our ideas so confused, and indistinct, as to answer honestly, that we believe, what has been told us by our spiritual guides, inculcated in our church, declared weekly, or daily in our confessions. Who, that knows any thing of the operations and actings of the mind, does not know, that from hearing an opinion stated a thousand times, and declared on authority by those, to whom we have been accustomed to look with deference, as guides and teachers, we finally come to have such a vague and general conviction of its truth, that we should even recoil with pain from hearing it controverted, and called in question; and that doctrine still be of a nature and character, that when analyzed, and explained to us, we should find, that we neither comprehended or understood the ideas embraced by it, and of course could not believe it. Now let us examine, and analyze the idea of three distinct and equal persons being united in one single, conscious identity, and making one God. Of all ideas, that we have, those of number are the most simple and clear. What other beings, with higher powers, may be able to believe, we do not know. But we do know, that no human mind, as constituted here on earth, ever did comprehend, while in the sane exercise of its powers, that one is three, or three one. We can as easily believe, that a triangle is a square, or a cube a globe. We ask any honest trinitarian to examine, and analyze his ideas upon this subject, and see, if he finds his mind possessing capabilities to believe, that three are one, or one three? Where shall we stop, when we once admit more than one simple, indivisible Divinity? Why not follow out our vain imaginations to all the revolting doctrines of polytheism?

But, say they, we have an illustration of the possibility of a similar fact in the two natures, or, as some say, three, co-existing in our own identity, and yet constituting one individual man. What an illustration! In the first place, that unknown substance, which we call *ourselves*, is beyond question a simple, single, indivisible, indestructible and immortal monad. If so, the body is but an appendage—a mere instrument of the operations of this immortal being. But even they, who are driven to this illustration, do not contend, that the two or three natures, co-existing in an individual man, are equal, or cotemporary. What, then, becomes of the analogy? But again: They say, God has revealed, that three are one, and one three, and therefore we must believe on the veracity of Him, who hath revealed, whether we comprehend, or not. In the first place, it is easy to notice the disingenuousness of this claiming *petitio principii*, or begging the question. The very point in dispute is, whether it is so revealed, or not. But the proper reply to this common averment is this. We are bound, indeed, to believe, whatsoever our minds can believe, on the testimony of God declaring it. We can believe, for example, that the sun stood still. We can believe, that the widow's son was raised from the dead. We can believe, 'that Christ arose, and became the first fruits of them, that slept.' The facts are contrary to our experience; but not at all incongruous, or incomprehensible. The raising of Lazarus is as simple and as clear an idea, as the resuscitation of a drowned person, which many have witnessed. Such are the facts, unwitnessed, indeed, by our own personal observation, that we are called upon to believe, and that we are bound by all the laws of evidence to believe, on the veracity of Him, who declares. But suppose he had been understood by some to declare, that three and five are equal, and when added make two; that the whole is not equal to all its parts; and propositions of that sort; could we believe them? Certainly not. The ideas are incongruous and incompatible. The affirmation of the one is the negation of the other. All declarative reasoning must be conducted in words; and where such propositions are advanced, as that the former part of the proposition contradicts the latter, all reasoning is at an end. We are bound to believe things, that are above reason, on the testimony of God. But God, the author of light and order, has not called upon us, any-where, to believe things, that are contrary to reason. Nor will He, as we trust, ever punish any one for doubting, whether three can be one, and one three at the same time.

And yet, go where we will, to hear the simple and sublime and consoling truths, and the inculcation of the benevolent and divine spirit of Jesus Christ,—of Him, who rebuked his bigotted followers, who would have called down fire from heaven on all, that did not exactly walk with them, by the well deserved reproof, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of,'—we hear denunciations for want of such faith. It seems to be a prevalent burden of the common theme of modern preaching, to declare, that the loss of the soul must be the consequence of not believing th[illegible]sterious, not to say revolting and contradictory proposi[illegible] We can only say, that we see no such declaration in th[illegible]res, and that it would indeed inspire horror in us to se[illegible]ecause we would sooner renounce all earthly hopes, th[illegible] a moment suppose, that the Father of mankind, the S[illegible] of light, and the Giver of all good, had called upon us to be[illegible] propositions, that he had not given us faculties to believe.

It would seem, that all sincere Christians could meet on the ground of Dr. Lowell's view of this subject.

'I am told that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I know that Jesus implies *saviour*, and that Christ signifies *anointed.* Of the phrase Son of God, I find no explanation in the Scriptures, and I give none. The Jews used it to designate the expected Messiah, who was to restore to them the possession of their ancient privileges. The first Christians used it to designate the Messiah, who had come, and was to *save his people from their sins.*

'For us, it is enough to know, that this Son of God is the *Saviour*, the *Anointed*, consecrated to the work of our redemption, the Mediator between God and man,* in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,† to whom the Spirit was given without measure,‡ who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification;‖ that he ascended up into heaven whence he came down;§ that he shall come again to judge the world;¶ and that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.**

'The question was long ago asked, *Who say ye that I am.* The memorable answer of the apostle was, *Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God;* and the benediction which it elicited is left upon record for the consolation of those humble Christians, who are afraid to pry into *the deep things of God. Blessed art thou Simon, son of Jonah; flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven.* It were well that those, who require a more full confession, should ponder on these words.†† The same question has been asked, and has received various answers, from that time to the present. Even among those who bear the same name there is great diversity of opinion. It would be useless, if it were practicable, for me to give you an account of the various sentiments which have prevailed respecting the person of Jesus Christ. Many of them are long since exploded, and are to be found only in the history of religious opinions, if, indeed, their names have not perished, like those who conceived them.'—pp. 7, 8, 9.

'I conclude this part of my discourse in the language of bishop Taylor; and I would that every bishop, of every church, were as catholic, as well as pious, as he was. "He who goes about to speak of the mysteries of the trinity, and does it by words of man's device, talking of essences and existences, hypostases and personalities, priorities and coequalities, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself, and build a tabernacle in his own head, and talk of something, he knows not what; but the good man, who feels the power of the Father, and to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification and redemption, in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad,—this man, though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the Christian doctrine of the trinity." '—p. 19.

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* 1 Tim. ii. 5. † Col. ii. 9. ‡ John iii. 34.

‖ Rom. iv. 25. § John i. 2, vi. 62, xvi. 28, xvii. 5.

¶ Mark viii. 38; Rom. xiv. 10; 2 Cor. v. 10. ** John iii. 16, 36.

†† See also John i. 33, 34, iii. 18, ix. 35, *and seq.*, xx. 31; Acts viii. 37, ix. 20; 1 John iv. 15, v. 5, &c. &c.

We quote his admirable counsel to the young gentleman ordained to the ministry.

'You may be told that "there must be no neutrals;"—be it so; observe no neutrality with bigotry, or vice.* You may hear much, on all sides, of the necessity of *explicitness* in preaching;—*keep back nothing that may be profitable* to your hearers, either of doctrine or duty; but, as you may not be "*wise*," so you may not be *explicit*, "above what is written." You may be satisfied to follow, in this respect, the example of the apostles and early teachers, who did not attempt to define what was undefinable, or to make known to others, what had not been revealed to themselves. You may be told, that it argues a want of decision and firmness to refuse to join one party or the other; but that is not indecision, which pursues an independent course, searching and judging and acting for itself. No, my brother, it requires much less decision to join a crowd, and allow others to think and to speak for you, and much less firmness to take shelter under a party banner, than to stand alone.'—p. 21.

We quote the two closing paragraphs, in proof, that a liberal minister can be serious.

'Thoughtless sinner! Go on in the way of thy heart! Listen with indifference to the truths that we announce to thee. Let our discourse be to thee *as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.* Brave, if thou wilt, the retributions of eternal justice. Forget in thy youth, forget in thy manhood, the God who made thee, the Saviour who redeemed thee. Go on in the way of thy heart, till thy joyous day, if it be a joyous day, of life is ended, and the shadows of night descend, and *thy feet stumble on the dark mountains.* Go on—but no! forbear! hear the voice that would call thee back from the precipice on which thou art standing. Know, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment. Thou must come, when the vision of earthly enjoyment is fled, where there will be nothing to blind thine eyes, to drown thy senses, to sear thy conscience; when every faculty will be in full exercise, every sense feelingly alive to its sin and misery; when conscience shall have resumed its throne,—thou must come before thy Judge. Thou wilt *be weighed in the balances, and found wanting.*

'Yes! we must say *to the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him.* But we may *say to the righteous, it shall be well with him, for he shall eat of the fruit of his doings.* The peace of God shall dwell in his heart, shall add brightness to his brightest day of prosperity, and shed light upon the night of adversity; shall make duty easy, and trials light. Come what will, he is prepared for it. There is nothing terrible to him in life; there is nothing terrible in death. He is contented to live, and suffer. He is contented to die, and be at rest. He has a hope which cannot fail him, for it is built on the unchangeable promises of the unchangeable God. He has treasures on earth which he cannot lose, for they are laid up in heaven.'—p. 23, 24.

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* It has been reported that a wish was expressed, by an eminent theological professor, in regard to a highly respectable clergyman, now deceased, who was said to stand on middle ground, "that a wind would come and blow him to one side or the other." When the prophet stood at the mouth of the cave to hear the word of God, the Lord was not in the *wind*, but in the *still small voice*.

Some will be guided in these points of opinion chiefly by the authority of names. We will, therefore, enumerate the names of men, given in this single sermon with its notes, who each entertained different opinions from the other, touching the nature of the Saviour. Athanasius, Arius, Sabellus, Noetus, Paul of Samosata, Cerinthus, &c. in the ancient days. Waterland, Burnet, South, Sherlock, Socinus, Price, Priestly, Belsham, Clarke, Watts, Baxter, and we may add, Newton, Milton and Locke, in modern times,—not to mention a hundred names of the most distinguished divines in our own country. All these men entertained different views of this subject; and will the reader believe, that it is written in the Scriptures, that any man will perish everlastingly, because he happens not to be able to see this point, upon which such men differed, just as some creed makers saw it sixteen centuries ago? We have no doubt, that most of these men differed honestly, as well they might, upon points, which have not been revealed, and if they had been, are above human comprehension.

We should be glad to believe, that the spirit of bigotry had not found its way even into the ranks of the unitarians. We are with those, who believe, that the Saviour is worthy of worship, and ought to be worshipped. We fear, there are not a few among them, who hold this as wild and irrational a heresy, as any other, that could be named. True, they do not wield fire and faggot. True, they contend not for the converting influence of inquisition and dungeons. But a little harmless ridicule, such as hinting, that the person is weak, simple, credulous, obtuse of intellect, and ought to be sent, where people are less enlightened, &c.—these are mild and harmless expedients, that may be adopted with the most Christian-like tempers.

The truth is, the spirit of man is naturally a persecuting spirit. The heart of man is expanded to its utmost dimensions with the elastic gas of vanity. Every one wishes to bend every other mind to his opinions. Every one wishes to set up his own standard, as an idol, to which others must bow down, and worship. The leaders of all sects wish to exclude all light, but that, which tends to confirm their followers in their present persuasions. Every one talks about the omnipotence of truth; and yet every one dreads, that any other views, than his own, should be presented to his disciple.

Religion ever has been, is now, and ever will be a matter of feeling, of sentiment, an affection of the heart,—and its nutriment benevolence and love. It can equally belong to Isaac

Newton, with an intellect verging towards angelic, and to the most scantily endowed moral agent. When men shall every where be brought to feel, that in denouncing their fellows to destruction, they are rather manifesting and proclaiming their own wrath, than the wrath of God; when it shall be a universally admitted truth, that we can never be in fault on account of convictions honestly obtained,—then the arm of persecution will be for ever palsied and nerveless, and not before. Then no one will allow himself to be an instrument of the blind zeal of another. Then *peace will prevail on earth, and good will to men*. Then *the gospel will have free course and be glorified*.

Noveau Principes d'Economie Politique; ou de la Richesse dans ses Rapports avec la Population. Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI, *Correspondent de l'Institut de France, de l'Academie Imperiale de St. Petersbourg, de l'Academie Royale des Sciences de Prusse, etc. Seconde edition.*

[We have translated the following article from the *Revue Encyclopedique*, because it is one, in which, at this time, the people of the United States take an absorbing interest, and because to the few, who have seen American notices of this book, it will be both useful and amusing to remark, how the same work is viewed by the writers of another nation.—ED.]

'THIS rather indefinite title,' observes the author, 'might raise the impression, that this book is only a new manual of the rudiments of the science. I carry my pretensions further. I believe, that I have placed political economy upon a new basis.' This, then, is not alone a new exposition of received principles. It is rather an exposition of new principles; and it is thus, that we ought to understand the title of 'New Principles of Political Economy,' which the author has assumed for his work.

The scope of this whole work, he says, is to develope and complete the doctrine of Adam Smith. This doctrine is ours. All the progress, which the science has since made, is due to him. Still his principles, carried into practice, have often had results diametrically opposite to those, which he had announced; and the experience of half an age, during which his theory has more or less applied in practice, proves, that in more than one circumstance, he ought to have drawn different conclusions. The dogma of free and universal competition has made great progress in all civilized societies. A prodigious development of power and industry has been the result. But frequently, also, there has resulted an alarming amount of suffering for many classes of the population. Smith, only considering the progress of riches, and contemplating only those, who take an interest in increasing them, has come to the conclusion, that this increase cannot be better facilitated, than by abandoning society to the free concurrence of individual efforts. We have considered wealth in its relations with population. A nation has seemed to us to advance in opulence, only when its capital in its increase diffuses more easy and ample means of subsistence among the people. Twenty millions of people are poorer with six hundred millions francs of revenue, than ten millions with four hundred millions. The rich can augment their wealth, either by a new production, or by applying to their own use a greater portion of what had formerly been reserved for the poor. To regulate this division, to render it equitable, we almost continually invoke that interposition of the government, which Adam Smith rejected.

This short extract may give us some idea of what M. de Sismondi has proposed to do. To develope the doctrine of Adam Smith, to demonstrate the abuse, of which it is susceptible, to indicate a remedy for that abuse,—this is the triple object, which he appears to have in view. I have, then, to consider his work under these three aspects. I have at first to examine the exposition, which he has given of the principles of the science. I shall afterwards speak of his complaints of the excess of production. I shall conclude by examining, if this excess is real, if he refers it to its true cause, and if the means, which he proposes to obviate it, are expedient.

Those parts of the work of M. de Sismondi, which are devoted to the development of the principles of political economy, are not new. The author advertises us, that they have already appeared in his 'Commercial Wealth;' and we may conclude from the judgment, which he passes upon this last work, that he regards it, as comprehending an exact exposition of the science. 'I have followed,' he says, 'for a long time, the course, in which the economists of the day are travelling; and the public appeared to judge, when I published my "Commercial Wealth," that, if I had not made the discoveries, at least I had well known them.'

I know not the writing, to which these words refer. But if I may judge of the first work of M. de Sismondi by his new one, I avow, that I find some difficulty in subscribing to this judgment. There are many things in these new principles, which appear to me excellent. But I do not find, I am compelled to say, that they embrace either an exact or complete exposition of the principles of political economy.

The author does not define *production*, and expounds but very imperfectly the mode, in which it operates. 'He professes with Smith,' he says, 'that the source of all wealth is in labor;' but he gives us an idea neither sufficiently exact, nor complete, of *labor*, or of its *means*. It cannot be said, that he makes out, that every thing is derived from *labor*, as he pretends. He recognizes, for example, a power of *production*, which comes from nature, and which is independent of all human labor. 'The power to produce,' he says, 'is entirely due to the anterior labor of man, which has created the fund of increase, while the power of the earth is due only in part to this anterior labor.' We remark, in passing, that this is a false distinction. For man hath no more created the increasing fund, than the earth. He hath done no more in the one case, or the other, than to arrange, and put in play to certain end the forces, which nature presents him; and he is not, in one of these cases more or less of a creator, than the other. Let us proceed.

The author, I say, has not given a sufficiently exact idea of *labor*. He makes a distinction between useful and productive labors, and those, which are unproductive, and still farther those, which are eminently useful. After the example of Smith and other economists, he maintains, that the labors of the public functionaries, *lawyers*, *physicians*, *moralists*, *men of letters*, *artists*, &c. are absolutely unproductive; 'for the reason,' he says, 'that what they do is not clothed with any material form, and is not susceptible of being preserved!' This theory, as I deem, I have sufficiently refuted, in giving an account of the work of M. Say, and which I am the more surprised to find adopted by our author, as he has expressly placed the literati and the artists in the class of the most real riches of a nation. Of course he ought to have placed in the most productive class of industry, that, which these classes produce, and of consequence, that, which rears, instructs, forms, and preserves these men. At the same time, that he excludes from the class of productive labors all those, which operate upon men, he does not show, in what points they differ from those, which operate upon things. As well as I am able to comprehend his definition of commerce, he so names the industry, which produces things destined to be exchanged. While he distinguishes commerce from agriculture, he does not separate it from manufactures, and he confounds under the name of *commercial industry*, that, which transforms things, and that, which transports them. He does not appear to have seen, what M. Say, however, has so clearly established, that commerce *produces* in transporting things, by bringing them nearer to the purchaser. He continually confounds commerce with exchange; and while he omits to show, how commerce produces, he wishes to show, that exchange produces,—and thus he returns to an error, which seemed nearly abandoned. He settles badly, as it seems to me, the nature and the functions of money. He sees in it, the *sign*, the *pledge* and the *measure* of values. But it is neither the *sign*, the *pledge*, nor the *measure* of values. He makes it the medium of commerce, and it is only the medium of exchanges. He says, 'that in facilitating commerce, it presents a benefit to all the world, and augments wealth, *which would have increased without it;*' and since it only facilitates exchanges, we cannot say, that it contributes to create a wealth, which exchanges do not create. Money is not an instrument of production. It is the instrument of exchanges, which are, no doubt, in many ways favorable and even necessary to production, but which do not directly produce. In brief, I would here censure M. de Sismondi for badly defining *exchanges*, and *money*, which is the instrument of them, and for not distinguishing exchanges from industry, and for not showing, in what way the different kinds of industry *produce*.

To the fault of not giving sufficiently exact ideas of the nature of the different kinds of labors, the author adds that, of not giving ideas sufficiently complete of the means of labor. In fact, he exposes no view of the part, which capitalists play in the phenomena of production. He does not devote three pages to discuss the influence of the separation of occupations, and that of machines. He scarcely accords a few lines to that of scientific knowledge. He says nothing of the talents of application and execution. Still less does he speak of the other elements of power, which should have been comprised, as I have made appear elsewhere, in a thorough analysis of the means of industry.

For the rest, if the exposition, which M. de Sismondi has given of these means, had only the defect of being incomplete, there might have been some injustice in bringing this defect with too much carefulness to view; for he had visibly less in view to give a well developed analysis of the power of labor, than to point out the abuse, which it is possible to make of it, the excess, to which production may be carried, and the danger of a regime of liberty and concurrence, which, exciting the faculties of industry to the highest point, is of all things, as he observes, the most conducive to rendering production excessive.

The essential object, the most prominent purpose of the book of M. de Sismondi, is complaints against production, and every thing, that favors it. The author had brought forward these complaints in the first edition of his works, in 1819. He has reproduced them in a series of articles inserted in different works, and pointedly in this; and they reappear in the second edition of his great work, aggravated, extended and fortified. 'During ten years,' says he, 'I have not ceased to point out this malady of the social body, *the excess of production;* and during seven years it has not ceased to accumulate.' Are the causes known? Is there any mean of applying a remedy? Let us see, first, if it is true, that too much can be produced.

M. Say, with whom our author is in particular discussion upon this subject, denies, that it is true, that production is too considerable; and the first proof, which he gives, is, that there is yet no nation, which is completely supplied, and that even among those, that pass for flourishing, seven eighths of the population want products, regarded as necessaries, he does not say in an opulent family, but even in one of economical modes. 'But,' replies M. de Sismondi, 'that makes nothing against my proposition. I do not deny, that there exist every where a great number of individuals, who suffer all the horrors of misery beside accumulated products, which they have no means of purchasing. But the point is not to know, whether this production is proportioned to the needs of these unhappy beings. It simply turns on the point of knowing, if it is in relation with the means, which they generally have to purchase, and if it is not possible, that certain men possess too much, in comparison of the resources, which others possess? This is not only possible, but an existing fact. The thing is established by the most general and incontestable facts, which the history of commerce presents, by what is most often reproduced, in most places and under most aspects, the fact of the too great accumulation of merchandizes.

'This accumulation,' replies M. Say, 'proves much rather the defect, than the excess of production. Certain products are in excess, only because others are in deficiency. If English merchandizes are in excess in Brazil, for example, it is not, that the English have produced too much, but that the Brazilians have not produced enough. If Brazil should produce enough to purchase the products, which the English carry there, these products would never glut the country. It would be necessary for that purpose, that Brazil should produce more, and possess more considerable capital.' This second response, to which our author appears to have nothing to reply, seems to me, however, little conclusive. 'The English,' says M. Say, 'do not produce too much, only because the Brazilians do not produce enough. The Brazilians ought to produce more.' They ought! Surely they ought. But of that, which the Brazilians ought to be in a condition to buy, it follows, that more merchandize must be carried to their market, than it is possible to sell there. The question does not turn on knowing what the Brazilians ought to do, but to appreciate what the English have done. But it is incontestable, that the English have produced too much for Brazil, if they carry there more merchandize, than the production of the country demands, and is in condition to pay. The question is not, what those men ought to do in general, who do not produce at all, or produce little, but to appreciate what they do, who produce much. But it is incontestable, that they produce too much relatively to others, when they produce more, than the others have the means of buying; and that it is immediately to them, that the glut of merchandize is imputable, and not to those, who are not in condition to purchase all, that they have produced.

M. Say, more struck, I believe, recently, than at former periods, with the abuse, which can be made of the powers of industry, adopts another manner of replying to the author of the 'New Principles.' 'When we know well,' he says, 'what we ought to understand by the word *production*, we cannot say, that it is possible to produce too much. The word *production*, in fact, carries the idea of a true production. But there is no true production, but that, which gives profits. Men do not produce, when they ruin themselves. They do not produce, when they create productions, which they cannot sell. Their only true riches are those, of which they find the return.' This is true. But M. de Sismondi has said nothing contrary to this. He does not say, that too much can be produced, when only as much is produced, as is possible to sell. He complains, that certain men create too great an amount of merchandize, relative to the desire, or the means of others to purchase. But by the circumstance, alone, that a part of these merchandizes remain unsold, or are not sold for what they cost, it is proved, that the complaints of M. de Sismondi are founded.

Let us agree, then, that it is possible, if not to produce too much, at least to create too much merchandize,—a fact, of which M. de Sismondi does not cease to complain, and which M. Say himself recognizes.

Mark, that this does not in the least contradict the doctrine of the last of these economists, touching the expenditures. This doctrine is as true, as it is ingenious. It is very certain, that products are only bought with products, that one product purchases another, and that each one of them has so many the more chances to sell—1, as it presents itself in the market with more advantage, that is to say, as it is better and cheaper; 2, as it is then found surrounded with a greater variety of other products, for which exchange may be possible. But because these products mutually serve for expenditure, it does not follow, that too much of the one may be made relatively to the other, and even too much of each relative to the wants of those, who have them. If the city creates more manufactures, than the country can buy, or the country more provisions, than the city can pay for, there will be for the city in the first instance, and country in the second, a certain quantity of merchandize, uselessly produced, and which will not find consumption, although the products of the city and of the country are naturally exchanged the one against the other. In the same manner, if the city and the country simultaneously create more things, than are necessary abundantly to satisfy their reciprocal needs, there will be on both hands a certain quantity of objects, which will remain unsold, though those of the city serve for consumption to those of the country, and the reverse. Thus the principle, both true and luminous, that production opens consumption to product, does by no means hinder, that it may be possible to create too much of certain things, and even too much of all things; and the complaint of M. de Sismondi hath nothing in it, which militates with the principles of science.

What our author says of the evils caused, by what he calls the excess of population, in the same manner presents nothing, but what is very just. It is very sure, that severe inconveniences follow the abuse of the facility of enterprize, of forcing, and overdoing business. From this may result great squandering of capital, and cruel sufferings for numerous classes of the population, for adventurers, and those, who have confided their funds to them, and more than all, for the numerous mechanics, whom they have attracted, or originated without necessity in the branches, to which they have given more extent, than they ought to have done. We cannot judge by two crises, of such very dubious character, which commerce has experienced in England since the peace, of the evil, which may result from this source. M. de Sismondi has, also, equal reason, when he says, that we may give too much extent to certain labor, and when he adds, that the excess, into which men fall in this respect, has the most disastrous consequences.

But our author is much less happy, it must be agreed, in the explication, which he gives of these excesses. According to him, the abuse, which is made of the powers of industry, is connected with those powers themselves, with every thing, which favors production, with the concurrence of those, that produce, with activity, economy, accumulation of capital, with machines, with new inventions, with the theory of increasing, and carrying to more perfection all things. Not one of these, that M. de Sismondi does not rise against, and which does not appear to him, more or less culpable of the evil, of which he complains.

Evidently, this accusation is unjustly charged. Our means of acting cannot be culpable of the evil, which they enable us to perform. Concurrence may well excite our emulation. It does not counsel us, with a view to annihilate our rivals, to undertake ruinous enterprizes. Economy may well excite us to increase our capital. It does not bid us employ it in creating merchandizes, which will not sell. Machines may well become a great mean of power. That power ought not to spur us on to a useless employ of it. In one word, it is not in our means to produce, that we must seek for the cause of the abuse, we make of those means. It is in the difficulty of making a right use of them. It is in our ignorance of the best manner of employing them. It is in the desire to extend our enterprize, without knowing precisely in what direction, and to what point to extend it. Many speculators are ignorant, what expenditure is. Thousands of persons are occupied in creating merchandizes, who have not the least knowledge in the world, what circumstances will be most proper to assure the profit. Those, who know this, have great difficulty in judging the extent, which they may usefully give their affairs. Remark, that it is very difficult for them to know the nature and extent of the wants, which they have to supply, which their necessities incessantly vary; that even when they know these, they know not the number and the means of the concurrents, that labor with them to satisfy those wants; and that, in consequence, they can never accurately know, within what limits they ought to confine themselves. Observe, besides, that they find themselves almost always drawn on by anterior labors, and that they are in some sort forced to create a certain quantity of merchandizes of a certain nature, solely because they have establishments in operation for them. In fine, it must be admitted, that economists have hitherto applied themselves, more to describing the general processes of industry, than to show the abuse, which it is possible to make of its powers; than to make it appear, that there are bounds to useful enterprizes,—more than all, in a certain organization of society, and a certain distribution of riches; that in place of that, they teach, that the products, which are superabundant, always originate the need of consuming them, and that these needs always grow in proportion to the quantity produced; and that these doctrines may well concur with all the rest, to cause those, that produce, to overstep the bounds, within which prudence would have dictated to them to confine themselves.

Thus ignorance of merchandize, extreme difficulty in understanding it, a difficulty no less of creating a proportion to wants, when they are understood, a false idea, that necessity and consumption have no bounds,—this is what pushes the directors of industry to increase their business; and not concurrence, machines, capital, all the means of action, of which the effect, good or bad, depends on the greater or less degree of wisdom and dexterity, with which they are used. These, without doubt, are many of the reasons, which cause, that adventurers create too great an amount of merchandizes. But whence is it, it may be asked, that they can make too much? Why are they obliged to confine themselves to such narrow limits? Whence is it, that they cannot give a certain extent to their labors, without risking to see all, that follows from a more or less considerable proportion of their labors, remain unsold upon their hands? This is the important question.

It has been said, that nature, having set bounds to the production of food, has thus indirectly set them to that of all other products. It is true. But that does not explain, why those, who produce, are so soon arrested by the difficulty of selling. For it ought to be, that the earth should have as many inhabitants, as it can nourish, and that they should create of some sort, in food, or in manufactures, as much product, as the world can consume. Whence comes it, then, that there is so much difficulty to find purchasers for a limited production?

It has been said, that if certain merchandizes do not sell, it is because other merchandizes are not created. It is very possible, in fact, that certain merchandizes should be too abundant in relation to others; and that the difficulty, which is experienced, in getting rid of the first, comes in part from the circumstance, that there has not been made a sufficient quantity, or variety of the second. But most certainly, this is not the principal cause of the difficulty of finding purchasers; for it is possible, that there may be an excess in all kinds of industry, and a superabundance of those kinds of merchandize, which best serve for expenditures to the one, and to the other, at the same time. We shall often see dealers in the productions of agriculture, and those of manufactured articles, complain together of the difficulty of selling.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]

The Course of Time; a Poem in Ten Books. By ROBERT POLLOK, A. M. *Second American edition.* New-York: 1828.

IN the continual overflow of the fountains of Helicon, it cannot but happen, that something original will now and then be thrown to the surface. Every ear must be weary, and every eye strained to the utmost, in listening to the eternal monotonous tinkling, and in contemplating the glaring, gaudy, gossamer, 'downy softness of the purple plum' poetry of Mrs. Hemans and her school of American disciples. The whole secret of making such verses consists in elaborating words in a certain order and series of combinations. It is mannerism, form and prettiness, and not unlike that spring fairy web, which the eye traces in the morning dew spread over the turf. Its fairy tissue glitters its brief hour in the sunbeams, and is exhaled with the dew, that gave it birth. We earnestly recommend to critics and poets to test the passing poetry of the day by what we consider one of unerring scrutiny. Poetry, that is worthy of the name, must have its basis in thought. Verse, adjunct, epithet, ornament, tissue, elaboration, prettyism, are all appendages, circumstances, what dress is to a beautiful woman. Her dress is not her beauty; nor are these alone poetry. Our alembic, our crucible, is translation. Thought always abides this process. Thought is the same in all modes of speech. What is beautiful in poetry, like the perfect metals, remains, and comes forth, like gold, unchanged. Try most of the poetry of the day by this analysis. It is like burning paper. You look for your diamond, and find nothing remains, but ashes.

'The Course of Time' is poetry of entirely another sort, and almost too wide from the mannerism and prettiness of modern verse. It is vehement, naked, strong, unornamented, solely attentive to the thought, and carries its simplicity almost to coarseness. True, such is the poetry of the ancients, and such the only poetry, that can live beyond the day, in which it originated. We never read poetry of a high order—for this is such—in which the writer was so simple, so entirely dependent upon the thought. The author rushes on to his idea, and words seem only to stand as impediments in his way. Inversions are continually occurring, that befit only the ancient and inflected languages. Such strange words as *whiles*, *unupheld*, *shore*, for sheared, &c. are of frequent use. The poetry bears the marks of extreme haste, carelessness and rapidity of writing, and out of more than two hundred and twenty pages of close printed verses, not more than thirty of the whole can be pronounced of a high order. A great amount of it is flat, vapid, common place tirade, fierce and mouthing, and we may add, most bigotted and indiscriminating declamation, in a style and a manner admirably fitted for the peroration of an itinerant preacher's sermon. Fire, flames, brimstone, hell, death, horrid images, the 'never-dying worm,' and those indistinct and dim outlines of revolting and terrific conceptions, which cause, in the strongest of all phrases, 'the hair on the flesh to stand up,' are strown, broad-cast, through the whole field. Yet his dragons and terrible beasts, like the Caliban of Shakespeare, have life and a horrific identity, amidst all the sign painting coarseness, with which they are drawn. We could not help thinking, how admirably much of this poem would work into a thorough denouncing sermon, when the preacher's object would be, to be sublime and fervid, and to thrill with terror, and to unlock the sources of female tears.

Much of the poem is moulded after the fashion of Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Like that work, it is astonishingly unequal, with a few beautiful passages, sprinkled here and there, like the green spots in *Arabia Deserta*. He has far less harmony, and a much greater proportion of dull and prosaic matter, than Young. He often reaches, and it seems to us, sometimes almost surpasses the grandeur of Milton; but always wants his harmony, terseness, beauty of gradation, untiring march of strength, fulness of development, and classical richness.

In his dashing assault upon novels, theatres, amusements, unbelievers, in short, all, who have not seen religion through his medium of vision, he has spared lord Byron. The lines devoted to him on pp. 84 to 87 are among the finest in the poem, and seem inspired by the felt genius and power of him, on whom they descant. He fondly lingers on this subject, and manifests indulgent sparing beyond most writers, that have touched upon the moral bearing of the noble poet. The coarse, naked and sublime energy of Byron, the majestic and ancient simplicity of his muse, were, out of doubt, the *beau ideal* of this poet. The thought of the whole poem seems to us to have been suggested by the chilling and terrific 'Darkness' of lord Byron.

There is little order and arrangement in the work, and it shows rather a desultory grouping of distinct pictures, than a work, which has a beginning, a middle and an end. What of method there is, may be considered, as designated by the title. *The march of human events*, *the operation of human passions*, *time*, *death*, *judgment*, and *eternity*,—these are his awful theme; not unfolded with the delicacy and continuity, and softening of one picture into another, of Milton,—but in fierce snatches, strong episodes, and occasional paintings of great genius and power. No writer seems ever to have been more thorough-going in his orthodoxy, or more sweeping in his damnatory denunciations. A single line from a passage, which is all in keeping with that line, will serve, as an index to the coarseness of the painting:

'So saying, God grew *dark* with utter wrath.'

Yet all this notwithstanding, as soon as we look into this work, we feel, that his muse walks in power. We respire, as at some glorious spectacle, or recitation; and we say at once, here is a poet. Here is a writer, who has no need to elaborate, and weave his gaudy gossamer of words. He has no need to run to Mrs. Hemans, and Thomas Moore, and the school of *concetti* and *extravaganza;* nor to tumble over the pages of a rhyming dictionary. His intellectual visions stand before you in their native opulence. The material of his mighty web exists in the glorious fertility of his own teeming brain. Invert his fine thoughts, translate them, pass them through what process you may, the simplicity and glory and grandeur of the thought remains. Such is the power of native talent. Such is the character of a real poet. We have no space for a fair analysis of the poem. If we went into detailed views of it, we should be precluded from quotation, for which we shall not have space, even as it is, for any thing, like an adequate amount. The quotations, that we have seen from the work, have been by no means the finest passages, as we have judged in the perusal.

We only add, that the author is said to have been a Scotchman, thoroughly and liberally educated, deeply serious, and a candidate for the ministry. He suffered from ill health, while writing this poem, which he is said to have hurried through in an incredibly short time. He wrote, and delivered three sermons, excited almost unparalleled expectations, and like H. K. White, and many other persons of similar genius and temperament, sunk prematurely, worn out by the unequal energy of movement of high intellectual endowment, put in operation in a frail and crumbling structure of clay.

The futility of human pursuits is well described in the following.

'In Time's pursuits men ran, till out of breath.
The astronomer soared up, and counted stars,
And gazed, and gazed upon the heaven's bright face,
Till he dropped, dim eyed, into the grave.
The numerist in calculations deep
Grew gray. The merchant at his desk expired.
The statesman hunted for another place,
Till death o'ertook him, and made him his prey.
The miser spent his eldest energy,
In grasping for another mite. The scribe
Rubbed pensively his old and withered brow,
Devising new impediments, to hold
In doubt the suit, that threatened to end too soon.
The priest collected tithes, and plead the rights
Of decimation, to the very last.
In science, learning, all philosophy,
Men labored all their days, and labored hard;
And dying, sighed, how little they had done.'—p. 35.

The beautiful description of the end of sinful pleasure is given, almost in the words of Scripture, from Proverbs, and it closes with the following powerful lines.

'I saw him enter in, and heard the door
Behind them shut; and in the dark, still night,
When God's unsleeping eye alone can see,
He went to her adulterous bed. At morn
I looked, and saw him not among the youths.
I heard his father mourn, his mother weep.
For none returned, that went with her. The dead
Were in her house. Her guests in depths of hell;
She wove the winding sheet of souls, and laid
Them in the urn of everlasting death.'—p. 48.

The whole of page 56, which we have not space to quote, is charming.

> 'But stranger still the distribution seemed
> Of intellect; though fewer here complained,
> Each with his share upon the whole content.
> One man there was, and many such you might
> Have met, *who never had a dozen thoughts*
> *In all his life;* and never changed their course;
> But told them o'er, each in its 'customed place,
> From morn till night, from youth to hoary age.
> Little above the ox, that grazed the field,
> His reason rose; so weak his memory,
> The name, his mother called him by,
> He scarce remembered; and his judgment so untaught,
> That, what at evening played along the swamp,
> Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
> He thought the devil in disguise and fled,
> With quivering heart, and winged footsteps, home.
> The word philosophy he never heard,
> Or science; never heard of liberty,
> Necessity, or laws of gravitation;
> And never had an unbelieving doubt.
> Beyond his native vale he never looked;
> But thought, the visual line, that girt him round,
> The world's extreme; and thought the silver moon,
> That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
> No broader, than his father's shield. He lived—
> Lived, where his father lived; died, where he died.
> Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.'—p. 82.

Then follows the splendid delineation of lord Byron's muse to p. 87.

The following account of converse with nature is sublime.

> 'Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot,
> In the wide desert, where the view was large.
> Pleasant were many scenes,—but most to me,
> The solitude of vast extent, untouched
> By hand of Art; where Nature sowed herself,
> And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
> Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
> Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
> Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes storms;
> Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
> Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
> Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
> Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
> And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
> Prospect spreads out on all sides round;

Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills, that slept above the storm.'—p. 97.

A most affecting picture of the death of a widow and her babe is given in the following lines.

———————' She sheds not many now; that grass,
That springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drank
Already many showers of grief; a drop
Or two, are all, that now remain behind,
And from her eye, that darts strange, fiery beams,
At dreary intervals drip down her cheek,
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.
But yet she wants not tears; the babe, that hangs
Upon her breast, that babe, that never saw
Its father—he was dead, before its birth—
Helps her to weep, weeping before its time.
Taught sorrow by the mother's melting voice,
Repeating oft the father's sacred name.'—p. 104.

An attempt to make a scholar out of unsuitable timber is well described in the following words.

———————————' And pitiful,
Indeed, and much against the grain it dragged
The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool
Through Learning's halls, and made him labor much
Abortively; though sometimes not unpraised.
He left the sage's chair, and home returned,
Making his simple mother think, that she
Had born a man.'—p. 122.

That is a sublime thought on page 128.

' It was not so in heaven; the elders round
The Throne conversed about the state of man,
Conjecturing—for none of certain knew—
That time was at an end. They gazed intense
Upon the dial's face, which yonder stands
In gold before the Sun of Righteousness.'—p. 128.

The description of ocean, page 151, is the finest in the book; but it is too long for quotation. It will bear comparison with the best descriptions of the same sort from 'Childe Harold.'

Our last quotation is a most affecting delineation of the seduction of a fair maiden, and the death of her babe.

' Take one example, one of female wo.
Loved by a father, and a mother's love,
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light
Of heart, so good, and young, that reason scarce

The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose
From morning's dew, if it reality
Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw,
In imagery of perfect womanhood.
But short her bloom—her happiness was short.
One saw her loveliness, and with desire
Unhallowed, burning to her ear addressed
Dishonest words. "Her favor was his life,
His heaven; her frown his wo, his night, his death."
With turgid phrase thus wove in Flattery's loom,
He on her womanish nature won, and age
Suspicionless, and ruined and forsook;
For he a chosen villain was at heart,
And capable of deeds, that durst not seek
Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame;
His heart grew stone; he drove her forth to want,
And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse
Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.

Upon a hoary cliff, that watched the sea,
Her babe was found—dead; on its little cheek
The tear, that nature bade it weep, had turned
An ice drop, sparkling in the morning beam;
And to the turf its little hands were frozen:
For she—the woful mother—had gone mad,
And laid it down, regardless of its fate
And of her own. Yet she had many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms; and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks, she gathered in the spring:
When asked the cause, she smiled, and said,
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God; but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them;
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With wo too wide to see beyond—she died.'—p. 168–9.

An Inaugural Address of the Rev. William H. De Lancey, *at his Inauguration as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Published by request of the Trustees.* Carey, Lea & Carey: Philadelphia. 1828.—pp. 31, 8vo.

This address is prefaced by adverting to the peculiar circumstances, under which the provost appeared before his audience. It is simple, classical, and, to say all in a word, such as it should be. It turns chiefly on the intellectual and moral benefits of a collegiate education. He illustrates, and developes the idea, that the mental, like the corporeal sinew, is enlarged, and strengthened by being employed. The first paragraph closes with this pithy sentence: 'Collegiate studies are the gymnastics of the intellect.' They tend to expand the mind, and to dispel ignorance and error. These truisms are finely unfolded in the two succeeding paragraphs. In enlarging on the pleasure, resulting from these pursuits, the provost will best speak for himself.

> 'With the expanding effect of collegiate studies on the mind, there is connected a pleasure, which yields in force to none but those deep emotions which flow from the religion of the Cross, and which are occasionally allotted to a long tried, consistent, and solid piety. I refer to that indescribable feeling of satisfaction, which accompanies the acquisition of knowledge. Sometimes the emotion is felt when the mind is in the act of receiving any of those new combinations of thought, to which it was before a stranger. Sometimes the feeling is experienced when the ingenuous youth, with every faculty stretched into eager attention, is listening to the expositions of his instructor unfolding to him the secret cause of some obvious phenomena, as long familiar to his eye as inexplicable to his mind. Sometimes this pleasure is tasted when, after a laborious and almost desponding investigation of some intricate point of science, the right apprehension of it suddenly flashes on his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and with a feeling of satisfaction, of which those only who have experienced it can form an adequate conception. It is a mingled emotion of surprise, self-gratulation, and delight, constituting an intellectual pleasure of the highest kind, and is now referred to as an incidental proof of the expanding influence of collegiate studies, since it is a pleasure which can arise from no other cause but the expanding operation of study on the mind.'—p. 11.

He proceeds to show, that such studies give method and precision to mental operations; that they remove desultory, vague and unconnected habits of thinking, banish mental volatility, and fix the attention. 'He, who has encountered the demonstrations of Euclid, of the higher mathematics, or of any science, well knows, that to gather up the lubricious particles of mercury between the fingers is as hopeful an attempt, as to prosecute these studies effectually, with a confused, or unconcentrated mind.' This remark is worthy to be inscribed in capitals upon the portico of every academic hall of instruction.

The following paragraph eloquently descants on the elevating and ennobling tendency of such studies.

> 'It should not be forgotten, that the studies here pursued are calculated to produce an elevated tone of mind, and to infuse a portion of their own dignity into the views and habits of the learner. The associations into which the youth is introduced, are those of the most distinguished men of every age. He discourses with philosophers, whose names have long been synonymous with literary fame. He imbibes the sentiments of poets and historians, who, for centuries, have been the theme of admiration to the world. He enters into the mysteries of science, in the company of men who have penetrated to the inmost recesses of its various departments. He listens to the thunders of eloquence, which, from the stern lips of a Demosthenes, waked the slumbering energies of Greece; or from the more polished tongue of Cicero, arrested, for a time, that decay into which foreign luxury and an unwieldy dominion were hurrying the majestic republic that claimed the limits of the known world as the boundaries of its empire. The opinions and views which he inhales from such associates, are of the loftiest and most comprehensive kind. It would be in opposition to all analogy and all experience, to imagine that such associations will not elevate and dignify his character, enlarge and liberalize his mind, and stamp his intellectual habits with some ennobling as well as permanent impressions. He cannot breathe in such an atmosphere, without imbibing a portion of its elevated spirit, or its sterling vigor.'—p. 15.

He glances at the objection, that names are not wanting of men, who have reached the proudest summit of science and intellectual fame, without a collegiate education. Such an one was Franklin; and the provost says, it is a sufficient reply to the objection, that his name is recorded, as one of the founders of that institution,—a proof, that he at least deemed such a training important.

The remainder of the address is chiefly occupied with the local character, interests and prospects of the institution. Its claims to patronage from the citizens of Philadelphia are urged with great truth and force, as we judge, from the advantages of the supervision and personal and daily observation of parents and guardians. No where else can children and wards find the deep interest, the comfort, tenderness, the forming and restraining influence, the untiring watchfulness, and the deep and sustained regard to 'the temporal and eternal welfare,' that is found at home.

The prospects of the institution appear every way auspicious and flattering. The names of the trustees are those of men, universally known for their worth, high standing, and dignity of character; and the university enrols among its professors some of the most distinguished scientific men of our country. We are pleased, also, to see, that the requirements for entrance, and the course of subsequent studies are as extensive and high, as any other university in our country, with which we are acquainted. A high mark is a great point. It fires ambition. It stretches the intellectual nerve, and is of service even to those, who do not reach it.

A brief history of the rise and progress of the university is appended to the notes, in an extract from a discourse of Dr. George B. Wood, before the Philomathean Society of the university, in 1826. From this it appears, that the founder of the institution was Dr. Franklin. In 1750 it went into operation. In 1753 it obtained a charter from the proprietory government. The Rev. Dr. William B. Smith, a distinguished divine and writer, was its first provost. In 1779 the institution was remodelled, to accommodate itself to the changes of the revolution, and it now exchanged its appellations of college, academy and charity school for the more elevated title of University of Pennsylvania. But its financial and fiscal interests involved it in party altercations, and its success did not correspond with its pretensions. In 1789 it became again subject to legislative supervision, and it was, as formerly, divided into distinct departments—that of the college and the university. They were once more united, in 1791, and an edifice, erected by the state of Pennsylvania, as a residence for the president of the United States, and by him declined on constitutional grounds, was purchased by the trustees, and applied to the purposes of the university. Dr. Ewing, Mr. M'Dowell, the Rev. Dr. Andrews and the Rev. Dr. Beasly have been, in succession, the predecessors of the provost, the abstract of whose inaugural address we have here given.

An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, May 29, 1828. By Joshua B. Flint, M. D. *Printed by request of the Society.* Bowles & Dearborn: Boston. 1828.—pp. 43, 8vo.

We have read this sensible, modest and unpretending, yet spirited and eloquent address, with sustained interest and pleasure. Perhaps the name of the author may have had some influence in chaining our attention, and yet we deem, that every reader, whose heart is alive to the benevolent objects of the society, will think with us upon it. It is throughout practical, direct, connected, and comes at once to the point. Every thing said bears directly upon the object; and there are no sonorous and inflated paragraphs, inserted for brilliance and effect. A man, who so early in his professional career talks with an air and gravity, so well befitting a moral Mentor, and goes through such a connected and long address without episode, or flagging, or deficiency, or redundancy, gives promise, that he will be heard from again, and with effect, as he advances in years, experience and usefulness.

In pursuit of his object, the orator touches upon the invention of inebriating draughts, the detailed effects of intemperance, the extent of the ruin, which it causes, under which head he calculates, that eighteen hundred in Massachusetts, and thirty-six thousand in the Union, annually fall victims to this self-administered poison. He says:

> 'We shudder at the thought of that dreadful idolatry, whose barbarous rites were celebrated by the recreant Jews, in the valley of Hinnom, and our hearts bleed over the affecting narratives we receive of the voluntary human sacrifices, which make a part of the religious observances of heathen people in our own time, while the fact passes almost unnoticed by us, that in this country, of which it has been said by an eminent jurist, that suicide may not be numbered among its vices, a number of citizens is annually self-immolated on the altar of intemperance, compared with which, the victims of Moloch, and of Hindoo superstition, dwindle into insignificance.'—p. 9.

He proceeds to trace the causes of the evil, dividing them into the obvious classes of the nearer and more remote causes. He finds the remote causes in the influence of the absurd maxims and the enticing practices and habits of society. In the progress of this discussion he produces the most irrefragable refutation of all the common pretexts for drinking; proving, that in almost all conceivable cases, spirits are positively deleterious and noxious. The temptations to this vice are happily and faithfully delineated. It is the custom of society to drink. The momentary exhilaration heightens the animal excitement of friendship and fellowship. The associated links of the chain of habit are presented to view. The gradual and imperceptibly downward descent on the prone declivity to ruin is sketched. An impressive view of the miseries of inebriation follows.

> 'Then comes the misery of the hours that succeed, the wretchedness that must be endured as the immediate penalty of this unnatural revel and intemperate joy. The powers of nature, which have been raised during the process of inebriation to such a triumphant elevation above embarrassment, and poverty, and shame, sink down suddenly and ebb to the lowest depths of depression and gloom. The draught which he has swallowed, as if drawn from the fountain of life, has turned to bitterness and poison, The paradise, into which he seemed to have found his way, has vanished, and he is left to count over the long list of evils he has incurred,—a list, like the roll spread before the prophet, "written within and without with lamentations and mourning and wo." '—p. 20.

At p. 28 of the discourse the orator commences the discussion of the curative and preventive measures, proper to be pursued in the case. He notices, and happily combats the discouraging views of those, who deem, that little is to be done, and little hoped from such efforts at reformation. He shows, that reformations in public opinions and morals, still more hopeless, have been effectuated by the silent and slow operation of concurrent moral causes brought to bear in the case. Much has been done, and enough to cheer benevolent societies of this sort to their arduous and holy labors. Of this kind of success the most encouraging examples are given; and the discourse closes with this just view of the meed of such success.

> 'The praises of men, who have thus faithfully and successfully improved the opportunities for doing good which they enjoy, are best proclaimed in their works. They need not the panegyrics which our hearts burn to bestow on such affecting exhibitions of disinterestedness and humanity. Their recompense is within them, and their reward is higher than the praises of men. The blessing of him that was ready to perish is upon them, and they have laid hold on that most precious promise, graciously offered to such as are instrumental in "turning a sinner from the error of his way." '—p. 42.

We have perused great numbers of discourses of this sort,—all good, all useful, and some of them impressive and eloquent. We have read none, that goes into the objects with more unpretending truth, earnestness and power, than this; and we recommend it, as one of the most practical and useful discourses of the kind, that has been published.

Western Souvenir. N. & G. Guilford, publishers. James Hall, Esq., editor. Cincinnati: 1829.—pp. 234.

Our pages were nearly filled, when this first-born annual of the West was put into our hands. We have no space for adequate analysis, or details. But we cannot forbear a word of felicitation to the spirited editor and publishers. May it be the precursor of fifty annual intellectual births, each fairer, than the preceding. The execution, though not so showy, perhaps we might say gaudy, as its Atlantic relatives, is quite as expensive and handsome, as such works ought to be. The desire for gaudy books is Gothic, and a sad and sure symptom of the decline of taste and good learning. A scholar and a real reader is not very particular, that his works should be wire-wove, hot-pressed and gaudily gilt. It is enough to him, that they are printed plainly, and correctly. But soft-handed young men and pretty-faced, lisping and blue-stocking young ladies must have fine souvenirs; and this is an effort, equally patriotic and venturous, to supply the expensive luxury among ourselves. The editor and publishers have embarked, and risked much in this arduous undertaking, and if the Western people do not sustain, and patronize them in it, we shall consider it time to lay aside our gray goose quill, and write *hic jacet* in regard to all hope of literary emolument on the score of that honorable local pride and attachment, which are always strongest in the best men. But we hope better things. Let every man, who has drank of our great western streams, come forward to the aid of those, who have shown such ample and spirited reliance upon Western patronage.

Of the engravings we say little, for we profess no connoisseurship in these matters; though we are pleased with at least two of them—the 'Peasant Girl,' and the 'View of Frankfort.' In one word, the Western Souvenir is modest, in good taste, and just as it should be, in regard to the execution.

We have not read the poetry with sufficient attention, to form a judgment. 'Wedded Love's First Home,' and 'the Indian Maid's Death-Song,' are, certainly, handsome. We know, that some of the contributors are able to follow the Muses to the deepest fountains of inspiration. The prose pieces, generally, are spirited, characteristic, happy and genuinely Western, and have a racy freshness and force, that, we hope, will ever characterize our writings. 'Traditions of the Mammoth,' have uncommon felicity of conception, and will raise 'broad grins,' unless the reader is for ever past smiling. 'The French Village,' 'the Indian Hater,' 'Pete Featherton,' and 'the Last of the Boatmen,' are fine stories, and will be so estimated by judges every where. Much of the zest of these charming tales will be lost to many readers, especially in the Atlantic country, for their want of knowing their admirable truth to nature. We have never seen the unique and amusing backwoods dialect so faithfully embodied. Baptiste, and Pete Featherton and Mike Fink are personages, with whom we feel well acquainted, and we are glad to see their likenesses so accurately taken for the generations to come. There is much more in this work, worthy of praise, and little of blame; and we mean to take a more ample survey of it hereafter. We have only room at present, to utter our earnest good wishes. Would, that they were patronage and silver. We call upon the generous minded, and those, who have an honest pride in the West. We must have literature, and we must support it. *Sic itur ad astra.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

The editor and proprietor of this journal, at the close of another semi-annual period of its existence, is pleased to remark, that editors of other monthly and quarterly journals are disposed to make common cause, in a petition to congress for an amendment of the law, taxing such journals double postage. He cannot doubt, that a provision, so preposterous, will be annulled. The delirium of the fever of politics, it is to be hoped, will ere long pass away. During that paroxysm, we must expect, that the community will see things double, and with the strained optics of insanity. We dare affirm, that no other people on the globe appear to attach so much importance to office, as we of the United States. It is a shrewd mark, that we are not altogether as republican in our feelings, as we would be thought. From the papers of the two past years, one would be ready to infer, that instead of having twelve millions of men, we had but about a half a dozen doubtful existences, and two actual personages of flesh and blood, in the whole country. We hope, that our fourth of July orators next year will descant upon the dark ages of party spirit, when the people forgot literature, forgot that twelve millions of people existed here, with red blood in their veins, with families, comforts or discomforts, with charities, children, and many matters of as much interest, at least within their precincts, as the point, who shall be the next president. When that time shall come round, we hope to have our day again; for during this mania, we would as soon think of erecting a straw for a jury-mast, in a hurricane, as hope, that the still small voice of literature could be heard. If we were punctually paid, our journal would support itself. Our own services, such as they are, we should still be obliged to bestow for the benefit of good letters. Some have supposed, that we calculated on the local feelings and local pride of the West, in the unwearied and earnest exertions, which we have made, to present the claims of our great and beautiful country, such as they are. They are under an entire mistake. We apprehend, we knew the genius of the people, and the order of things too well, to foster such expectations. Whatever we have done, we have done, *con amore*. We cannot go a step, except borne along by the current of our thoughts and our feelings. But though we knew the premises better, than to expect either fame or wealth, we hoped, by struggling for the first place in industry, to obtain comfortable subsistence. A mere literary journal of original matter, in a country so sparsely settled, and so constituted, as this, has been repeatedly experimented, and relinquished, as a luxury beyond the exigencies of a people, so fresh and so conversant only about procuring necessaries. We intend to make one further appeal to the good feelings of the West, touching encouragement to such efforts; and if it fails, we will then strike our flag, and give up the ship, and let who will make another cruise.

The change, which we contemplate, could only have been carried into effect at this stage of the existence of our journal. Being, as this place is, nearly the geographical centre of the United States, and not far remote from the centre of population, our situation is extremely convenient for receiving information, books and pamphlets from all parts of the country. The number, which arrives at our office, is great and increasing. We read all the American reviews, and have made arrangements for receiving the best known reviews and literary journals from France and England. We have a coadjutor, who reads and translates French and Spanish with fluency and facility, whose whole time will be devoted to reading, abstracting, and condensing the contents of the reviews. In one or two more numbers, we shall have completed all our engagements with the contributors to this journal; and afterwards we intend, that it shall contain nothing, but brief literary notices, in which not a word, if we can prevent it, shall be thrown away. The contents of the French, English and American reviews shall be abstracted, and the summary given. Every book and pamphlet, too, that arrives at our office, shall receive a short and appropriate notice. We shall take a survey, as extensively as formerly, of every Western book, and shall endeavor to impart all local information, that, in our view, sustains an important relation to the objects of this journal.

Such a work, as far as our knowledge extends, will be unique and alone in the annals of periodicals. Every reading man in the community, who has not literary leisure for the perusal of reviews of books, *in extenso*, will here be able to take a bird's-eye view of them all. When the journal shall only be taxed with single postage, if we send information of this sort as fresh, and in mechanical execution as correct and handsome, we see no reason, why such a journal may not as well emanate from this city, for general circulation, as any other.

It seems to us, that such a journal would supply an important desideratum in a walk, as yet untrodden; and would be important to all that portion of the reading community, that has not leisure for literature, as an integral pursuit. In giving the sum and abstract of these reviews, we shall always take leave to add our own opinion upon the ability and impartiality of the review.

In the next number we shall go into this arrangement, as far as we can in conformity to our engagements with contributors. We ask no patronage, but such as is awarded to untiring industry, and no support, except such as shall be granted by editors, merchants, professional men, and generally reading men of business, who see, and feel, that it is a work in this line suited to their exigencies.

Those editors, who exchange with us, and who have been in the habit of interchanging editorial courtesies, are requested to give such notice, as they shall deem fit, of this contemplated change in our journal.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1828.

THOUGHTS ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

THERE is yet another consideration, that will be powerfully operative in urging the youth of a national university to the acquisition of knowledge, and the achievement of honor, in their academical capacity. They will stand unveiled to the eye of the nation, through the medium of the representatives of states, and of the people. By means of this, their fame, if they acquire it, and their disgrace, should they incur any, will be more widely disseminated, and more extensively known, than in any other similar institution on earth. In proportion to this, will be the splendor and gratification of the rewards, that merit will receive, and the depth of the mortification, that will await demerit. To the sensitive and the manly—those, who are more keenly alive to feelings of inferiority and disgrace, than to the agony of a wound, it would be superfluous to represent the all-controlling influence of this incentive. Even while within the walls of the university, will aspiring young men dream of being presidents, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, and other highly distinguished functionaries, and labor to prepare themselves for the dazzling honors.

But there exists yet another motive to arduous and honorable exertion, which must not be overlooked on the present occasion. The pupils of a national university will consist chiefly of the more highly endowed and ambitious youth, from the different states and sections of the Union. Inferiority, or even mediocrity of talent, especially from remote places, will be rarely found to encumber its halls. This circumstance will excite to emulation of the greatest intensity. In the combat of intellect, which it will necessarily awaken, the North will contend for superiority over the South, the East for superiority over the West, and the converse, and each section and state for an ascendancy over every other, until the fervor of competition, fanned by every consideration that is dear to the aspiring, shall kindle into the brightest conflagration of genius. That such must be the issue, is, at once, the dictate of reason, acting on well known principles of human nature, and the result of experience in similar cases. Nor will a conflict like this, among generous youth, engender alienation of feeling. On the contrary, it will add strength and durability to their ties of friendship and mutual regard.

But all the grounds of lofty emulation are not yet unfolded. One, at least, of importance, remains. It is not the youth of the United States alone, that will be ambitious of an education in our national university. Many, in time, I believe, very many, from other nations, will be found within its walls. That this will certainly be the case from Mexico and the republics of South America, may be confidently predicted. Nor will the conflux to the institution be limited to the western hemisphere. To breathe the air, and imbibe the manly spirit of freedom; to grow familiar with human right; to learn the principles, and become versed in the practice of self-government; and thus to prepare themselves for the scenes of the terrible drama, that is yet to be acted beyond the Atlantic; for these important and absorbing purposes, I feel persuaded, that not a few of the youth of Europe will resort to Washington, to complete their education.

Here, then, will be a new and more potent incentive to fiery emulation and intellectual conflict. The struggle for the ascendancy, now, will not be between section and section of the same country, nor between country and country of the same hemisphere; but between the selected champions of the new world and the old—the intellectual Horatii and Curiatii of the age. And in this struggle will be decided, for ever, the question of the degeneracy or amelioration of the human race by emigration to America. It is not unimportant to add, that through this channel will be diffused abroad, on a wider scale, a correct knowledge and just appreciation of the principles of human liberty and right, and a more determined resolution to assert and defend them, than can possibly be effected in any other way. The institution may thus become a fountain of freedom, which, from the current it shall send forth, will contribute not a little to sweep from the world political bondage. This consideration alone should be a sufficient recommendation of it, to those, who are themselves free, and who know how to prize the invaluable blessings which their freedom bestows.

Such, intellectually, will be some of the effects of a national university on our domestic condition. To this may be added, that out of it will grow, in time, a standard of taste, with which the productions of the country will be compared, and their merits determined. It will be regarded, in fact, as the supreme literary tribunal of the nation, whose decisions will have, if not the positive authority of laws, at least the weight of the highest and most respected opinion; and will, therefore, exercise a very salutary influence, as regards both education and authorship, in the United States. The legitimacy of certain terms and modes of expression, supposed to be peculiar to Americans, will be settled on principle and authority; the result of which will be a stability and uniformity in our language, which it does not seem likely to derive from any other source. Thus will be prevented that corruption and diversity in the pronunciation and general employment of our native tongue, which exist in England to such an extent, as to render the dialects spoken in different parts of the kingdom perfectly unintelligible in other parts; and which will certainly take place in our own country, unless there be erected a common standard, which all will respect, and to which our language throughout the Union shall be made to conform. Nothing, in fact, will so certainly nationalize language and literary taste, as a splendid and well conducted national university. Nor can the unspeakable importance of cultivating, as far as possible, nationality in all things, be too forcibly inculcated on the American people. Such a measure is important to their harmony, their mutual attachments, their general welfare, their strength, and the permanence of their union. The erection of a sound standard of literary taste, will procure for us, moreover, additional respect, as a people, both at home and abroad.

Nor will the influence of a national university, as a political engine, be less important in other respects. For imparting a knowledge of the science of politics and government, it must be necessarily the first institution on earth. To say nothing of other circumstances co-operating to the same effect, its situation alone will inevitably render it so. Reacting on the empire, by which it shall have been established, it will send forth into every part of it, to illuminate it, and administer to its most important concerns, an abundant production of scholars and philosophers, statesmen and legislators.

In an institution erected in the political capital of the nation, where most of the examples presented, whether public or private, are political, where the greater part of the other powerful influences, that bear on it, are also political, and to which many youths will resort, for the exclusive purpose of qualifying themselves for political life; in an institution like this, what can be so reasonably and confidently expected, as a steady and paramount political result? An issue of any other kind, would be a departure from the settled relation of cause and effect. On this ground, both the general and state governments will be indebted to the institution for benefits, that will be vitally important to all. Born, residing, and pursuing their vocations in the different states, the alumni, that shall go forth from it, will feel all the attachment to state rights and sovereignties, that birth, residence, and interest can produce. On the other hand, having been educated under the auspices of the government of the nation, they will cherish toward that all the veneration and filial regard, that are due to parental protection and patronage. Influenced by these counterbalancing sentiments, and directed, as to means, by the light of their powerful and cultivated intellects, they will maintain among the component parts of our federate establishment that equipoise, and harmonious co-operation of parts, which can alone give power and permanency to the whole, and secure to the people the enjoyment of right, tranquillity and happiness. In this way will be engendered, on a wider scale, of a more durable character, and with higher powers, than could be otherwise united in it, a real federative *esprit du corps*, corresponding in all respects with the nature of our government, from the influence of which may be confidently expected the most felicitous results. While the public intellect will be sufficiently nationalized for national purposes, there will still be cherished for state rights, immunities and sovereignties, an amount of native attachment, and enlightened regard, that will render them secure. Thus mutually sustaining and sustained, the empire, in its component parts, and its grand totality, will present a political edifice, so spacious in dimension, perfect in symmetry, and durable in material and excellency of workmanship, as to awaken the admiration and delight, and command the approbation of the good and the wise, and defy, too, for ages—I trust, for ever—the secret intrigues of internal disaffection, the open shock of foreign hostility, and the still more powerful ravages of time; an edifice, sacred to the freedom and rights, and guarded by the wisdom and valor of a mighty nation; and whose portals, closed against those apostles of sedition and misrule, that have too often reached us from distant shores, shall be unfolded, as an asylum from tyranny and oppression, to the virtuous and the patriotic of every nation.

Another important advantage of a university, organized and administered by the talents of the nation, will arise from the powerful principle of imitation, whose aim is generally upward. For the organization and provisions of many of the state governments, the general government has served as a model. And to the strength and perfection of our political confederacy, this circumstance has not a little contributed. As relates to a national university, the same course of things will flow from the same source of human action. Universities in imitation of it will be erected in various parts of the Union, until, in time, the general scheme of education will be federalized. The completion of this arrangement will not be immediate. But it will not, on that account, the less certainly occur. Its effects, in giving to the nation farther unity, harmony and strength, cannot be questioned. Consonancy in feeling, habit and thought, necessarily leads to consonancy in action.

But, considered in their influence on our domestic condition, the moral effects of a national university would seem to be pre-eminent over all others. They, in a particular manner, must aid in giving interpretation and reality to our federative motto, '***E pluribus unum,***' emblazoned on our arms, as an emblem, at once, of concord and strength. They are best calculated to co-operate with other causes, in vitally and permanently unitizing the people of our wide-spreading empire, giving to them one heart to feel, one mind to superintend and appreciate, and one arm to maintain the unprecedented privileges and felicity we enjoy. Politically considered, a sense of interest must forcibly impress on us the importance and necessity of national union. But this sense is the result of calculation, which the few only are capable of effecting, or can be made to understand. It is, therefore, in its extent and influence, comparatively limited and feeble. But a moral sense of union belongs to the many, because it is the growth of that feeling, which every one possesses, and which may be awakened in him, whether he is highly cultivated, or not.

On a complicated and weighty subject, the well gifted only can reason themselves into the right, either in opinion or practice. But, if properly instructed, and influenced by example, all men may be inspired with a sentiment of right, because, I repeat, all can feel. And where one selects reason and judgment for his guide, thousands resign themselves to the government of feeling. Hence the infinite importance of cultivating correctly the feelings and affections, and giving them, throughout the nation, a bias toward harmony, union and patriotism. But this, if I mistake not, may be, in the highest degree, effected by the powerful instrumentality of a national university.

Within the walls of this institution, as already represented, will be found assembled, from every section of the country, the youth, who are afterwards to be effectively engaged in the regulation and control of the destinies of the nation. Some of them will be governors and legislators, judges and counsellors of individual states; while others will become presidents and heads of departments, senators, judges and representatives of the United States. Directly from themselves, therefore, and indirectly through others, their examples will be of infinite weight, and their sentiments contagious, on an extended scale. In their moral feelings toward the Union, then, and the individual states, let them be correct, and their influence will do much to assimilate to themselves, and to carry along with them, in their career of patriotism, the mass of the nation. But, educated in the national university, it would be an anomaly in morals, should they not be correct.

But there is yet another class of scholars, who, going forth from under the auspices of the national university, will have immense weight in forming and confirming the patriotism of the country. They are those, who, in various parts of the empire, shall officiate as teachers in other institutions. Attached themselves to the constitution and government of the country, they will do much in implanting and cherishing similar predilections in those whom they may instruct.

There is nothing more true, nor are there many truths more important, than that the general education of a country ought to be in harmony with the government of the country. Is the government a monarchy, and do you wish to render it permanent? Inculcate on youth, even from their infancy, monarchical principles. Is it an aristocracy? Let the youth, while at school, be impressed with it, even as a maxim in religion, that the nobles ought to rule. In like manner, under a federal representative government, let the early and uniform inculcation of sentiments and principles, in unison with its genius, make a part of education. For it can neither be too often repeated, nor too zealously cherished, as a practical truth, that, of all human means, education is the most powerful, in the formation of character, and the direction of conduct, for the attainment of any contemplated end. Federalize, therefore, as much as possible, the mind of the whole American youth, and nothing can dissolve the integrity of the union. It is to be clearly understood, that the term 'federalize' is not to be construed into party feeling. It means, as here used, the imbuing of the intellect with feelings of habitual attachment to our federal form and administration of government, and nothing more. Into no institution for the education of youth, ought either party politics, or party religion, to gain admission. They not only narrow, but sway and contaminate the mind, and unfit it for the pursuit and attainment of liberal knowledge.

Our early years are the period for forming deep and permanent attachments to places and establishments, as well as to persons. Friendships contracted during that season of affection, when the heart is warm and pliable, confiding and adhesive, are often as powerful as fate, and as lasting as existence. They give to the remainder of life its course, its character, and its chief efficiency. Let friendships, thus radicated and indissoluble, become diffused among the youth of an institution, and let that institution be the national university, and the effect will be alike propitious and grand. These ties of the soul, which scarcely the hand of Atropos can sever, will constitute a web of national sympathy, whose existence will be as durable as the lives of those, whom it unites, and whose influence, even in national concerns, and especially over efforts at faction and misrule, will become irresistible. It will give to the millions, that may people our Union, no small share of the mutual attachment and domestic harmony of a private family, while it will strengthen incalculably their power, as a nation. In feeling and force, it will more effectually unitize them, than any other means, which the philanthropist can imagine, or the statesman devise.

Let, again, the attachments and sympathies of all the national alumni, as they inevitably will, be fixed on Washington, the place of their education and the home of their *alma mater*, and the capital of their country will become to them, what Rome was to the Romans, who had been trained within her walls. While memory shall love to linger on it, as the residence of their youth, associating with it the innumerable pleasures of that delightful season of existence, imagination will scarcely fail to convert it into the dwelling of a tutelary divinity, benevolently watching over the destinies of the nation. In its legislative, judicial and executive halls, its classic edifices and academic walks, and other objects and scenes of grateful recollection, they will behold, throughout life, much of their country, and will continue to bestow on it a proportionate share of their patriotic regard.

In this condition of things, the strong tissue of moral sympathy, binding indissolubly individual to individual, and state to state, will, with equal strength and durability of adhesion, connect the whole to the capital of the nation. As the planets of the solar system, while they revolve in their orbits, incline towards the sun, the central source of attraction and light, so the several states, as component parts of our federal system, while each moves onward in its own course of independent policy, will experience a powerful and retaining attraction toward the national government, as well as toward the place, in which it is administered.

In this moral organization of the empire, linking reciprocally soul to soul, district to district, and state to state, and binding the whole, by the manifold ties of youthful affection and matured patriotism, to Washington, their source of common attraction, and of intellectual and political light; in this truly federative condition of our country, let war be forced on us, an enemy invade our territory, and the capital be threatened with a hostile attack. Then will be manifested, in all their efficiency, the redeeming effects of a national university. To protect it from insult, dishonor and violence, Washington will be surrounded by an impregnable rampart. Not a rampart of granite and cement, passively receiving the shocks of battle; but a living rampart of valiant hearts and nervous arms, cemented and strengthened by the affections of youth, the patriotism of manhood, and the wisdom of age. Permit me to add, a rampart, if not entirely composed, at least animated and directed by the sons of the university, and returning on the foe the tempest of arms. On such an occasion, no American, who had been educated under the auspices of the institution, could repose ingloriously beneath the shelter of the olive; or if he could, the heartless act would prove him conclusively a recreant, or a traitor. Even foreigners, who had imbibed in Washington a love of freedom, with a love of letters, would offer up, were it requisite, their lives in its defence. For, as already stated, of all human ties, that, which binds us to the spot where we were educated, is one of the strongest. If, without such an incentive, a youthful Lafayette left all, that was precious, attractive and seducing, in love, in friendship, in princely opulence, in high expectancies of royal favors, and in the splendors of a court, and poured forth his blood in defence of our country, who, that had drunk deeply of the waters of our national Castalia, would refuse to imitate, although none could surpass, so glorious an example?

When, on the fall of Napoleon, the allied armies were advancing on Paris, an example was exhibited, signally illustrative of the attachment, cherished by the high-minded and the valiant for the place of their education. Two Prussians, then officers high in command under prince Blucher, had been educated in the metropolis of France. As they approached, at the head of their divisions, that beautiful city, so deep was their solicitude, lest violence should be offered to the seat of their *alma mater*, that their feelings vanquished them, and they burst into tears. They even declared, that they would suffer death, rather than execute an order, should it be issued, for the destruction of a place associated with the dearest enjoyments of their youth.

In another point of view, a national university would be highly important. Situated in the capital of our country, the capital itself would feel its influence, in deriving from it a more cultivated taste for science, letters, and all the ornamental and liberal arts. Nor would this effect be confined to its stationary inhabitants. The members of the national councils, of the supreme judiciary, and of the other departments of the government, not excepting the chief magistrate himself, even those, who had not been educated within its halls, would participate liberally of its scientific spirit, and classical polish. Of all contagions, that of the intellect is the most diffusive and irresistible. Becoming, then, the seat of mental refinement, no less than of political power, Washington, in exercising the latter, would send forth the influence of the former, through innumerable channels, to every part of the Union, to the general promotion of social purity and elegance, and national taste.

Such are, in part, but only in part, the important benefits, which cannot fail to result from a national university, founded in wisdom, and ably administered. But a consciousness of the trespass I have already committed on your time and patience, admonishes me to proceed no further in a detailed exposition of them. Yet indulge me a few minutes longer, and, in a brief application of some of the principles I have attempted to elucidate, I shall close this address, which has extended far beyond the limits originally assigned to it.

For the attainment of two leading objects, to which all others were to be held subordinate and tributary, was the national government originally established. These were, the happiness of the people, in the enjoyment of the freedom and independence they had won, and the permanency of the Union. All acts of the government, subservient to these ends, are legitimate, wise and patriotic; all acts and neglects calculated to defeat them, are crimes against the state; and every measure having a tendency to promote them, it is the duty of the government eagerly to adopt, and faithfully execute, at the earliest period at which it may be practicable. These are to be regarded as fundamental truths.

The concerns of the nation, as heretofore intimated, have a twofold aspect, external and internal. Nor, unless they are secure and flourishing in both, can the two objects designated ever be attained. To enjoy peace externally, which is essential to our welfare, we must be respectable and powerful, not only in fact, but in the estimation of the world; and, for the preservation of the Union, and to be happy at home, we must have, among ourselves, tranquillity and concord, knowledge and virtue, public as well as private, and national attachment.

Peace *without*, however desirable and important it may be, is less momentous, than national harmony and tranquillity *within;* because a foreign is much less disastrous, than a civil war. Yet, if I mistake not the measures of our government, they have hitherto had more, I might say, *much* more of an *exterior*, than an interior relation. They have tended more to give us standing abroad, than to secure harmony and union at home. I mean, that very little has been done by the government, to create, throughout every section of our country, that common feeling and sense of common interest, and to promote that free intercourse of the inhabitants, and that general intercommunion of sentiment, which are so essential to nationalize aud unitize us, as a people.

True, the government has established a national bank, which, on the ground of pecuniary interest, binds to it the stockholders and the officers of the institution. The free and general circulation of the notes of that establishment, is also unquestionably a great national convenience, and tends to produce, on that point, a perceptible degree of national feeling. The public treasury stock, moreover, being somewhat extensively diffused throughout the community, operates, perhaps, slightly, through the same principles, to the same effect. But these ties are weak, and would yield, in a moment, to a burst of public passion. They would be but paper canvass, and cobweb cordage, in a gale at sea.

Our general post office establishment is another measure, of no little influence, as a bond of national union. It opens numerous channels for the free intercourse of mind with mind, throughout the nation, as well as for the transaction of business, both public and private, and is not, therefore, without effect, in producing among us, as a people, unity and good feeling. Nor can less be said, as relates to the construction of public roads, and the excavation of canals, to which the government is turning its attention. By facilitating intercourse of every description between the various and remote parts of the empire, these measures tend to the production of nationality, and the maintenance of union. They, moreover, link the nation, by physical ties, to the political metropolis, and thus further contribute to the preservation of harmony. But, alone, they are not equal to the exigencies of the country. They must be aided by every practical moral tie, else disaster will ensue.

The rapid increase of our population in number, which, by augmenting our physical strength, gives us greater security from without, adds daily, in its combination with other causes, to our danger from internal dissention. With this growth of jeopardy, then, should keep pace the provision of our means of safety. But this, I apprehend, is far from being the case, While the former advances with a rapidity, that is alarming, the march of the latter is exceedingly slow. This condition of things is ominous of mischief, and cannot fail, when duly considered, to give deep solicitude to the American patriot. It speaks to him of coming disasters, which, if not prevented, will enfeeble the arm of the national government, and ultimately dissever the union of the states.

To speak thus of our prospects and destinies, is by some, I know, considered visionary, by others dangerous, and by others again it is pronounced faulty. We are cautioned not to predict evil, lest the very act should tend to produce it. This is mistaken and miserable policy. The dangers, of which I speak, are not imaginary, but real, as time will yet prove. A foe in ambush, or covered by night, is much more formidable, than when exposed to our view. Concealment trebles the power of danger. Let our present condition, then, as well as our prospects, be freely discussed, and the remedies for existing, and the preventives of approaching evils, deliberately proposed. In such a course alone, can we expect to find safety.

All strength is but comparative, especially as relates to two powers, that antagonize each other. One of these powers remaining stationary, let the other be augmented, and, in its practical efficacy, the former is enfeebled. This is emphatically true of every establishment, that can be denominated a system. Preserve the balance of its active powers, or one of them will subvert, or swallow up the rest. In the solar system, an emblem, as it is, of the perfection of its Author, weaken or destroy centrifugal power, and all the planets, with their attendant satellites, will tumble into the sun. Enfeeble or extinguish centripetal attraction, and, in the words of the poet, the same bodies will 'rush lawless through the void,' and come into fierce collision with each other. In every real system, whether physical or moral, it is essential that a centripetal and a centrifugal power should exist, to maintain, at the same time, permanence and action. Nor is their mere existence sufficient for that purpose. They must exist *in equilibrio*, to serve as checks and antagonizers of each other. To this there is no exception; nor, conformably to the present laws of creation, is it possible, that one can ever occur. So true is another sentiment of the poet, just quoted, that 'all things subsist by elemental strife.' Of our federative system of government, those two powers constitute the principle of action and stability. To them it is indebted for its existence and preservation. Destroy either of them, it can exist no longer. Enfeeble either, the other remaining unchanged, and its healthful existence is at an end. Preserve them both in vigor and accurate balance, and it will continue, as it is, majestic in form, exquisite in symmetry, and perfect in operation,—a model of virtue and wisdom, the admiration of the enlightened, the patriotic, and the free.

In the organization of this federative system, the centripetal power is in the government of the nation,—the centrifugal, in the states and the people at large. Should the former too far preponderate, the federative principle will be lost in the consolidation of the empire, the state governments will exist only in name, and the government of the nation will become virtually an elective monarchy. Should the latter prevail in an inordinate degree, the national compact will expire of weakness, the union will be dissolved, and among its elements, the several states, discord and war will inevitably ensue. In either case, the cause of liberty and right must suffer, despotism may succeed immediately to a government of laws, or faction and anarchy for a time predominate, to terminate at length in military rule. As the only preventive, then, of disunion, on the one hand, or consolidation, on the other, balance with exactness the two powers designated, which are to our federative system, as already mentioned, what attraction and repulsion are to the material universe—the tie, which gives it permanence, and the spring, which imparts to it action and energy.

When our national government was first established, there is reason to believe, that those powers were in a state of as perfect equilibrium, as wisdom, experience and talents could place them. But perpetual change is the order of creation. The condition of things, that existed yesterday, exists not to-day, but has departed for ever, giving place to another, which must also depart. Nor to this ceaseless mutation does the government of our country constitute an exception. With the rapid improvement in their statistical condition, which has no parallel in the history of nations, the strength and influence of the individual states necessarily increase, in a corresponding ratio. But this augmentation goes to swell the amount of centrifugal power, and unless equipoised by a similar increase of centripetal force, tends inevitably to separate the parts from the centre of union. The same is true of every new state, that is added to the system. Its weight is thrown into the centrifugal scale, and, that the equilibrium may not be broken, requires to be counterbalanced by a like addition to the central power.

Suppose, that, in the solar system, the planets were increasing daily in size, and, at intervals, in number, without a corresponding increase in the magnitude, or the attractive power of the sun. The consequence is obvious. The ties of the system would be dissevered, the bodies composing it, abandoned each to its own impetus, would no longer move in obedience to a common power, and confusion would ensue. But, as already observed, what is true of physical, is no less so of moral and political systems. Unless, therefore, with the increase of the states in number, wealth and population, the ties, that retain them in the confederation, be also multiplied and strengthened, the union will be dissolved.

Had the United States, in 1787, been twenty-four in number, and equal to what they are now in population and wealth, the present federative government would never have been formed. Weakness, poverty, and a more limited territory bound the states together; and an opposite condition of things will separate them, unless they be more strongly bound, by every additional tie, that wisdom can suggest, and energy and devoted patriotism effect. If this be not true, then is there no permanent connexion between cause and effect, nor any reliance to be placed on experience of the past, appearances of the present, or calculations of the future.

The augmentation of the centrifugal power, in the national government, is effected by the natural and necessary course of things, and will, therefore, go on. By early marriages and large families, at home, and emigration from abroad, the individual states will increase in population, by industry they will increase in wealth, and, in consequence of the migratory spirit of the people, new states will, from time to time, be added to the Union.

If I am not greatly mistaken, then, the danger of centrifugal preponderancy is most to be dreaded, in a degree, that scarcely admits of calculation. The centripetal power is altogether the result of conventional arrangement. Hence its creation and condition are much more artificial, than those of the centrifugal, and its ultimate preservation much more precarious. For *it*, therefore, to gain a fixed ascendancy over that, which is natural, may be pronounced impossible. Added to every other barrier, national sentiment.

which rules the nation, united to the feelings and jealousies of individual states in relation to their own rights and sovereignties, is inflexibly hostile to such a result.

Nor is this all. The centrifugal tendency of the government, and the danger of disunion, will be greatly increased by the intrigues and machinations of unprincipled and ambitious aspirants after power, in the different states. During the continuance of the Union, many of those individuals must necessarily experience mortifying disappointments, on account of the very limited number of high offices, within the gift of the nation. But partition the Union into two or more distinct governments, and the number of such offices, with the chance of obtaining them, will be proportionally augmented.

What, then, is to be done, to preserve, as far as possible, the balance of power, and give permanency to the union? To this question the answer is obvious, and has been already partly rendered. In most things strength and symmetry are united. Where the latter is wanting, the former rarely abounds. Multiply, therefore, as much as practicable, national measures, institutions, and arrangements; and, by framing them all on a federative model, give symmetry to the whole. By harmonious co-operation, and unity of effect, such a combination of means cannot fail to be powerful, and must strengthen, in a high degree, the general tie, that binds to their common centre the states of the Union.

The strength and durability of an edifice depend no less on symmetry of design, than on firmness of material and excellency of workmanship. Remove any of the parts, that are essential to its just proportions, as a whole, and you so far weaken it. Do every thing possible, I repeat, then, and in every possible way, but especially by the establishment of a national university, to diffuse throughout the nation a sense of common interest, and a common feeling, and let that feeling be patriotic and federative, and the government will stand. Neglect this, and disunion, with all its appalling concomitants and disastrous consequences, must be the issue.

With competent institutions of instruction for the army and navy, and one, on a scale of suitable grandeur and excellency, for statesmen, philosophers, scholars, and the people at large, the general scheme of education being assimilated to other national establishments, the moral ties of the Union will be complete. By such an arrangement alone can be generated, throughout the nation, that enduring federative sympathy, which, binding to each other individuals and states, shall baffle faction, and counterwork intrigue, and, as the university increases in the numbers and influence of its alumni, will be multiplied in its elements, and strengthened in its texture, until it becomes one of the recognized arbiters of national action.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]

POETICAL.

LIFE.

'*Man giveth up the ghost—and where is he?*'

'Man was—is not!'—what know we more,
Than that he lived and died;
Fulfilled life's hour of pageantry,
Of pow'r, and pomp, and pride.
A dweller on a sunless waste,
Or in soft Pleasure's bowers,
He took the bitter with the sweet,
Life's sunshine with its showers.

What lived he for?—Alas! to learn,
That he could nothing know;
To drain the cup of pleasure, till
He found the dregs of wo;
To sail awhile in Childhood's bark;
To sport on Beauty's wave;
Then toss on Manhood's billowy surge,
Which yielded—but the grave.

The snows of age, the joys of youth,
And cloudless Beauty's bloom,
Are closely twined, and, hand in hand,
Are journeying to the tomb!
We know not e'en that which we are,
Less what we yet may be;
Thus much we know—*Man giveth up
The ghost, and where is he?*

W. G.

11th mo. 1828.

REVIEW.

'*New Principles of Political Economy.*' By M. De Sismondi.

[concluded from our last.]

The true explanation of this fact, I believe, is in the manner, in which merchandizes of every kind are distributed. The facility of selling does not depend alone on the quantity of the things produced, nor on the just proportion, existing between these things. It depends, more than all, on the manner, in which they are divided out in society, in proportion, as they are produced.

If in proportion, as the products are originated, they begin to be concentered, almost in a mass, in the hands of a small number of men; if even they should be very numerous, and varied in the best proportion, the one in relation to the other, the sale would necessarily be very limited; and it ought to result from that circumstance alone, that the wants of the number of the public, which will take up but a very small quantity, having scarcely any thing to offer in exchange, will find itself reduced by that circumstance to the impossibility of purchasing any thing.

Suppose, that the annual products of France, instead of being divided among all the inhabitants, should accumulate in the hands of ten thousand families, who, absolute masters of all the people, and providing themselves for their most urgent necessities, should distribute to the rest no part of the products, which they have originated; when, in such a state of things, the population and the products should remain the same, it would suffice, that the products should be so distributed among the population, that immediately the expenditure should be excessively diminished; and that may be conceived without difficulty. All the products, on this hypothesis, being shut up in the hands of ten thousand chiefs of the distribution, no one of them could seek for distribution, except among the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. As these ten thousand originators, whatever expenditure they might make, would after all consume but a small matter, in comparison of what the entire people would consume, it would happen, that there would be much fewer exchanges, and that a much greater number of articles would remain unsold, although the mass of the variety of the products should be always the same.

That the consumption should be very extended, that the exchanges should be numerous and easy, it is not sufficient, as M. Say and other economists of his school say, that a great quantity of products should be produced; nor that these products should have a just relation the one to the other. Beyond all that, it is necessary, that they should be conveniently distributed among the people.

But how do we see things proceed in this respect? It is, that at the moment, when a few men are gorged with fortune, millions have nothing, on which to subsist. It is, that this world is a galley, where the great mass of the passengers tug at the oar fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and scarcely earn bread enough to sustain them, while a small number of individuals collect, without effort, ten times as much wealth, as their extravagant condition calls for. It is, that not only in countries of slavery and servitude, but in the most advanced societies in the world, the sum of annual production, the fruit of the present and past labors of the human race goes on accumulating, if not in the entire, at least for the greater part, in the hands of a number of men, which may be very considerable in itself, but which is excessively small in relation to the great mass of the population. I do not here examine, how such a thing happens. I bound myself for the present by observing, that it exists; and I say, that it is the principal cause of the difficulty of selling, the cause of the facility, with which the markets are glutted,—a cause so much in the foreground, that it is astonishing, that it has not yet been remarked. It is possible, that there does not exist a sufficiently great variety in the products, or that certain products are nor sufficiently numerous in relation to others. But if the distribution is difficult, it is, more than all, because the things cannot be exchanged, except among those, who gather them, and that they, who collect the greatest quantity, are not numerous. We see those men, in whose hands, the greater part of the annual production goes on accumulating, busying themselves in discovering modes of distributing them, and of searching these means of distribution in every country in the world. They pay no attention except to spending. These are the men of substance. By the manner, in which the fruits of labor are divided, these men are every where rare. They do not see, that *their best expenditures* would be immediately round them, in the population, in the midst of which they live, if this population had the means of purchasing. Once more, the difficulty of selling does not arise so much from the proportion, in which merchandizes are produced, as the manner, in which they are distributed. It is very probable, that if too much is produced, it is chiefly because it is badly distributed; and that in a social order, where things are distributed less unequally, in rendering exchanges possible, not only would the consumption of what is now made be assured, but the production of a much greater field be opened.

M. de Sismondi is struck, and profoundly revolted by this extreme inequality, with which the fruits of labor are divided in most countries, and more notoriously in some regions, and more than all, in England. We may consider this work, as an advocate of the classes, which produce all, says he, and which are every day nearer to enjoying nothing. But instead of noting this unequal distribution of riches, as one of the causes, which oppose the greatest obstacle to production, he complains of production itself, which he accuses of being the cause of the unequal distribution of riches. He imputes this inequality to production, and every thing, which favors the introduction of greater inequality. 'If concurrence,' he says, 'tends to make the rich richer, it tends to render the poor poorer, more destitute, more dependent. Activity and economy are not less fatal. If the rich classes take the resolution to labor, and to add their revenue to their capital, the poor classes would be reduced to despair, and to die with hunger. The abundance of capital, in multiplying adventures, multiplies the number of operatives, and adds even by that to their distress. Machinery drives the operatives from one occupation to another, and terminates by rendering their existence useless. All the means and all the progress of industry, in one word, have the effect to augment this inequality. The more a nation is advanced in the arts and manufactures, the greater the disproportion between those, who labor, and those, who enjoy.' Thus the author.

These reflections, and a multitude of similar remarks, contained in the work of our author, seem to me essentially deficient in justice. If production be not culpable of the abuse made of its powers, it is no more culpable of the unequal division, which it makes of its fruits. It is impossible to conceive the least connexion between the progress of industry, and the sufferings of the laboring classes. If these classes, in the fruits of labor, divide a share very disproportioned to the trouble, which they have taken, the fault is no more in the new inventions, than in the accumulation of capital. The fault is in the manner, in which the things were commenced, the unequal division, which was first made of riches, in the original deprivation of the most numerous classes of society, in the state of bondage, in which they were kept for ages, and in which they are still in most countries, in the taxes, with which in other places they are overwhelmed, in the obstacles of every kind, put in the way of their comfort and instruction, in the laws, which hinder them from appropriating their labor to the best possible purpose, in those, which favor their masters to their detriment, to whom their position has already given so many advantages over them, in those religious precepts, which banish all prudence from marriage, in those political excitements, which provoke them to population, in the institutions of charity, which take from them the necessity of forecast, in gambling houses, in lotteries and other corrupting establishments, which turn their thoughts from economy, and excite them directly to debauchery and dissipation, in the penal systems, and the modes of correction, which only tend to finish their corruption,—in all a union of circumstances, which may be said to combine to retain them in a permanent condition of ignorance, misery and degradation; and beyond all that, in the vices appropriate to their condition, in their apathy, their want of care and of economy, in their ignorance of the causes, which raise or depress the price of their labor, in the abuse, which their gross habits cause them to make of marriage, in the ever increasing number of concurrent circumstances, which themselves originate, and which reduce their incomes, in proportion, as the progress of industry and the demand of handicraft labor, always increasing, ought naturally to tend to increase them. This is the cause, to which their unjust partitions ought to be attributed, and not to that progress, of which, in reality, they profit, of which they would profit still more, except for the causes, of which I have been speaking; although, in consequence of their position, they can never profit in the same degree, as the classes born in more happy conditions.

In the main, the general object, which M. de Sismondi has proposed to himself is excellent. He wishes, that the inferior classes of society had less reason to complain. It is a wish at once very enlightened and humane. But I do not hesitate to say, that he is deceived, as to the cause of their distress. These causes, I repeat, are not in the powers of industry, but in their own vices, and in those of the classes, which abuse their position, in the wrongs of the higher class of society towards them. Nothing can be better, than that M. de Sismondi should demand the redress of these wrongs. All, that he says of this kind, is worthy of praise. We cannot too strongly mar the efforts, which certain classes make, to preserve and augment an inequality, which too strongly results already from the nature of men and things, and which tends to hinder the greater number from ever rising to a better condition. These efforts are not only iniquitous; they are stupid. The oppressors are the dupes of their own avarice. The more they would hinder the poor from becoming rich, the more they bring disgrace upon their own wealth. In virtue of wishing to attract every thing to themselves, they cause, that the others have nothing to offer them in exchange. The distress of the most numerous class becomes to them a true calamity. Their greatest want is, to be surrounded with a numerous and prosperous population, which has at once great wants and means, and which thus offers them for their revenue a considerable consumption. We cannot, then, too strongly arise in every manner against the injustice, which opposes the creation of such a population. But this injustice once repaired, there is no reasonable demand further to be made. We cannot wish, that the legislator should purvey directly for the well being of the inferior classes; and still less can we ask him to insure their well being, in his charging himself with retarding or accelerating the movements of industry and population, according to his greater or less wisdom.

It seems to me, that M. de Sismondi has been deeply mistaken upon the subject of political economy. He considers it, as a branch of government. But to govern does not properly belong to the sciences. The sciences observe phenomena, and do not govern them. They study, without pretending to regulate the nature of things. True political economy has not the slightest pretension to preside over the production of riches. It bounds itself by inquiring, how they are formed, and what circumstances are favorable or contrary to their increase and distribution. But if we would study it in this manner, if we would take the trouble to examine, touching the laws, by which riches are formed and distributed, we shall be guarded about saying with Sismondi, that government ought to regulate this progress and the division.

When we consider, to what point labors are divided in society, and how much of difficulty, by circumscribing the sphere of their activity, the strongest men have to perform their task well, it is truly incredible, that they would attribute to government, that is to men, who are not obliged to have more talent, than is commonly distributed around them, who take great care not to impose upon themselves extraordinary duties in this respect, and who, moreover, cannot have, and ordinarily have not, in fact, any knowledge of the innumerable specialties, with which society is occupied, it is incredible, I say, that men should wish to attribute to such men the general mission to govern all the labors of society. When the most multiplied experiences had not demonstrated, that such a mission was above their forces, reason alone might say as much. It is clear, that we cannot regulate, that, of which we are ignorant; and that society, considered in its labors, offers a mechanism infinitely too vast, and too complicated, for any person to flatter himself, that he understands the subject thoroughly, or to adventure to guide these labors without infinite temerity. Each one, in the midst of this immense movement, is obliged to shut himself up in his particular functions; and the government itself occupies only a speciality. Its duty consists, more than all, in repressing frauds, hindering violences, and administering justice; and this is a duty sufficiently difficult and sufficiently important to occupy it altogether.

M. de Sismondi finishes by saying, that the intervention of power in the labors of industry is necessary, at least to repair the wrong, which itself hath caused. Agreed. But to accord, that it is necessary to repair the evil, which it hath done, is to avow very formally, that it hath done evil, and that it naturally tends to annoyance. I ask, after this avowal, what becomes of the doctrine of M. de Sismondi, 'that it is not true, that a government ought not to intermeddle with the progress of wealth; that it ought to regulate the movements of industry, to set bounds to concurrence, and to establish such an order, as shall permit no person to suffer, or to have disquietude respecting the future.' All these propositions of our author are condemned by the last phrases of his book.

To resume the subject; M. de Sismondi has signalized an evil, that is very real—the suffering of the most numerous classes, in the midst of the development of wealth, and of the progress of all the arts. But it is evident, that this evil does not come from the system, which he has adventured to combat,—that is to say, from the system, which tends to give the greatest possible extension and activity to all the agents of production, and that he prescribes a very bad remedy, in demanding, that the government should intervene to moderate the activity of those, who produce, and equitably to regulate the division of products. Government has but too often meddled with these things; and all, that we can reasonably ask of it, is to repair with the least possible inconvenience the evil, which it has wrought in intermeddling. This is to return upon the legislation, which tends in a thousand ways to overwhelm the feeble, to despoil the miserable, and which is the true cause of the extreme inequality, with which the fruits of labor are divided, and the difficulty, which a small number of capitalists find, in getting rid of the mass of products, which violence has accumulated in their hands. M. de Sismondi imputes to the system of free concurrence, which is no where established, the evils, which are the fruit of monopoly, still in vigor universally, and of which the effects, even after every privilege shall have been abolished, will continue to be felt for a long time.

M. de Sismondi has still farther had reason, in signalizing a kind of abuse, which he designates by the words, *excess of production,* and which the English express, perhaps, with more justice, by the phrase, 'overtrading.' When all the obstacles raised by legislation against the progress of the inferior classes, and by consequence the aggrandizement and expenditure, shall have been destroyed, that will not hinder, that many foolish enterprizes will still be undertaken, that many foolish fabrications and kinds of trade will be carried to an unreasonable extent, and that this excess will have disagreeable consequences. But our author has equally done wrong in attributing to industry itself this abuse of the forces of industry, and in demanding, that bounds should be put to the progress of industry, to hinder, that its energies should not be abused.

In fine, to be just to M. de Sismondi, I ought to say, that he does not rise against the progress of industry in a general manner; and that he condemns only every superabundance of production, which is not excited by an increase of demand, which is not absolutely an enemy of accumulation and capital, and new inventions; and that as he demands only to extend the productive powers of labor, it should be calculated, that society has need of a still greater quantity of products. In one word, he bounds himself by advancing, that each one ought to abstain from producing, more than to the point, where others have the means of purchasing. But, at the same time, I ought to observe, that if each one ought to wait, to create new products, until others should have given him the example, wealth would necessarily remain stationary. We ought certainly to take account of the condition of the market, and to take care, for example, not to carry to a miserable country cargoes of objects of luxury, which it has neither the desire nor the means to purchase. But we ought, likewise, to meditate, that the best means of awakening the industry of a people, is to give them wants, is to offer them products, which tempt them, which do not show too expensively; and which tempt them to make in turn something useful, which they can offer in exchange with other nations.

For the whole, M. de Sismondi does not appear to me to have been happy, and he cannot be, in his project of reforming the doctrine of Smith, and establishing political economy upon another basis. All, that he has said against the system of free concurrence, and in general against all that, which tends to increase the productive power of labor, seems to me to be carried absolutely to a point, which is false. But he has settled important questions; and although I cannot admit the solutions, he has given, I do not hesitate to say, that he has rendered a great service, in compelling economists to think. Besides, it was impossible, that a man, so instructed, and of such distinguished talents, should write the two volumes, which are the subject of these remarks, without bringing to view many valuable facts, and a great number of useful views. These volumes, in which I cannot find, I avow, a real treatise of political economy, include, however, many things, which science can turn to profit. We read, more than all, with infinite interest both the fruit of researches developed in the book upon agricultural wealth, and particularly the two chapters, where the author exposes the consequences of laws destined to prevent sales, and the division and free circulation of territorial possessions.

Sermons upon the Ministry, Worship and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and other subjects. By G. T. Chapman, D. D., *Rector of Christ Church, Lexington.* Lexington: 1828.—p. 399.

The Episcopal church in the United States seems to us to be the last citadel, into which the spirit of Baxter, and Doddridge, and Watts, and Butler, and Hurd, and Porteus, and Secker, in the old world, and the fathers of the New-England church, as it was fifty years ago, has retreated from the tempest of fierce and contending opinions, that rages without. We are told, and we hear it with regret, that there is a schism even in that church; that Arminian and Calvinist, predestinarian and anti-predestinarian, sticklers for resistible and irresistible grace, momentary and gradual conversion, total and partial depravity, &c. &c. to the end of the long chapter of *isms* and *ists*, are drawing in opposite directions upon the seamless robe of their common mother. But we are led to believe, from what we hear and read, without pretending to any very intimate or authentic acquaintance with the spirit of this church, that the great body of the Episcopalian divines in our country are much in sentiment, as inferred from their writings and public discourses, with the tenor of the volume of sermons before us; that is to say, hold to the quiet, old fashioned interpretations of Arminianism. A nobler and more glorious catalogue of names in every age of the church, who have agreed in general with this interpretation, cannot be found on the earth—names of men equally renowned for science and goodness, for the highest mental endowment, and the most spotless and exemplary life. The mind is enlarged by the very contemplation of such intellects, as those of Butler, and Clarke, and Tillotson and Secker; and so far as the authority of names can go, higher cannot be found in the annals of the church. But there are shades of opinion even under the Arminian standard; and the author of these sermons stands on the last verge of that persuasion, and in some points he approximates very nearly to what are called the orthodox opinions. For instance, he holds to innate, though not to total depravity, and to a certain kind of predestination, though not that contended for by Calvin. He utterly denies the damnation of infants, who die before actual transgression. He receives the atonement, in the fullest sense, as a *satisfaction;* but utterly denies, that it is partial and restricted in its operation. The horrible and revolting doctrines of Calvinism and Hopkinsianism are most unequivocally disavowed, as they are declared in strong and fierce passages, which he quotes, and which make one shudder even in the reading. From Calvin, and Zanchius, and Rowland Hill, and Mason, and Perkins, and Toplady, he quotes passages, that make one doubt their own senses, whether men endowed with the common light of reason could ever have permitted themselves to write down such sentiments, as containing the leading doctrines of the manifestation of the love of God to an ignorant and erring world, in the Scriptures. He quotes the views, which the learned, liberal and noble minded Erasmus entertained upon these opinions, as in the following words.

> 'They remind me of the observation of Erasmus, the most learned of those, who flourished at the period of the reformation: "This new gospel, founded upon the doctrine of absolute decrees, has produced a new generation of obstinate, impudent, hypocritical people, who are revilers, liars, deceivers; and who do not agree among themselves, and are very uneasy to others; who are seditious, furious, given to cavilling; and with whom I am so much dissatisfied, that if I knew any town where none of them were, I would go thither, and choose to live in it." '—p. 181.

And of bishop Seabury, when exposing the prominent errors of Calvinism.

'"All objects appear yellow to the jaundiced eye. Predestination is to the mind, what the jaundice is to the body. The whole Bible appears tinctured with a sickly, yellow hue, when the predestinarian looks into it, especially if he be of a morose and vindictive temper, as most commonly is the case. To see God consigning the greater part of mankind to eternal misery, in consequence of his own arbitrary decree, just to show that he can do it, and will do it—for the glory of his justice, as they call it—seems to be congenial and grateful to his heart: and, in truth, the consequences of this doctrine, carried to its full extent, however the abetters of it may not own or see them, represent Almighty God, the God of goodness and love—to whom be glory for ever—in a more unamiable light, than it is possible for human wit to represent the devil."'—p. 181.

In the next sermon the author treats at large of predestination; and it is equally honorable to his head and his heart, that he recoils from the idea, that God should have 'made men for the sole purpose of damning them everlastingly!'

How Dr. Chapman gets on with these generous and liberal views of the gospel, and yet receiving all the thirty-nine articles, we are not exactly gifted to understand. It requires no inconsiderable ingenuity of a casuistical advocate, or as it is in common parlance, a Philadelphia lawyer, to interpret all these articles to favor these Arminian views of the author.

He holds most explicitly to the Athanasian doctrine of the trinity in unity, though he very wisely passes over that debateable ground in a few words. He receives the thirty-nine articles, too, upon the point of the union of the divine and human nature of the Saviour. He holds firmly to the eternity of hell torments, and has one sermon of strong and pungent declamation upon that point. Though even upon this opinion, the construction of a generous and liberal mind is thrown; for he is clear in entering his caveat against being understood to declare his belief in the suffering of material brimstone and fire, as is so often set forth in the peroration of fanatics.

Such are some of the outlines of the doctrinal views of these sermons, which unite, as it seems to us, in a happy combination, evangelical holding to the general tenor of Scripture, and the views of the great, wise and good of the church in the ages of the olden time. In one word, the views of the author, if we may be allowed such a phraseology, are liberal orthodoxy.

But the leading view of this volume, and the key to the general tenor of its argument and spirit, is, to prove the divine origin and the apostolic sanction of Episcopacy, as established in the church of England. We admire the service of the church of England, with some few exceptions. Its collects, prayers and litanies are simple, thrilling, sublime. Its prayers, in particular, are the very interpretation of the cries of a soul in wretchedness for the help and relief of the Almighty rendered into human words. We admire the spirit of that church, equally remote from fanaticism and coldness, midway between the untrained fervor of illiterate zeal, and the garnish of the worldly rhetoric of the schools. We judge, that it has ample and sufficient claim on its own merits and excellencies, the training, talents and evangelical and yet liberal zeal of its ministers, and its standing in the respect & affection of the worthiest, most exemplary and intelligent people in the community. This, with the care, which the Head of the church constantly exercises over it, is, as we conceive, the only ground, on which any church can claim to be apostolic in its origin and of Divine appointment. It seems to us altogether the wrong time in the day, for a man of the calm, temperate and enlarged spirit of the author, to come forward with the proposition, that the external form of the constitution and government of any church is of Divine appointment. The Divine order and appointment of the Jewish ritual seems to us to furnish a most lame and impotent analogy; or, if any at all, the inference would be, that this structure of the age of miracles ought to be perpetuated in all its features, as it existed at the period of Solomon's temple. But the Romish church, the Greek church, the Presbyterian, the Congregational—every church, we believe, puts in the same claim; and as far as our acquaintance extends, we have never heard but one impression, and that is, that they are equally valid. The truth, we believe, most clearly is, that the Divine Author of our worship has moulded it to conform to the manners of every age and every clime and every period of time. Little observant of forms, taking small account of rites and ceremonies and externals of any sort, He has left the church to select, in different countries and ages, and in different conditions and circumstances of society, in the spirit of prudence and a sound discretion, such external forms, and rites, and ceremonies and constitutions, as wisdom and experience have determined to be most expedient in the existing order of things. We have not a whit more faith in the Divine constitution of the forms and externals of any church, than we have in the Divine right of kings.

Nevertheless, it is due to the author of this volume to say, that he has gone into this high argument with great diligence of research; that he has brought to it an uncommon amount of reading and erudition; and if the Divine constitution of the Protestant Episcopal church can be established by argument, we have no doubt, that Dr. Chapman has done it in the book before us.

What he has said in reference to forms of prayer is sensible and pertinent; and from what we are able to learn, we incline to the opinion, that there is a general and growing regard among the serious and sensible of all denominations, in favor of forms. This sentiment we have heard recently expressed by respectable ministers of different denominations. Every one must remember to have heard extempore prayers in public and private worship revolting to the least cultivated moral taste, and destructive to right feelings of devotion at the time.

The distinction between Presbyterian and Episcopalian is well given in the following.

'Let it be remembered, then, that the terms, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, are properly and legitimately applied to the government and ministry of a church, rather than to the particular doctrines or form of worship, which it embraces. An Episcopalian is one, who believes in the Divine institution of three orders in the Christian ministry, having an episcopos or bishop for the first and highest. A Presbyterian denies this distinction of three orders, and contends that there is but one, the order of a presbuteros or presbyter, meaning the same with our English word elder. And I mention this circumstance, with a view of removing an erroneous impression existing in the minds of many, that the advocates of Episcopacy are few in number, and on this account somewhat arrogant in their

pretensions. When, in reality, were you to divide the Christian world into twenty equal parts, eighteen, if not nineteen, twentieths would be found ranged on our side of this important question.'—p. 23.

The author's zealous regard for the three orders in the Episcopalian church is natural and proper. A certain degree of ***esprit du corps*** ought, as we conceive, to belong to every church. This church can claim not only the highest names of talent and piety, but the most intrepid captains of the noble army of martyrs, and a long succession of names of immortal renown. Our common translation of the Scriptures, though it evidently requires some expurgations and changes to accommodate some words and phrases to the different improvement and taste of the present time, is in the main a most admirable sample of pure, simple and legitimate English; and from its quaintness and energy, will continue, and ought to continue the basis of classical English, as long as the language shall last. This great and enduring work is the achievement of the Episcopal church.

We are entirely with the author in his remarks upon the propriety of the common prayers and hymns of that church, and especially in its consecrated taste for music, and the noblest of all instruments, the organ. Whoever has heard psalmody—really fine and chaste music, well performed, has felt, that the theme of religion comes upon his mind and heart with all its high and holy claims, at that time, if ever. No power of music, no concord of sweet sounds, no swelling pauses of the pealing organ ought to be pretermitted, when they can be brought in aid of the worship of the living God. We would rejoice to see the noblest architecture and the finest paintings put in requisition for the same holy object. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. There is a mysterious, but certain and easily recognized action and reaction of body and mind. The Author of our being has clearly intended, that it should be so; and whatever impression upon the external senses tends to raise corresponding mental emotions ought to be brought rightly to act in exciting religious feeling, and in effecting the concentration and fervor of worship.

One great argument with Dr. Chapman in favor of the Episcopal church is, that it is the only sure barrier against unitarianism. The anti-Catholic part of Germany, he says, is all unitarian. The glory, he supposes, is departed from Protestant Switzerland, and even the very cradle of Calvin, Geneva itself; and the Protestant ministers in these countries are Arians and Socinians, so says Dr. Raffles, to a man. Some of Dr. Chapman's readers will smile, to find him attributing this result to the introduction of Presbyterianism.

Indeed, through the whole sermon, commencing page 231, the author uses almost the same argument, and falls into much the same tone of remark, in regard to all other denominations, or *schisms*, as he calls them, that the Roman Catholic church does in respect to his. The world is yet a great many leagues from being willing to allow every man to think, believe, worship, and have an opinion and a conscience for himself. We often converse with thinking men, who have sufficiently vague notions upon religion, that regard open and avowed infidelity with much more favor, than the slightest doubt, touching the Athanasian views of the trinity. At the close of this sermon, in which these German and Genevan divines are classed and rated along with Rousseau and Voltaire, and their defection traced to the influence of *schism*, he arranges himself under the banner of a number of great names, and declares his faith in an intermediate state, where departed spirits exist between death and the resurrection.

We should find pleasure in adverting to his interesting abstract of Dr. Buchanan's visit to the Syrian churches in India, and his argument for the apostolical origin of the Episcopal church from that source. Indeed, that has seemed to us one of the most plausible arguments, that can be raised upon that subject. His compendious view of the origin of Presbyterianism, his thoughts upon regeneration, and his estimate of the character of revivals, are all of a higher order of discussion, and contain more clear and just accounts of these matters, than we commonly hear from the pulpit, where the preacher has the disadvantage of knowing, that no one can reply without a gross violation of decorum, and where in so many instances broad assertion passes for proof.

This volume of sermons is full of doctrinal discussions, and we could easily fill our pages with an abstract of them. In many instances he clearly views points in the light of a dogmatist, and in many others as one, who knows, where are deposited St. Peter's Catholic keys to unlock and shut up the kingdom; and it excites sincere regret, to hear an intelligent and apparently a mild and earnest minister of the gospel fall inio the same claims of infallibility and certainty, which he is so clear-sighted to see, and so ready to condemn in another. It ought to be, that in this age, in which every one talks so much about the *march of mind*, and the triumph of reason and philosophy, every one should feel, that the first privilege of every intellectual and immortal being is the privilege of thinking for himself. But it seems to be still an impression with many ministers, who are mainly liberal in the true and good sense of that word, that they cannot be earnest and evangelical, without some spirit of denunciation of all ways, but their own. We have scarcely read any book professedly on religious subjects, except the New Testament, which is wholly free from this spirit. We are sensible, that the true orthodox Calvinistic church will find Dr. Chapman blown off a thousand leagues from his true latitude, departure and destination, while he again finds the thirty nine articles declaring an Arminian interpretation of the gospel, and views all ministers, who cannot trace their ordination to the laying on of apostolic hands, as not far removed from countenancing *schism*, and as running without being sent. It is very evident, too, that he has drunk into the full and unquestioned views of the south and the west, that any doubt about the Athanasian doctrine of the trinity is quite as deplorable, as the arch infidelity of Volney and Voltaire. Alas! for such unfortunate thinkers, as John Locke and John Milton and Lardner and Paley, and a thousand names of that class. But we forbear. Their opinions were not ours. But we have learned to see, that good and wise men may innocently think very differently from each other.

Of the character of these sermons, as regards stile, eloquence and manner, we can speak with more entire and unmingled satisfaction. Comparison is odious; but we cannot forbear saying, that these sermons, on the whole, struck us with as much satisfaction in the perusal, as any that we have recently read. There are sometimes harsh and coarse expressions, such as on p. 77. The minister of the gospel may be a concealed hypocrite. He may have a ***heart as black as hell itself!*** But the general tone is mild and apostolic. There is an air of stern seriousness running through them, which leads to the conviction, that, even in the denouncing parts, he is in earnest, and acting from his own deep convictions. He is remarkable for the clearness of his sentences, for the natural order of his arrangement of the members of his sentences, and for his right and appropriate use of words. Indeed, for the most part, these sermons are simple and pure English, and incomparably more polished, and of more elegant and appropriate diction, than we commonly hear from our pulpits.

It would not be difficult to make handsome extracts to any extent. We are obliged to restrain ourselves to two, which impressed us, as being at once fair samples of the writing, and calculated to induce serious readers to turn to the volume itself.

'I consider it, in the fourth place, to have been highly expedient and praiseworthy, because of the infinite value and importance of the doctrines, which those Scriptures disclose. To all other subjects, there is a limit imposed by Providence, and ratified by the undeviating operations of nature. The grass is hardly green, before it is dried up and withered; the fine gold grows dim with age; and the mortality of man is inscribed upon every clod of the valley, and every wave of the sea. But where will you find a limit to the progress of revealed truth? It disdains the rivalry of this frail world of ours. It turns its ardent gaze, it wings its upward flight to heaven, and even there exists immortal as its Author, and enduring as eternity itself. If it only described the best mode of passing the days of your pilgrimage in this brief and transient scene, the folly and presumption of rejecting it might be forgiven. Ye might with some show of plausibility prefer another faith, and with impunity pluck whatsoever forbidden fruit your eyes desired, or the infirmity of your appetites craved. But as it is, with its authenticity brought home to our conviction by the inward testimony of the conscience, presaging future indignation and wrath to the guilty; future glory and honor, and immortality to the righteous; how greatly is the lustre of every earthly attraction diminished by the comparison; how utterly senseless and inexcusable are all those pursuits, which have not religion for their basis, and the house not made with hands, which is eternal in the heavens, for their final home. By the mouth of Christ, the wealth of the world has been pronounced, but a poor and wretched substitute. Our own hearts have experienced, when rifled of their long loved inmates by the destroyer's hand, that no kindred ties, no warmth of kindred affection can pretend to compensate for the absence of vital faith and holiness in the soul.'—p, 329.

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'Most persons upon this subject have indeed very strange and confused thoughts. They hear of fire, and associate with it the idea of actual combustion; of the worm that never dies, and imagine it to forewarn them of some literal banquet upon the naked soul. But neither they, nor you, nor any human being, can pretend to describe the character or the degree of suffering, which they are employed to represent. Of such and many other images, alike terrific and forbidding, it is sufficient, that they indicate the extremity of torment, torment to the body, and torment to the soul. Who, then, among us, are willing to endure them? Who are willing to enter into that dismal receptacle of the enemies of the cross of Christ, where hope, that lights up all other abodes, is never to dawn upon them; where legions of infernal spirits, with the arch-fiend at their head, are to be the sole companions to comfort them, in the severity of their anguish; where the poor, despairing soul shall wander round the walls of the fathomless abyss, seeking rest, and finding none; where, in complicated agony and wo, it shall die a thousand times ten thousand, yea, an eternity of deaths! Ah! who among us are willing to endure them, to enter upon this scene of terror and amazement? Are they, the young, the blooming, and the gay? Where will then be that zest for pleasure, which now "sits high smiling in the conscious eye," or riots through the veins, or palpitates within the heart?—Are they, the mature, the hale, and strong; the fathers and the mothers of the land? Where will ye find the balmy zephyr and the cool retreat, the place for social intercourse, for connubial love, for parental tenderness?—Are they, the old, the decrepit, and infirm? What gentle filial hand shall smooth the silver locks, or spread the downy bed? What kind and soothing voice shall whisper words of peace and comfort in the anguished ear, or cheer them through the long, long remnant of eternity?—Are they sinners of every class and sex? Where are "the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life?" Where, baser vice and more vulgar profligacy? Where, the gibes and scoffs of infidelity? Where, the blessed Saviour, and the free, unrestricted overtures, with which this gentle Shepherd would have once allured the wandering sheep into his spiritual fold.'—p. 396.

We can only add, that these sermons ought to find a ready sale, from their intrinsic excellence and seriousness. But we have learned, that there are circumstances connected with the exemplary and useful ministry of the author, which give him a peculiar claim upon the religious public, especially upon the public of his own profession.

A Discourse, delivered at his Inauguration as President of Transylvania University, October 13th, 1828, by ALVA WOODS, D. D. *Published at the request of the Trustees.* Lexington: 1828.—pp. 20. 8vo.

THE friends of literature and science in general, and of Western literature in particular, will be gratified to hear, that the most ancient, and, in most respects, the most prominent scientific institution in the Western country, is re-organized, and has commenced its collegiate operations with the most flattering harbingers of success. The number of entered *alumni* is great and increasing, Few universities in the Atlantic country count a larger catalogue. Most of the professors have been long and well known, as men of science, and accomplished instructers. The medical department we deem particularly ample and respectable; and, certainly, the discourse before us gives most favorable presages of the president. We quote the course of studies, as one, that we regard with entire approbation.

'COURSE OF STUDIES, ETC.

'For admission into the Freshman class, the requisites are, an acquaintance with the English, Latin and Greek Grammars, a knowledge of Ancient and Modern Geography, an ability to construe and parse Cicero's Select Orations, Virgil, Sallust or Cæsar, Jacob's Greek Reader or Græca Minora, the gospels in the Greek Testament; and testimonials of good moral character. No person will be allowed to become a regular member of the College Proper, unless he have entered upon the 14th year of his age. Murray's English Grammar, Colburn's Arithmetic, and Worcester's Geography are preferred.

'*Studies of the Freshman class.*—Latin and Greek Languages, Arithmetic revised, Algebra, Geometry, Geography revised, History, English Grammar revised, and Elocution.

'During the year, a weekly Rhetorical exercise: also weekly written translations from the Languages. Colburn's Algebra, Playfair's Euclid, Hale's History of the United States, and Porter's Analysis of Rhetorical Delivery, will be used.

'*Studies of the Sophomore class.*—Latin and Greek Languages, Book-Keeping, Trigonometry, Heights and Distances, Levelling, Practical Surveying, Logic, French Language, or Hebrew, or Differential or Integral Calculus, at the option of the student.

'During the year, a weekly Rhetorical exercise. Hitchcock's Book-Keeping, Gummere's Surveying, and Hedge's Logic, will be used.

'*Studies of the Junior class.*—The Learned Languages continued, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Rhetoric, Natural History, Intellectual Philosophy, and a weekly Rhetorical exercise. Enfield's Natural Philosophy and Blair's Rhetoric will be used.

'*Studies of the Senior class.*—Moral Philosophy, Elements of Criticism, Astronomy, Chemistry, Constitution of the United States, Political Economy, General Law: also a weekly Rhetorical exercise, Paley's Moral Philosophy, and Kames' Elements of Criticism will be used.

'For admission into the English department, the requisites are, a knowledge of Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography,—and testimonials of good moral character.

'*First year, English department.*—Revision of Arithmetic, Geography and English Grammar,—Geometry, Elocution, History, Logic, French Language.

'*Second year.*—Rhetoric, Natural History, Intellectual Philosophy, Book-Keeping, Surveying, Levelling, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, General Law.

'*Third year.*—Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Elements of Criticism, Constitution of the United States.

'Students in the English department are allowed to pursue their studies in connexion with the regular classes of the other department, when it can be done advantageously.

'Every Wednesday afternoon is devoted to Speaking or Composition under the respective officers; and two students, from the two upper classes, speak daily after evening prayers.

'It is believed to be much more important, that the Mathematical studies attended to should be thoroughly understood, than that they be numerous; and that they be practical, rather than abstract.'

'The English department affords an opportunity for obtaining a thorough English education, to any who may prefer that course to the study of the Languages. There appears to be no good reason why the benefits of a public institution, like Transylvania, should be limited to those who are preparing for the professions, and not to be extended to those who are to be farmers, planters, mechanics and merchants. But there is another point of view, in which this department is thought to be of the last importance; that is, as a high school for qualifying youth to become teachers of academies and common schools through the state. In this way, it is hoped, this university may gradually diffuse more widely through the state the blessings of a substantial and practical education.

'A uniform dress has been prescribed by the trustees, which combines, in a high degree, neatness and economy.

'The president and professors occupy rooms in the college, and are present during the hours of study, to assist and stimulate the pupils in their literary career, to watch with paternal solicitude the development of their moral character, and seasonably to interpose the needful checks of wholesome discipline.

'To prevent a monopoly of education by the rich, and to extend its advantages to those who may be less opulent, but not less meritorious, the charges are put at the lowest point at which the institution can be sustained. The whole college charge, for the year, is only thirty-five dollars; that is, thirty dollars for tuition, and five dollars for incidental expenses. Board is furnished in the refectory for one dollar and a half a week.'—Appendix, p. 2, 3, 4.

When it is our fortune to look at a series of productions in succession, of which we can speak with general praise, we are sufficiently instructed, that we do not want backward friends, who will say, that it is our vocation to minister praise at all events. We love to praise, we allow; and finding fault is our strange work. But let them send us the writings of one of their friends, weakly or clumsily written, with loose or false reasonings, and, more than all, with unworthy or injurious sentiments, and see, if we do not detect the deformities, and show them with as much effect, as our talent will allow. We will never praise, when every fair and honest mind ought not to praise.

Of the discourse before us we have little to say, except, that it is fit, appropriate, and exactly calculated to the meridian, and adjusted to the occasion. There seems no effort at the splendor of display. There are no rhapsodical bursts. All is calm, equable, and in its place. There is nothing deficient, nothing redundant. It is full, without being tedious; and although a great deal is said, and said to effect, it has a merit, which such discourses ought always to have—brevity. The quaint and coarse saw, that every minister has heard, 'Leave your hearer longing, rather than loathing,' embraces a great deal of practical wisdom and knowledge of human nature; and the president has heeded it.

His subject is the utility of moral and intellectual culture. He illustrates, what we conceive to be a very important truth, that knowledge and virtue act, and react; that neither can be perfect without the other. He proves from history, that no man can be great without knowledge. He proves, that no man can be rationally happy without it.

'If from worldly distinction we look to worldly enjoyment, we shall find it in the highest zest with the disciple of learning. Is he a man of business? The hours not given to his daily occupations, nor demanded by relative duties, are cheered by the delights of letters. The fatigues of his body are forgotten amidst the embellishments of his mind. Visions of excellence and of beauty create a disrelish for whatever is grovelling or deformed, and impart elevation to his conceptions, and dignity to his character. Is he a man of leisure? He is not doomed, like the unlettered rich, to drag out a vacant and restless existence, with mere physical pleasures as his only resource. He never thinks himself less alone, than when, turning his back upon the strifes of the contentious, the gripings of the powerful, the overreachings of the ambitious, he holds converse with the illustrious dead, with the greatest and best men of every age. He walks with Plato in the groves of his Academy. He listens to the lectures of Aristotle in his Lyceum. In the Roman capitol, he is animated by the eloquence and patriotism of Tully; and in Solomon's porch, he is made wise by the teachings of Him, who spake as never man spake. He needs not offer a bounty for a new pleasure. His pleasures are various as the phenomena of nature; and, unlike those of the sensualist, they never pall upon the taste. Every gratification brings with it a relish for higher and more extended gratifications. His intellectual faculties grow with his growth; and every new acquisition urges him to bolder daring in exploring the depths and ascending the heights of knowledge.'—p. 6.

He then traces the citizen through all his relations, in any of the professions and pursuits of life; and finds, that in every vocation, and in every profession, knowledge is necessary to the right, honorable, useful and reputable fulfilment of his duties. He happily combats the objections against the necessity of science and academical training, in particular, in aspirants for the sacred ministry. His view of this subject is complete and unanswerable.

Having closed his theme of the utility and the pleasures of science and literary acquirement, he finds, after all, that man wants something more; and he unfolds this want in the following eloquent paragraph.

'While we are disposed to allow, to their full extent, the pleasures of literary pursuit and the important advantages of intellectual illumination, it must be confessed, that man has wants which nothing can supply, and woos which nothing can relieve, but the sanative influence of religion. What can moderate anger, resentment, malice, or revenge, like the thought that we may ask God to forgive our trespasses only as we forgive the trespasses of others? What can quiet murmurings at our lot, like that deep sense of moral demerit which the gospel presses on the conscience? What can cool the burnings of envy, or allay the passion for renown, like a remembrance of the transitory nature of all human glory? What can produce resignation to the loss of friends, like a confident hope of meeting them soon in a brighter world? What can prompt to deeds of benevolence, like the example of Him, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor? Is there any thing, which can give steadiness to purpose, or stability to character, like an unwavering regard to the will of God? Considerations of mere worldly policy, or interest, furnish no steady magnetic influence to give one uniform direction to all the plans and actions of life. Patriotism

may fire the spirit with valor to sustain the onset of an invading foe, and bare the breast to the rushing tide of war; but who can meet with unruffled temper the thousand petty ills that life is heir to, like him, whose aim is heaven? What sublimity like moral sublimity, whether we regard the grandeur or permanency of its effects? What more sublime than the triumphs of a dying Christian, when in the midst of its decaying and crumbling habitation the spirit plumes itself for its lofty flight, and departs in the buoyancy of hope, for the regions of eternal day? But these are not fruits of earthly growth. These are the gifts of Christianity.'—p. 15.

The peroration is happy and impressive; and we wish to note one appropriate excellency of this discourse, as high, as it is uncommon. Here is the address of a man deemed orthodox, and who has been estimated to possess a spirit sufficiently independent and uncompromising. It is earnest and serious. The zealous and faithful minister of the gospel shows throughout; and yet we meet not with a single expression, that savors of bigotry or denunciation. Will the reader say, there was no call for it? Granted; there is no call for it any where; and yet it is a rare case to find a clerical president, entering upon similar duties, without a smack of the uncompromising spirit of the old Cato. Whether called for or not, every speech ended, '*Sed mea sententia, delenda est Carthago.*' We all wish success to this institution, so extensively known, and so favorably situated for diffusing the blessings of science and literature through our great country. We trust, the president will redeem honorably his honorable pledge, that this shall not be the university of a sect or a party, but of those noble and liberal studies, which know no geographical limits, but whose range is the universe—whose empire, the intellect—whose duration, the immortal existence of the soul.

Inaugural Address, delivered before the Board of Trustees of Madison College, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, September 15th, 1827, by Rev. H. B. Bascom, *Principal.* Uniontown: 1828.—pp. 40.

We have frequently heard of this gentleman, as a distinguished and talented clergyman in the Methodist church. This is his inaugural address on his induction, as principal of a college established at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and named by permission after the ex-president Madison. We could have wished to have seen a history of the origin and present standing of this seminary. Every similar institution ought to send abroad printed circulars to this effect. The numbers, we are aware, are very great. But such information always conveys instruction to some one, and, perhaps, the very persons, who are balancing, where to send their children. An expose of the origin, standing, advantages, pecuniary terms, usages, laws, &c. may be the very elements, for which the party is seeking, to settle his decision.

This address is much more ambitious, and strikes a higher key-note, than we commonly remark in addresses of this character. We have read it attentively; and we are prepared to say, that it has not abated our opinion of the eloquence and talents of this gentleman, as derived from the public estimate of them. We should think it the address of a young man, or at least a young composuist, who has material, and fervor, and fancy and exuberance in ample abundance. We can see the man, who stands before his brethren, and produces admiration in the display of his brilliance. But his efforts need pruning of their luxuriance, and arrangement and order of their dispersed richness of matter. It is wholly beside the question, for us to propose to ourselves the arduous task of an analysis of this discourse; for, in fact, it treats *de omne scribili*, and it ranges through every portion of the empire of science and thought. There is outline and subject enough in it for at least twenty orations. The consequence is, that an immense variety of subjects is grouped together, without any necessary connexion; and this may be considered a number of short, but eloquent and impressive skeletons of orations,—either one of which, carried out into its bearings and natural divisions, would have done the highest credit to his genius. Speaking after the author's manner, we might say to him, that an astronomer would choose intently to contemplate a single star, rather than weaken and confuse his vision, in a wandering and undistinguishing gaze upon the galaxy, or the scattered glories of the whole starry heavens.

In proof of the ampleness of his range, we quote his proposed division of his subject.

> '1st. The origin, dignity and destination of man; together with his powers and passions, his relations and duties.
>
> '2d. Education—its nature and uses.
>
> '3d. Its influence upon man, as an intellectual, moral and social being.
>
> '4th. A brief survey of the history and advantages of enlightened education
>
> '5th. The present prospects of literature, throughout the world.
>
> '6th. The union of science and religion.
>
> 'And finally, Concluding remarks.'—p. 5.

His general theme is the utility of education. In pursuit of his object, he brings forward every walk and calling, every country and clime. He sails on the shoreless ocean of history. He evokes the great shades of Bacon, and Rollin, and Euler, and Leibnitz, and Newton and Boyle. He transports us from Egypt and Chaldea to Greece, and from England to Scandinavia. We hear of the Pelasgi and the Acropolis, of Homer and Achilles, of the Euphrates and the Nile, of Orpheus and Cadmus, of the Moslems and Vandals, of Leonidas and Pindar, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Livius Andronicus, *et id omne genus;* for we have only dipped our foot in the ocean. Then we hear of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, of Pope's Homer, Murphy's Tacitus and Baker's Livy, &c. The following is a very fair sample of the manner of this oration.

> 'Superficial learning is usually the bane of real merit; and especially, it contributes to the damage of literature in the estimation of unlettered common-sense people. We allude to the multitude of literary sparks and gallants, with which our world is filled; men, whose parrot-powers have enabled them to store their memories with a few scraps of borrowed Latin, and some of the technical ver-

biage of the schools; and who, therefore, endeavor, by their garrulous prating, to make all with whom they have to do think them extremely wise. There are others, who have made it their business to attend to the *smaller* things—the pegs, and knobs, and tiles—omitting things of more importance, in the architecture of language; they devote themselves to the shadowy *niceties*, and attenuated *prettinesses* of style, ss well as to puerile distinctions, about the laws of mind, the logomachies of science, and the canons of criticism; and seem for ever to overlook the intellectual reach, the imaginative grasp, the bold discursion, and impulsive energy, without which there is, and can be, no real greatness. It might be useful to suggest here, that it is possible to make a *good* use of language, without, in every instance, making a *grammatical* use of it; and a man may be extensively acquainted with the whole *encyclopedia* of science, without having minutely attended to all the latent laws and principles of systematic association. Few men ever made a better use of language, than Dr. Johnson, Mr. Addison, Dr. Blair and Sir Walter Scott; although it is known, that they have all, in their best productions, occasionally fallen into violations of syntax; and yet no one, who is not *paid* for finding fault, would ever think of detracting from the merits of these distinguished benefactors of the English language.'—p. 17.

From language, the orator marches in power to history, geography, chronology, biography, moral science, the natural sciences, &c.—that is, his oration is a complete encyclopedia. Hear him upon the ***present prospects of our literature.***

'And we feel a daring consciousness, an almost prophetic persuasion, that should we add to an indulgence in the lofty aims of an imperishable ambition, corresponding vigor and skill of effort, this country is destined, at no distant period, to rise and take its stand among the lettered nations of the old world. Religion and science are already taught in one hundred and forty different dialects: hand in hand, united in immortal wedlock, they are every where extending their empire, and multiplying their votaries. The collective mind of universal man seems to have caught the "classic contagion," and it is diffusing itself, with epidemic energy, over sea and land. We are aware, however, that the progress of knowledge will be opposed. Ignorance, tyranny and tyrants have always been opposed to light and knowledge; and as Caligula wished to destroy the works of Homer, Livy and Virgil, so have these, whether in church or in state, aimed at the defeat of every essay, calculated to inspire a love of liberty, equality and virtue. It is, indeed, to be regretted, that even in this age of moral illumination and virtuous chivalry, there are the incurious and the careless, who take no interest in the improvement and march of mind, and whose only pleasure appears to be derived from an ignorance of duty. Swayed in the lower ranks of society, by a love of things present, and in the higher, by the mania of property, if they can only "eat, drink, and be merry,"—if they can hoard wealth, count the miser's gains, and revel in luxury, it is all they care for. These haters of knowledge—these contemners of wisdom—these drudges of avarice and cupidity, at once the curse and the nuisance of society, could have seen at Alexandria and at Rome, without emotion or a tear, the long regretted monuments of genius and glory perish in the flames. "Away with your learning," is an argument with which we are met on every side. And this language of Mecca, this motto of the Vatican, comes from an American, a Christian, the father of a group of children, flanking his door and yard; some of whom will probably go from the gallows to the bar of God, or rot in the penitentiary cells of their country, for the want of that education, which the *meanness* of an unnatural father has murderously withheld from the "children of his own bowels." '—p. 31.

In respect to the character of this seminary, he gives the fullest pledges, that it is simply a literary institution, without sectarian or selfish views; and although under the particular patronage of the Methodist Episcopal church, it disclaims any other, than broad and liberal principles, excluding all local, sectional and party interests. His system is the *inductive and analytic;* and he strongly inculcates *simplicity of plan* and *perspicuity of style*, such gymnastic habits, as will tend to preserve a sound mind in a sound body, industry, economy, sobriety and decorum. As a specimen of the crowded thought, the rather coarse energy, and the continued emblazoning of erudition, we give the following.

' *Young gentlemen*—We shall expect from you, sobriety and decorum, on all occasions. We shall also expect in you all, a love of learning. In order to this, diligence will be essential; and a well chosen application of your time will be imperiously necessary. The circle of fashionable levity and dissipation must be avoided; or you will occupy the background, among your fellows, in academic attainments; and the finger of public scorn will be pointed at you, as college loungers, as literary sluggards, as students of idle habits and dwarfish intellect. Let not these things be said of *you*—of *any*, who are hereafter to be known as the *alumni* of Madison college. Let the *present* be with you, the *rival* of the *future*. Time hastens on rapid wing, and soon your hours are numbered for ever. Occupy your moments, therefore, as they fly, and prepare yourselves for usefulness and for immortality! Education, you will find, to be a self-rewarding toil. You will be introduced to the great and the good of every age and of every clime. Some portions of your study will fill you with the love of virtue; and other portions will teach you to abhor vice, as the ruin of your best interests, and the overthrow of your fairest prospects. Among the classics you will be called upon to study, in this institution, are Ovid, Virgil, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Lucian, Sallust, Homer, Terrence, Tacitus, Quintillian, Longinus, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Xenophon and Thucydides—the most approved classics of Grecian and Roman antiquity—ordinarily used in modern seminaries. The exceptionable parts of the works of these celebrated models of taste and composition will be carefully excluded; but you will find much to admire, and much that is worthy of imitation. Even here, you may wander with Homer, upon the banks of the Simois and the Scamander—you may gaze on the beautiful Helen, and the enraged Achilles—the chiefs of Greece and Troy will engage in mortal combat before you—and you will dissolve in tears, at the meeting of Hector and Andromache. Herodotus will introduce you to the million of barbarians following the standard of Xerxes. The brave Leonidas, and his Spartan band, will dispute the passage of Thermopylæ before your eyes. *Victory* will *disgrace* Persia, and *defeat* bring *glory* to Greece! Horace and Virgil will introduce you to the Palatine and Capitolium of Rome; they will conduct you along the banks of the Po, adorned on either side by the meadows of Mantua; and you shall regale and delight yourselves amid the enchanting groves of Umbria! Go on, then, young gentlemen, and seek a deserved and well merited celebrity; and if you cannot reach the summit of Parnassus, linger at its foot, and imbibe the streams of knowledge and science, as they gurgle by!'—pp. 37, 38.

The last passage strikes us as really eloquent and impressive.

'Thus we shall descend to our graves in peace, conscious that we have contributed to the best means and methods of human happiness, and that long before posterity shall realize the final evolution of the plans of Providence, in relation to our fallen world, the *beacon fires*, we have attempted to kindle in our humble spheres of action, will every where be lighted up, upon the continents of the earth and the islands of the ocean, and shall diffuse their rich and mingled radiance over the vast map of the nations!'—p. 40.

Sermon on Christian Unity. By the Rev. JOHN BRAZER. J. & J. W. Prentiss: Keene, N. H. 1828.—pp. 18, 8vo.

THIS gentleman has a growing reputation in that section of the country for the classical purity of his language, and the perspicuous clearness of his style. This sermon has higher claims, than even these. It embodies a simple and most important principle in the compass of this sermon, which, however trite and self-evident it may seem, in the declaration, is at once of an unspeakable importance, and for the most part as little acted upon, as though it were a discovery of yesterday. It is, that *perfect unity of opinion among Christians is, from the constitution of the human mind and the unchangeable order of things, impossible.* This principle he developes, and establishes. His next important proposition is, that *all attempts to secure and enforce such an unity are iniquitous in principle.* In the enforcement of this idea, he adverts to the fact, that religious communities existed, who held to this principle, in the mountains and valleys of the Alps, the followers of Waldo in France, Lollard and Wickliffe in England, and Hus and Jerome in Germany, long before the secession of the Protestants from the papal hierarchy. His third proposition is, that *all attempts to enforce such uniformity are useless, or worse than useless, in their effects.* Under this head, he discusses the influence of creeds and confessions of faith. He says, and truly, that 'if it were possible, that articles of faith could be determined on by Christians, there must be as many interpretations—that is, virtually, as many creeds, as individuals to interpret them.'

Suppose this unity of opinion could be obtained, he asks, what would it be worth? Worse than nothing. 'God has not made a belief in any certain prescribed number of truths essential to the salvation of all, because He has given no certain measures of intellect, opportunity and attainment to all.' Differences of opinion keep alive an interest in the subject of religion. They lead to free discussion. They are a part of our moral discipline, and rightly improved, they ought to promote, and they would promote mutual forbearance, love and good will. The following remark is true and important, and most happily expressed. 'While opinions are infinite in number, and discordant in character, the affections are few, and easily coalesce. While the head has a thousand creeds, the heart has but one.'

The second branch of his subject is, to point how the only unity, of which Christians are capable, is to be preserved. The first rule is, to grant to others, what we claim for ourselves: We all insist, and rightly, upon following our own judgment. Why not admit, that the right belongs as much to others, as ourselves? Under this head, we quote a very striking and impressive paragraph, which may, at the same time, serve as a fair and favorable specimen of this sensible and judicious sermon.

'It is to be observed, secondly, that many of the disputes among Christians have arisen in regard to those truths, which are not *plainly* revealed,—those, concerning which men equally honest in their inquiries may differ,—and, therefore, those which are not essential to salvation. The explanation of these *unessential* doctrines, moreover, is attended with no little difficulty; and he who has studied them best, best knows how intricate in their nature, and difficult of proof, they really are; and will be, in consequence, ordinarily the last to dogmatize concerning them. Besides that some of the hotly debated questions among theologians are hard to be understood, are incapable of so much as a plain statement, and absolutely defy the fetters of an intelligible definition, a thorough examination of them requires a reach of reading and research far beyond the ability of most inquirers. To determine questions like these, recourse must be had to all the learning which has been expended to ascertain the genuineness of the original text in which the Bible was written; the various readings of more than five hundred different manuscripts must be weighed; all the niceties of the original and allied languages must be learned and appreciated; scripture must be compared with scripture; the history of early times and manners and men must be read; the precise occasion and object of the gospel record learned; the opinions and disputes of the early fathers of the church are to be examined; a portentous host of disputing commentators are to be consulted; in a word, all the theological learning of more than twenty centuries is to be explored; in all which inquiries there is great liability to mistake: all this must be done, if we would faithfully discuss many of the controverted points in dispute among Christians. And after all, the most patient and enlightened inquiry will often be but a tolerably well founded conjecture concerning the real truth. Now he, who knows the intrinsic difficulty of such inquiries, will not willingly allow any man to dictate to him on these questions; and on the other hand, will be as unwilling to force his own conclusions on others. And this is, indeed, usually the case. Those are apt to be most confident, who are most unqualified to decide. The truly wise and learned man will hesitate in deciding peremptorily, because he sees the real difficulties which embarrass a just decision. But the unlearned, or the half-learned, is prompt in his judgment; why?—because he is too ignorant to know how ignorant he is. The plain inference from these remarks is this:—The difficulties which are involved in the discussion of many minor and doubtful points of polemic theology, should make us humble and unobtrusive in maintaining our own opinions, and charitable to those whose opinions differ from ours. We should be more solicitous to dwell on what is plain in the Scriptures, and thus enlarge the field of charity, than by dwelling on what is dark, to extend and render more hostile the range of controversy.'

This calm, dispassionate and argumentative sermon shows a clear head and a disciplined mind, and ought to be read and pondered by every individual, who wishes in any way to injure, or oppress another on account of his opinions.

Transylvania Journal of Medicine, &c. Lexington.

We have before us the fourth number of the '*Transylvania Journal of Medicine and the Associate Sciences;*' and we avow, that we regard it with positive pride in our section of the country. It would not become us to pronounce upon the comparative value of this periodical, as a medical journal. We have, however, an opinion for ourselves; and it is clearly, that it is among the most valuable and ably conducted works of the kind in our country; and, we think, it would do no discredit to any country. We do not see a handsomer or more correctly printed work of the kind in the United States. This number closes the first volume and year of its existence. We will never allow ourselves to believe, that such a work can or will languish for want of patronage.

Florula Lexingtoniensis.

We quote from this elegant botanical journal the three following descriptions of two shrubs and a tree, which make a conspicuous figure in the western forests.

CORNUS FLORIDA, *Dogwood.*—'In common with the redbud, white oak and poplar, (tulip tree,) the dogwood is confined, in this country, to the thinner and more broken soils bordering on the Kentucky river and other water courses, never being found on the first rate lands. In those situations favorable to its growth, it attains considerable size, individuals being occasionally met with, whose trunks measure a foot or more in diameter. The large white involucres, which are generally mistaken for its flowers, make a handsome show towards the 20th of April, when fully evolved. The bark, dried and pulverized, has been long known as a useful tonic,—by some even thought equal to the Peruvian cinchona; and the durability, firmness and strength of its wood fit especially for certain mechanical purposes.'—p. 49.

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ANNONA TRILOBA, *Pawpaw, Custard-apple.*—'This portion of Kentucky was once the paradise of pawpaws, where immense orchards of large trees were every where met with; but cultivation and the ravages of cattle have greatly lessened the number. Trees of this species are occasionally met with, twenty-five or thirty feet high; but for the most part they do not attain half that stature,—and are often loaded with fruit, when not more than six or eight feet high. The flowers, which are large and singular, of a deep black purple, appear about the 20th of April, before the leaves are put forth, and are succeeded by fruit of an oblong shape, at first green colored, then assuming a yellow and purple hue; when grown, they often measure six or eight inches in length, and weigh nearly a pound: they consist of several large seed, surrounded by a soft, yellow, pulpy matter, and covered by a thin skin. This fruit, when fully ripe, and slightly touched by the frost, is highly esteemed by the most of persons; and although Dr. Smith, the learned president of the Linnæan Society of London, affirms, that it is "relished by few except the negroes," yet I have known many persons of cultivated taste declare it equal to any of the tropical luxuries. The bark of the pawpaw tree is so strong and fibrous, that ropes are occasionally made of it; the wood is soft and worthless. Few genera have been more confused by conflicting synonyms, than this. Thus the elder Michaux calls the present individual, *Orchidocarpum Arietinum;* Pursh and Nuttall, *Porcelia triloba;* Elliott, *Asimina triloba*, &c. Without stopping to inquire into the expediency of these innovations upon established names, I will barely express my preference for that which is adopted in this catalogue, in which I am sanctioned by Linnæus, Smith and the younger Michaux, whose opportunities of examining all the species were as good as those of any other botanist.'—p. 51.

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ROBINIA PSEUD-ACACIA, *Black Locust.*—' My own observations do not agree with those of M. Michaux, in regard to the habits of this tree; for although it does occur in profuse abundance in this and other richest lands of Kentucky, yet I have found the largest and most thrifty stocks on the Ohio river, in Boone county, where the soil is greatly inferior to that of this vicinity. Its handsome foliage and deliciously scented flowers have long recommended it here, as elsewhere, as an ornamental tree for plantations, street walks, &c.; and the excellence of its wood, in point of durability, hardness and strength, particularly recommends it to the attention of landed proprietors. The forests of the adjoining counties furnish a considerable amount of this timber, which is used in the construction of steam boats; and there is an immense annual consumption of it in making the posts of fences. Within the last few years, however, this excellent tree has sustained serious injury from the depredations of an insect, which penetrates to the very centre of the wood, permeating its whole substance with large hollows; in consequence of which, many of the finest trees have become destroyed. Where planted in town, the locust tree flowers about the 1st of May; those in the country are observed to be a week or ten days later.'—p. 63.

Southern Review, No. 4: *November*, 1828. A. E. Miller: Charleston, S. C.—pp. 315, 8vo.

We commence on the new form, which we propose to give this journal, by filling out the remainder of our sheets with a brief survey of this number. The contributors to this work evince no stinted measures of talent, erudition, practice in writing, independence and spirit. We have no hesitation in saying, that we are pleased with the frank and unlabored way, in which they discuss their subjects. There is a *labor limæ*, a cautious rounding, a holding back, a fear of bringing forth what is elastic in the mind and warm in the heart, through apprehension, that wooden critics will find it out of square, and leaden hypercritics pronounce it coarse and uncourtly, which is worthy only of a slave, or a writer without a sentiment or a heart. They repeat an opinion, touching Mr. Irving, which we have avowed, when we knew not, that others held it in common with us, that he wrote better in America, than he has written in Europe. His conceptions were then as free, as the Kaatskill winds, and clothed in words with as little ceremony, as pertained to the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow. Then he poured 'native wood notes wild' in a sweet and natural song. But since he has become polished and courtly and stately, wearing a harness and a livery, he remains a fine writer; but the raciness, the charm of simplicity and nature are gone. We would have writers grammatical, in the use of simple and pure English, perfectly acquainted with the structure of our language, and sufficiently conversant with the master principles of rhetoric. There is a correctness and polish, that we admire,—the '*simplex munditiis*' of Horace. There is an elaborateness, a stately pomp, an artificial division of members, a *finicality*, and affectation of courtliness and state, that are to us exceedingly disgusting. They instantly present the image of a hollow pedant, relying on an artificial and mechanical attainment, not only within the compass of the powers of a dunce, but in our view most likely to be grasped by him.

The writing in these reviews is sufficiently elaborate and polished. But it possesses a racy originality, a freshness and vigor, which indicate, that their mind and heart are in what they say. It is a fact, well known to readers conversant with these matters, that a great portion of the reviews of the day are cold, formal, hypocritical writing, with which the writer's real feelings and thoughts had nothing to do. The matter was settled by a bevy, on the principles of clanship, who had their loves and hates, and what is worse, perhaps, their interests. Many of the reviewers—we appeal to their consciences!—calculate the author's influence, how far the public will go with them, and his steam power to help or annoy them; and he gets a white or a black stone, as the consequence of the calculation. After all, a mere feather, the sending or withholding a book, a courtesy, a matter of ceremony or form, may turn the scale for or against him. If this Southern Review has its prejudices, we feel persuaded, that they are honest ones; and that they declare what they really think and feel, touching the books, upon which they pass judgment. We have read few of their reviews, which have not given us new and valuable thoughts upon the subjects reviewed.

They do not appear to disguise, that they are partizans,—that their views of national policy are colored by the division of the Union, which they inhabit. We see it advocated in some of the more distinguished literary papers, that these reviews ought to be political, and to turn upon the great political questions and interests, that agitate and divide the nation. We are aware, that they have the countenance of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, as examples. We hold another opinion. Literature not only has nothing to do with politics, but they can no more live together, before the millennium—Heaven hasten it!—than the lion and the lamb. They are antipodes—oil and water. Whatever put it into the head of a reviewer, that politics, as such, came under his purview, we do not believe the Witch of Endor could tell.

These gentlemen think otherwise; and this is a strongly spiced politico-literary dish. They have convinced us, if no more, that the Southern country has wrongs, of which we shall speak in the proper place. But literature neither inflicted them, nor can redress them. We can assure them, that Mr. Million, who settles every thing in our country, has very little to do with literature. It is a thing, about which he knows little, and cares less. Give him strong and fierce politics in any form, stewed, boiled, baked, hashed and fricaseed, with plenty of vinegar and Cayenne, washed down by whiskey, rum or brandy, and he is, as they say in Kentucky, *mighty* contented to let those, who like literature, help themselves. It seems like putting a trick upon him, to give him literature, smuggled in along with his favorite fare, as they sugar a pill of rhubarb. We feel but too well assured, that our review lights are under a bushel, to all, but one among a thousand of the mass of the people. We could wish that the few, the chosen people, who cherish literature for the real love of it, would unite into one indissoluble phalanx, and by precept and example, in season and out of season, inculcate, love and follow literature for its own sake. It will be long, before it will have much bearing upon the political character and interests of the country. But we think, that time would be accelerated by preserving it a distinct pursuit. In one word, the scholar will read this review simply for the literature, and all others for the politics.

The first article in this number is a review of Vols. 6, 7, 8 and 9 of '*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses.* A Paris. Chez J. G. Merigot, le jeune. 1781.'—The review comprises forty-two pages, nearly half extracts from the work reviewed. We have carelessly looked over these volumes; and it is just and judicious, as far as our judgment may be relied upon. We are pleased to see the public attention called up to these matters, which ought to be of perennial and inexhaustible interest to native Americans, whatever portion of our continent they inhabit. The French writers upon our aboriginals have given us more interesting, and as it appears to us, more just views of the savage character, than the English. Catholic missionaries have done more, than any other profession of men whatever, to give us just views of remote, distant and barbarous countries. Wherever their *esprit du corps* met with no obstacles, no writers have been more graphic and faithful. They had not only a singular tact, in ingratiating themselves with the Indians, but as singular a felicity, in catching and pourtraying their real character. Whoever has seen as much of the red men, as we have, must have felt, how wonderfully acute and just the French Catholic missionaries were, in delineating the real Indian character. There is a poetic charm, too, in the names, which these men have given to the countries, lakes, rivers, mountains and prairies, where they journeyed. All the objects, which they saw, had to them a relationship to certain places, persons or things dear to them in their own country,—or some analogy to familiar, natural and moral ideas. One place was ***Bon Homme***, another, ***Pain Court***, another ***Femme Osage***, ***Creve Cœur***, ***Mamelles***, and so of a hundred others, that we could add. A French cultivated mind sees in nature a living poem.

These letters, the editor observes, have a charming simplicity and truth, that at once interests, instructs and persuades. The first part of the review turns upon the religion of some of the North American tribes, as described by one of the missionaries. He gives the same vague and uncertain views of it, which all faithful observers have presented, for the best of reasons, that the Indians have but very vague notions themselves of what they believe. No races of polytheists have been discovered on earth with a theogony and cosmogony so wild and whimsical. All the Indians, with whom we have ever conversed, give their supreme divinity a name, that sounds nearly ***Wahcondah***, importing 'Master of Life.' The 'Great Hare' is a divinity, that figures much in the account of these missionaries. Their subordinate gods are called ***manitous***. The manitou of waters is called ***Michibichi***, whence, probably, Mississippi. Each individual had also his peculiar manitou, or tutelar, as a bear, a bustard, or the like, forming the badge or ***totem*** of his family. 'That, which we call Christianity, is known to the Indians only by the name prayer; and they are exceedingly addicted to polygamy.' The letters touch upon their absurd attachment to juggling, charlatanry, and what is properly translated 'medicine' faith; for under the general term, 'medicine,' they include the practice of physic, the ceremonial of their religion, the important business of dreaming, and all their communications with their divinities.

The sixth volume contains a letter from the chaplain of the Abnakis, warriors, who formed a part of the army, which attacked fort George, and the surrender, which figures in Mr. Cooper's novel of the 'Last of the Mohicans.' The reviewers prefer the chaplain's account, and think Mr. Cooper had it under his eye, when he gave his description.

From accounts of the northern Indians, the reviewer turns to missionary voyages on the Mississippi and Arkansas, and accounts of the southern Indians; and the charm of the delightful simplicity of these letters remains. The poor missionaries say, they are horribly troubled with gallinippers and musquitoes on these waters. Of this we have not the slightest doubt. The review then goes upon the accounts of the Guyana and South American Indians, of which many amusing and interesting narratives are related.

Taken together, it is a very impressive and well written article. It states our impression precisely, respecting the character of the ***Lettres Edifiantes***, and embodies, we presume, the pith and substance, and the most interesting and useful parts of these volumes. The writer is evidently a man capable of combination and enlarged views. We should suppose him a clergyman of the orthodox cast, although he sometimes has an amusing quaintness, and evidently smiles internally, while transcribing some of the amusing and tough stories from these sufficiently credulous missionaries. While the reviewer reproves a missionary for laughing at the Indians, because they buried provisions with one of their deceased warriors, that he might not starve to death a second time, we perceive the reviewer himself mounting a tolerably broad smile at the expense of a Guyana, who deemed, that an Indian, blind of one eye, was not fit for a *pyape*, or conjurer, because he could not see the devil sufficiently clear with one eye, to be one of his ministers.

The reviewer supposes, with Dr. Mitchell, that there are good reasons to believe, that the North American Indians are descended from the Chinese or Hindoos! We should not be surprised, if they should hereafter be traced to the ancestry of the New-Hollanders. The Chinese and Hindoos have had letters and civilization from time immemorial. It seems to us utterly unreasonable, that colonists could ever retrograde in knowledge to such an incredible degree, as to have lost all tradition of an ancestry, with such improvements.

He quotes from these letters an account, as amusing as it is just, of the manner, in which the medicine men of the North American Indians practise their medicine.

> 'The warriors carry their manitous in mats, and they perpetually invoke them to obtain victory over their enemies; the charlatans have likewise recourse to their manitous, when they compound their medicine, or that they may heal their patients. They accompany their invocations with chaunts, dances and frightful contortions, to create the belief that they are agitated by their manitous; and they, at the same time, so shake the patient, as frequently to cause his death. In those various contortions, the charlatan names sometimes one beast, sometimes another; then proceeds to suck that part of the patient's body, in which he feels most pain; after having sucked for some time, he runs on a sudden, and casts out the tooth of a bear, or of some other animal, which he had concealed in his mouth. "My dear friend," he cries, "you have life—behold what was killing you." After which, applauding himself, he cries out, "Who can resist my manitou? Is he not the master of life and death?" Should the patient die, some pretext is ready, to cast the blame of death upon some other cause, which occurred after his departure from the patient; but if the sick person recovers, then the juggler is held in esteem, is himself considered as a manitou, and after having been well paid for his trouble, the best things in the village are brought to regale him.'—p. 315.

This review and abstract, on the whole, is a fine one, and the extracts a hundred times more interesting, than many of the original tales and stories among us, that pretend to no higher origin, than fiction.

The second article is on American naval history. '*Sketches of a Naval History of the United States*,' by Thomas Clark, and the '*United States' Naval Chronicle*,' by C. W. Goldsborough, a congressional naval bill, and three congressional naval reports, are the basis of the article; and like the former article, it is rather didactic, than critical. The second long paragraph, embracing nearly two pages, and descanting upon the peculiar and intense interest of the lives and exploits of those, 'whose home is on the deep,' 'who go down to the sea in ships,' and see and suffer and achieve such strange things on the great waters, is fine writing. The reviewer thinks, that a complete naval history is a desideratum, and would be a work of unequalled interest. Mr. Cooper, in his view, is pre-eminently fitted to achieve that work. We entertain great respect for Mr. Cooper's talents in the department, where he has exercised his creative and descriptive powers with so much success and effect. But history of any sort is another kind of writing. In the writing of history, the fact has been proved in all time, and beyond all question, that none, but a thoroughly trained classical scholar, was competent to such a task. An ephemeral production of this kind is exceedingly easy. But we have in our eye the first writer in the English language in the department of novels, who has proved himself, for want, as we take it, of sufficient classical acquirement, neither Hume, Gibbon, nor Robertson.

The reviewer considers the three works, whose titles head this article, as possessing a certain kind of merit—that of treasuring materials. He estimates the 'Naval Chronicle' the best written of these articles, and thinks he can discover in it, the author of 'John Bull and Brother Jonathan.' About three pages of the article are criticism, or rather general remark, and the remainder is an abridged chronicle of naval history. We shall abridge the abridgement, being content, in this instance, to become the shadow of a shade.

From the settlement of our country, though a people accustomed to do business on the great waters, we confided with a filial reliance upon the British navy, and had nothing in the form of ships of war, until compelled by necessity to bethink ourselves of them. Two vessels, of 10 and 14 guns, were ordered by congress, 1775. In 1776, three persons, under the direction of the 'marine committee,' were appointed to the superintendence of the navy. In 1779, a 'board of admiralty' was established, and Robert Morris was placed at the head of it. We had no vessels larger than frigates. The America of 56 guns, under the command of Paul Jones, was presented to the king of France, as an offering of gratitude, and in lieu of the Magnifique of 74 guns, lost in the harbor of Boston. The largest number of vessels employed during the revolution, exclusive of galleys and cutters, was twenty-five, in 1776. Five were of 32 guns, twelve from 24 to 28, and eight from 10 to 16. During this period, there were numerous privateers, acting under the triple motive of cupidity, vengeance and patriotism. In the course of the war, the captures were estimated at 803; of which 153 were retaken, or lost, leaving to the United States 650, rated at eleven millions of dollars. This was probably much below the real value. The first offensive expedition took place in 1775, when two vessels of 28 guns, one of 14, one of 16, and four smaller ones, under the command of commodore Hopkins, sailed against New-Providence. The objects of the expedition were only partially effected; and congress passed a vote of censure on the commodore. Every one has heard of the most brilliant victory, obtained by Paul Jones over the Serapis. In the fury of this contest, the sailing master swore. Jones checked him, by suggesting, that the next moment, they might be in eternity. After the battle, the captain of the Serapis came on board the Bon Homme Richard, to deliver his sword to Jones, and used insolent and provoking words to his conqueror—'that he felt much mortification at surrendering his sword to a man, who fought him with a rope around his neck.' The answer was worthy of a hero. 'You have fought gallantly, sir, and I hope, your king will give you a better ship.' When Jones heard, in Paris, a short time afterwards, that Pearson, the captain, had been knighted for his gallantry in this action, he exclaimed, 'Well, he deserves it, and if I fall in with him again, I will make him a lord.'

Our navy dwindled from the close of the revolution, until the year 1785, when, it is believed, we did not own a single vessel of war. Our difficulties with the Barbary powers, in 1790, again turned our attention to a navy. In 1794, congress authorized the construction of six frigates. Numbers of our vessels had been captured by Algerine corsairs, and the crews enslaved. Our government offered two hundred dollars a man, by way of redemption, and expressed no unwillingness to stipulate an annual tribute, which those fierce pirates demanded of all powers, as the price of forbearance. The dey indignantly rejected these terms, demanding 2,833 dollars a man. Spain had paid 1,600, Russia 1,500, and other nations lower still. This scale may, therefore, be supposed to be the graduated estimate of the dey of his own wants, and the abilities of the outraged nation to obtain redress. The demand against us was the most exorbitant of all.

Various unsuccessful efforts of negotiation, both public and private continued to be made by our government, to redeem the unhappy captives. About the year 1792, an Algerine truce with Portugal, brought about, as our ambassador, colonel Humphries, said, by an execrable plot of the British against us, threw open the Mediterranean and the Atlantic to Algerine cruisers, The dey warned our ambassador against the protection of any flag. 'If I were to make peace with every body,' he said, 'what would become of my corsairs?' In a single cruise, they took ten of our ships, and one hundred citizens were enslaved.

In 1794, an act was passed by congress, to provide a naval armament. The act authorized the preparing and employing four ships of 44 guns, and two of 36; but there was a provision, suspending the effect of this act upon the issue of a peace with Algiers. A peace was concluded, contrary to all expectation, and three of the frigates only were constructed. In the year 1798, in consequence of depredations upon our commerce by France, our government authorized the building and equipping of twelve ships of not less than 32 guns, twelve not exceeding 24, and six of 18; and four squadrons, under the command of commodores Barney, Truxton, Tingey and Decatur, consisting of four frigates, four ships of 18 guns, and eight smaller vessels, were actually at sea. Truxton was the hero of this short naval war. He captured the Insurgente, and compelled the Vengeance to strike, although she escaped. Both vessels were much superior to the commodore's; and his skill and gallantry excited admiration, and received the public thanks of congress, and a gold medal. In 1801, hostilities with France were terminated by a treaty of peace. But new difficulties with the Barbary powers opened a new scope for our navy. For nearly four years, commodores Dale, Morris, Barron, Preble and Rodgers emulated the brilliant achievements of Truxton. But no decisive exploits, save one, were performed. That one was the capture of the Tripoli of 14 guns, by the Enterprize of 12, commanded by captain Sterret. The successor of commodore Morris, commodore Preble, was more fortunate in achievement, and obtained the thanks of his country, and a gold medal. The first, and perhaps the most splendid of his achievements, was the destruction of the Philadelphia, which had been grounded in the harbor of Tripoli. The late 'all-accomplished' Decatur was the hero of this unexampled exploit, the character of which every one remembers. The attacks on the Tripolitan gun boats succeeded. In the course of these gallant actions, many of our subsequent heroes first became known to fame. Every one has thrilled with the story of the voluntary self-sacrifices of Somers, Wadsworth, and Israel, like the Decii of olden time. We need say nothing of the immortal renown of the heroes of the Mediterranean; nor the subsequent difficulties of the officers there, touching the precedence of rank. Preble yielded to Barron; and he, on account of ill health, to commodore Rodgers, who soon terminated a glorious war by an honorable and lasting peace, which for ever abolished ransom and tribute.

The restriction or embargo, and gun boat system of Mr. Jefferson succeeded,—both, it is believed, abandoned and obsolete by the ban of public opinion. The gun boats went down to the tomb of all the Capulets, or rather to Old Davy's locker. In 1811–12, a new era, that of the efficient foundation of our permanent naval establishment, commenced. Mr. Cheves was appointed chairman of the committee on naval affairs. The reviewer considers him, as claiming more justly, than any man living, the honorable title of 'father of the navy.' From this committee emanated a very able and detailed report, touching, and recommending the increase of the navy. At this time five vessels only were in commission; three of 44 guns, one of 32, and one of 36; and we owned but ten vessels of war of any description.

At the next session of congress, 1813, an act authorized the building four ships of 74 guns, and six ships of 44; and a supplementary act authorized the building of six additional sloops of war, and any number of armed vessels, required by the service, on the lakes. Our ships of war were now brought to the tug of battle with those of the mistress of the seas. The issue of the combat between the Constitution and the Guerriere proclaimed to our own people and the world, whether we were able to cope with England on her own element. Subsequent actions between the United States and the Macedonian, the Constitution and the Java, the Wasp and the Frolic, and the victories of Erie and Champlain, settled the question, whether our first victory depended on accidental circumstances, which the British were so ingenious to suggest. The world at present deems, and, it is believed, Great Britain herself concedes, that in naval equipments, tactics and fighting, we are not at all inferior, and in some respects superior to herself. The peace of 1815 left an absorbing feeling of intense interest in favor of a navy, which had fought itself into favor and notice. An Algerine war succeeded. Our movements were exceedingly prompt and glorious. A frigate and a brig of the enemy were soon captured, and their admiral killed. An immediate and satisfactory treaty was obtained, and a stipulation for redress of depredations committed by Tunis and Tripoli; a proud contrast with our former useless negotiations for years, to obtain the release of captives and the restoration of ships.

From this period our navy regularly advanced until 1827, when the number of ships built, and building, was 12 of the line, 16 frigates, 16 sloops of war, besides schooners, and steam batteries. In the session of 1827, the question came before Congress, 'what further measures ought to be adopted in relation to the naval establishment?' A bill was reported with the following provisions: 1st, the laying up of ship timber for future use. 2dly, the construction of dry docks. 3dly, a marine rail way. 4thly, the improvement of navy yards. 5thly, the establishment of a naval academy; all which passed, except the last. Copious extracts from an able speech of Mr. Hayne, explanatory of the views of the committee, framing this bill, are given. Under this bill extensive contracts have been made for ship timber, the frames of five ships of the line, five frigates, and five sloops of war, and two dry docks, one at Charlestown, Mass. and the other at Gosport, Vir. and a marine rail way at Pensacola. We have at present 12 ships of the line, built, or building; 17 frigates, 17 sloops of war, and 7 schooners, exclusive of one steam frigate, and materials for two others. The officers and men are as follows: Captains 35; Lieutenants 262; Masters-Commandant 34; Midshipmen 392; and 5864 men. The annual expense is not far from three millions of dollars

This long article, which seems drawn up with ability and impartiality, closes by a very impressive southern dirge or lament over the brilliant career of a navy, which, it is supposed, cannot long continue to exist, much less to flourish, when our merchant ships shall be withdrawn from every sea; when the capital of our merchants shall be invested in cotton and woollen factories, and the hardy sons of the ocean shall find themselves transformed into the managers of looms and spinning jennies.

Art. 3. Review of the '*Life of John Ledyard, the American traveller, by* Jared Sparks. Cambridge. 1828.' The review comprises 25 pages. At the close of it, a brief critical notice of the writing of the biographer, Mr. Sparks, in this book, is given. It coincides with the general judgment of the public, and allows the merit of fidelity and simplicity, and throughout speaks of the work with calm and just praise. The article is chiefly occupied in judicious extracts, and such passing remarks, as interweave one extract into the other, so as to form a brief and comprehensive narrative of the life of Ledyard. Never was there a more convincing proof, that some men are born with almost irresistible propensities in a particular direction, than in the case of Ledyard. Never was wandering bump written more prominently upon the human skull, if we may infer from his conduct. He was born in Connecticut, 1751. He was sent to Dartmouth college. But the wandering bump carried it over Latin and Greek. He wandered away among the Canadian Indians, after staying in college little more than a year. The president of the college lectured him for irregularity when he returned, and he soon retorted upon the learned man by another flourish of the same kind. He cut down a huge tree, made a canoe of it, and pushed down the Connecticut. He was reading either the Greek testament, or Ovid, the only books he had with him, when the ungentle dashing of Bellows' falls, probably, a little circumstance in the navigation not known to him, fell upon his ear. If he had gone over, there would have ended his wanderings. But he fortunately paddled to shore, obtained oxen, and carted his vessel round the falls, and made the remainder of his voyage in safety. At Hartford, he was urged to the ministry, which he declined. We thence hear of him a sailor at Gibraltar, on the Barbary coast, and in the West Indies. Soon afterwards, we find him in England, hunting up relationship with rich ancestral connexions. He found them, felt himself coolly treated, and abandoned them forever, although they afterwards made some advances to him. He went round the world with Capt. Cook, in his third voyage, in whose celebrated published voyages his name has a place. Ledyard kept a journal, during this voyage, which was taken from him by the English admiralty on his return. But two years afterwards, he gave the world, from memory, and from a brief sketch of his journal, published in England, a short account of his voyage. Considerably copious but not particularly interesting extracts are given in the review.

The account of his return to his mother is impressively told. We next hear of him in Cadiz. Thence he made his way by sea and land to L'Orient. Mr. Jefferson, then minister in France, proved a steady friend to him. Ledyard there became acquainted with the famous Paul Jones. He had been soliciting for some time the charge of an expedition to the North West coast of America. After as many disappointments as Columbus experienced, he took the idea to traverse the north of Europe and Asia, cross Behring's strait, and continue his route from the north western extremity of America across the country to Virginia. The reviewer supposes, that the intimacy of Mr. Jefferson with Ledyard, may have suggested the first hints of Lewis and Clarke's expedition, undertaken twenty years afterwards. He heard of an English ship about to sail for that coast. He embarked for England, having received pecuniary relief in France from Sir James Hall, nobly and accidentally offered, and in a way, and to an extent, to put to shame those, who charge such matters in novels, as improbable fictions. In England the same gentleman bestowed twenty guineas more, and he sailed in high spirits from Deptford. The ship was not yet out sight of land, when it was ordered back. From London Ledyard sailed to Hamburg. Here he heard of Maj. Langhorn, an American citizen travelling over Europe on foot. Fellow feeling brought them together. They met in Copenhagen, and Ledyard found his countryman destitute of money. He supplied him with money, and offered to accompany him. The other was about to travel through the remote north of Europe in mid winter. 'No,' said Langhorne, 'I can travel in the way I do with no man on earth.' Mr. Sparks considers this an ungrateful return to Ledyard. The reviewer afterwards knew this great oddity, tells his story, and assigns reasons for his refusing Ledyard's companionship, no ways discreditable to him.

Thence we find our traveller in Stockholm. In crossing to St. Petersburg, the customary route is across the gulf of Bothnia, fifty miles, in vessels in summer, and on sledges in winter. The gulf, at this time full of floating ice, was traversable by neither. He had to pass round the head of the gulf, 1200 miles, by Torneo, in the most gloomy and inclement season of the year. In seven weeks, he made his way through this empire of frost, and says, 'how he arrived at the Russian capital, he cannot tell!' Thence he departs to Moscow, and over the Ural mountains into Asia. He reaches

Tobolski, and subsequently Bornaoul, the capital of Kolyvan, a Siberian province. Interesting extracts of letters from these places to Mr. Jefferson, are given. Ledyard believes in the identity of the Tartars and the North American Indians. He makes some very amusing calculations, touching the number, the width, and the immense amount of water of the rivers, that flow into the frozen ocean between Moscow and Kamtschatka.

'Ledyard left Irkutsk on the 25th of August, when the forest trees had already begun to drop their foliage and put on the livery of autumn.' He made his way by land to Lena, and thence floated down that river fourteen hundred miles. These rivers remind one of the length of our own. The season was too far advanced, for him to set off for Okotsk. At Yakutsk he was obliged to stay eight months, the people treated him kindly, and he says his only consolation was, that his stay gave him a chance to study them. In these dark, frozen and inhospitable regions, where nature is a step-mother, he experienced ample hospitality, and it was here he framed his ever memorable eulogy of woman, which, corroborated by the testimony of Mungo Park, seems to have established the fact that they are indeed the better half of the species.

While in this dreary abode, where the mercury freezes in 15 minutes in the open air, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Capt. Billings, then in the service of the empress of Russia. They had been fellow voyagers under Capt. Cook. Ledyard accompanied his friend to Irkutsk, 1500 miles. Hence he was sent by the order of the empress, between two guards, with amazing rapidity, to Moscow, and thence to the confines of Poland, where he was set at liberty, and forbidden ever again to enter the dominion of the empress, on penalty of being hanged. The avowed motive of the empress for this mysterious act of despotism, appears in a note from the Count Segur to M. de la Fayette—'that it was out of humanity to Ledyard; that she would not render herself guilty of the death of this courageous American, by furthering an expedition so fraught with danger, as the one he professed to undertake alone.' The reviewer very naturally supposes, that the real motive was commercial jealousy, unwillingness in the empress to have her new possessions on the American coast seen by a citizen of the United States, or in the wish of the Russio American fur company to guard against rivals.

We next see Ledyard at Koningsburg. Sir Joseph Banks proved a benefactor to him. He drew on that excellent man for five guineas, and with the money made his way to London. By that gentleman he was recommended to the African association, as a fit person to effectuate their purpose of exploring the interior of Africa. He was engaged at once. The Secretary of that association describes his person, 'as striking from its manliness, for the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye.' When asked how soon he could be ready for such a hazardous and distant journey, whence no traveller had returned? he answered, 'tomorrow morning.'

This journey filled him with sanguine hopes. 'If I live, he writes the society, I will faithfully perform my engagements in the utmost extent; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will be safe, for death cancels all bonds.' On his way to his place of destination, he died at Cairo, of a bilious fever, or of an over-dose of vitriolic acid, which he took to check it.

'His person,' says the Secretary of the African association, 'was remarkably expressive of activity and strength. His manners, though unpolished, were neither uncivil nor unpleasant.' Independent, uncultivated, and irregular in mind, he was original and comprehensive. Ardent, but calm, daring, but guarded, impatient, yet capable of strong endurance, adventurous, yet wary and considerate, he seemed formed by nature for achievments of hardihood and skill. After a few reflections upon the subsequent expeditions of Lewis and Clarke, Parke, Denham and Clapperton, to points which the American had it in his heart to explore, he concludes with a neat, equitable and judicious tribute to his biographer, Mr. Sparks.

Art. 4. 'Good's *Book of Nature.* 8vo. London and New-York. 1 vol.;' and '*Nouveau Dictionarie D'Historie Naturelle.* 36 vols. 8vo. Paris.' This is an eloquent, ambitious and somewhat diffuse and declamatory article, something in the manner of a young, popular minister of celebrity, when he makes his first appearance before a society, whose suffrages he would desire to obtain. It manifests rather brilliant and showy talents in the writer, and one or two sentences we consider splendid, and admirable. But it is certainly a clear misnomer, to call it a review, of which it bears not a single feature, scarcely touching upon the manner of the works at the head of the article; but branching off into a miscellaneous dissertation upon natural history. We should utterly spoil this fine oration, by any attempt to abstract and curtail it. A remark or two upon the leading thoughts is all we propose to ourselves.

Natural history embraces the whole visible and invisible universe, from its worlds to its molecules, from those beings that analogy and the bible induce us to believe are burning and shining round the Eternal, to the barnacle on a rock. Of all studies this is most immediately connected with the welfare, the relations, and duties of man. None so enlarge the mind, or inspire such sublime and adoring conceptions of the Creator. There have been illuminated periods in the past, when this study has been wisely and intensely prosecuted. But the humbling result was to learn, 'how little can be known.'

'It was no illiterate age, it was no ignorant people, who could insculpture on the portals of the temple of Isis, the great mother of nature, its sublime inscription: *I am whatsoever is, whatsoever has been, whatsoever shall be; and the veil, which is over my countenance, no mortal hand has ever raised.*'

It had been well, if natural historians had heeded this profound text. Science has suffered more from vague theory and hypothesis, and effort, both ignorant and presumptuous, to penetrate *ultra lumina scientiæ*, to explain what they knew not, and what is not knowable, than from any other cause. For instance, we can discover the visible qualities and habits, and the obvious uses of bodies, organic or inorganic, and none need be told, that of all studies, this has the highest claims of utility. But the fearful secrets of vegetable and animal life, the why? and how? the futile and lumbering speculations of world and system makers, with all the fiction and little of the interest of romance, are enquiries, that never advanced science, or benefitted the world, or the enquirers.

> 'In our investigation of organized bodies, the inquiry that meets us on the threshold, the first object of our researches is, unfortunately, the most obscure, the most difficult of resolution. What is this internal power that gives to organization such inherent energy? Why is it that the most ingenious and complex machinery of human invention, the most profound combination of springs and balances and wheels, remain inert and motionless, unless acted upon by foreign impulse, while the organized forms of nature possess, within themselves, a self-moving, a self-preserving power? What is this mysterious principle which gives to substances that chemistry resolves into common elements, a new, a spontaneous, almost an inherent action—which enables organized bodies to perform so many functions; to collect, to decompose, to modify, to assimilate to their own substances, the particles of other bodies; to preserve, to perpetuate their species by the continued destruction of other species? What is this power which acquired at the first dawn of existence, at the germination of the embryo seed without consciousness, acting through life by instincts which we cannot understand; living on the waste of life; perishing, when it can no longer destroy; relinquishes, finally, to decomposition, the bodies it was accustomed to animate? What is this obscure principle which eludes the eye of the anatomist, which escapes even from the active pursuit of thought? What is life?'—p. 422.

After this fine paragraph of the reviewers, follow a number equally eloquent, detailing the idle dreams of systemizers upon the great secret of life; such as, whether God originally created a certain number of indestructible molecules, endowed with vitality, whose coincidence and combination have produced all the countless forms of it, that appear. This opinion may have been the origin of the ancient metempsychosis. Nothing on this theory, that has life, can die. The forms, the balance, the conscious identity, may be indefinitely changed. But the vitalized molecules, the monads, though changed in all, remain the same.

He next touches upon the doctrine of ***spontaneous***, or what, we believe, was formerly called the doctrine of ***equivocal*** generation. It supposes the rudiments of vitality to have existed in some of the primitive elements and simplest forms of life. By fortuitous collision, or juxtaposition of these atoms, some concatenation, some arrangement of living particles may be said to have commenced! The begun vitality, feeling its wants increasing, with the developement of its organization, was able to push out new organs or members, or perfect the old ones, as it wanted them. A snail, formed to crawl, feels that it wants an organ to admonish it, of what is in its way. It exerts the nervous influence of its system to the anterior part of its body, and in process of time, it pushes out a pair of feelers, and so of the rest. Such is the illustration of La Marche! The reviewer is both eloquent, learned, and earnest, to prove the futility of this wild and irreligious theory. His own views are at once enlarged and consistent with piety.

> 'But in proportion as these bodies have been examined, under the guidance of an accurate and cautious philosophy, the darkness which overhung their origin has been dissipated. Forms the most minute; animals visible only under the lens of a compound or solar microscope, are found to have their structure as complete,

the laws of their production as definite, their metamorphoses as regular as those of organized bodies, apparently the most perfect. Knowledge has swept away most of these illusions among the errors of unenlightened ages. and although myriads of animated beings are so minute as to elude the power and observation of our most perfect instruments, shall we conclude that the plan, the system, which governs so beautifully, so uniformly, the kingdom of the living until our scrutiny ceases, because the eye fails us, must, on every principle of analogy, extend also to those far confines of nature that are to us invisible.'

'These opinions have, in some measure, been supported by the fact, that animal or vegetable substances hermetically inclosed, and then subjected to degrees of cold or heat, sufficient to destroy, according to our observations, every germinating principle, every vestige of life, have yet been found after some time to contain living forms in wonderful abundance. Many solutions, however, may be given to this difficulty. We, ourselves, see imperfectly. Our powers of vision and of observation are very limited, and in our experiments, we are attempting to exclude by the coarse materials adapted to our senses and our instruments, beings to whom the most compact metals may appear like open net-work, and the diamond as porous as a honey comb. Besides, we may miscalculate the power of heat or cold in life, because to some grades they are found pernicious. For when we perceive how wonderfully the Creator has prepared the races that surround us to live in differing elements, in air, in water, in the earth; how can we limit his power or his beneficence, how avoid the conclusion that forms might be fashioned to breathe even the pure ether of the empyrean space, or bask in the unclouded blaze of elemental fire?'—p. 429.

There is fine writing from this quotation to the end of the review. The reviewer eloquently sports his own theory of the past destruction and changes of our world, and successive creations to supply those that had perished. We quote the following, as samples of the splendid writing in this review.

'The butterfly, which sports in the air, and flies from plant to plant on wings as light and brilliant as the flower over which it hovers; wherever she herself may feed, yet deposits her eggs only on those plants which are the appropriate food of her infant caterpillar; the bee and the wasp consume their lives in building cells, and in depositing in those cells honey or insects, or some other food adapted to that offspring they will never know; fish leave the ocean, struggle against the current, ascend the rapids, leap up the falls of long rivers, to deposit their eggs in places which the parent cannot inhabit, but where their young may find security and food—all bend to some paramount impression—all yield an unqualified obedience to the laws of their instinctive lives. These laws operate with unceasing force—they are paramount and unchangeable. They have governed the living tribes of nature since their existence began; they will control them while their races exist. Chance can have no agency in principles so stable and so uniform.'

'One being alone has been liberated in part from this blind and uncontrollable instinct, has been permitted to compare causes and effects, to know good from evil. To one has been given the awful responsibility of free-will—and instead of the mysterious and unerring impulses of instinct, he has been endowed with that reason which must be his pride or his reproach. Man himself, is, perhaps, the most wonderful anomaly in the system of life ; and while he avails himself of his privilege to examine all that surrounds him, all that now exists, and all that has been created, it should be a part of the same study cautiously to investigate his own position, to ascertain his connexion with the past, with the present, and with the future.'—p. 431.

It is a glorious view of the universe, to consider it all beauty, wisdom, and goodness, and all being, from the archangel to the moss of the Iceland rock, sounding an eternal hymn of praise in the ear of the Divinity, who, as soon as he had finished the great whole, pronounced it 'all good.' We remark in conclusion, that the chief utility of the study of natural history consists in classification, so that what we can predicate of one at the head of the genera—we may substantially know of all the species. This facility enables a finite mind to grasp almost infinite knowledge. This furnishes man with the key secret—the algebra of nature—by which the natural historian, like our first father, passes the vast and the minute, the organic and the inorganic of nature before him, and calls all things by their names. We remark, too, that it appears to us, that the limits between the useful and the useless enquiries of this science are distinctly marked. The laws, the habits, the properties, whatever falls under the observation, touching organic or inorganic nature, are becoming continually more and better known, and the accumulating mass of knowledge is constantly rolling on. But touching the secrets of life, the mysteries of creation, the why ? and the how ? of things, the immediate post-diluvian, who knew nothing but the use of his bow and arrows, was to the full as well informed, as La Marche. Enquiry, rightly pursued, always counts. It acts upon things, not within the grasp of our faculties, as the incessant dashing of the surge upon the granite bound shore.

NOVELS.

Not only the orthodox religious, but some of the most flippant of the liberal editors, have lately joined phalanx to make a crusade against this unfortunate class of books. The whole tirade is mere wretched cant, utterly unworthy of the least pretension to mental enlargement, and fit only for men, who would have presided over a judicature for the trial of witches, or an ecclesiastical legislature to enact 'blue laws.' Homer's Illiad and Odyssey, Virgil's Eneid, Milton's Paradise Lost, and Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, are novels—that is to say, fictions to create interest. There have been bad novels. So there have been bad sermons. There have been good and useful ones. Wise and good men will disdain to join in a hue and cry, because some bigots in the dark ages started it, and censorious old ladies put on their spectacles, and joined in the pursuit. There are some people, who despise gambling on principle, without thinking, that the pasteboard of playing cards is a sacrilegious substance. Truth is, that novels are generally useless and bad books. It is equally true that one of the most important vehicles, through which good and virtuous sentiments can be diffused, is this same species of writing. There always have been novels. There always will be. Chivalry, love, romance, the creations of the imagination, aspirations after a happier and better order of things, ought not to be extinguished, if they could be. There is not a doubt in our mind, that Richardson's Clarissa, and McKenzie's Man of Feeling, wrought more real tenderness of heart, and virtuous excitement, than any other books published in their age. Every body read them. The orthodox minister in his closet, and the prudish devotee in her dressing chamber, shed tears, and spite of themselves, were softened to better tempers, and went their ways, no doubt, to rail at novels in the pulpit and conventicle again. Time will come, when hypocrisy will be unveiled, when bigots will not dare avail themselves of the cant of a stupid prejudice; when flippant young men will hold themselves disgraced, to decry virtuous love, the only grand reagent in the human bosom, against the perpetually advancing encroachment of avarice, selfishness, and the hardening tendency of the present order of society. God formed us to love, to shed virtuous tears, and 'to feel another's wo.' May it be so, till time is no more. Novels ought to avail of this tendency of human nature; and where they do, seizing the broadest avenues to all that is noble and virtuous in our constitution, no books are so efficient in producing good and right feeling. In one word, a good novel is pre-eminently a good book, because it approaches virtuous feeling, through the medium of imagination, love, tenderness, the bright illusions, and the ennobling visions of the morning of life—because it appeals to feelings, which always have had a place in human nature, and always will, till men become vampyres and women pawn brokers. For our part, we shall never cease to sympathize with the young, the unsophisticated, the warm hearted, in whose bosoms innocent impulse carries it over avarice and calculation. We shall advise those dear to us, to read no novels, but such as tend to inspire right views, and to stir the fountains of generous and noble sentiment; and we care not how many they read of that class. Our readers know, that we hold on 'the even tenor of our way,' equally regardless of the cant of bigotry on the one hand—or the sneers of vapid and heartless critics on the other. Without further comment, we offer another extract from the 'Valley of the Shoshonee,' an unpublished tale, to those, who have found us guilty of the sin of novel writing.

'Among his converts was Lenah-ah, or the Song Sparrow, an orphan girl of seventeen, of uncommon attractions of person and mind for an Indian girl; at least it seemed so to Elder Wood. In fact, except for her black hair, and her peculiar eye, her countenance would have proclaimed her a Creole Spanish girl. She had always been a selected favorite with Jessy. She was the poetess of the Valley, and her songs had sweetness, simplicity, tenderness, and graphic fidelity to nature, for she painted what she saw and felt; and painted directly from nature. They were in the mouths of all the singers in the nation, and she thence derived her name. She was, in short, one of those gifted minds, that sometimes shoots forth among a simple and unlettered people. The tenderness and the ardor of feeling, that had prompted her songs, finally took the direction of religious impression. She had been among the first, that had been struck with the preaching of Elder Wood. Moral worth and dignity had more charms for her, than youth and beauty, the common objects of attraction for one of her years. It is saying all that can be said of an uninstructed Indian girl, that she had a heart to feel the charm of worth. Had the handsome Julius, and Elder Wood, reckless as he was of appearance, presented themselves for her favor before Lenahah, she was one of those rare minds, that would instantly have preferred the stern and high-minded minister to the handsome and unprincipled youth. This single trait will serve as an index to her character. The beautiful, tender and gifted Lenahah, though humbly born, a circumstance of peculiar disqualification among the Indians, and an orphan beside, had received the best offers of marriage in her tribe, and had refused even the powerful Nelesho himself. But among no people under heaven, is the course of love so perfectly free, as among the red people. The rejection even of Nelesho passed off without offence. It was said that Lenahah did not love him, and there was the end of the affair. The rejected warrior, who afterwards took so much offence at the rejection of Jessy, went his way, and attributed his failure to his destiny, and spoke as kindly of Lenahah, as before. She had been observed, after she had attended the services of Elder Wood, to remain thoughtful, and as if deeply pondering what she had heard. With favorable impressions, in regard to his religion, began to be associated kind thoughts of the preacher himself. She had been heard to say, that it was pity the good medicine man of the whites had no wife, to bring him water, and dress his venison for him. After the arrival of the two young men in the tribe, she was at first strongly impressed with their fine appearance, and she gave an extemporaneous song to the stranger youths of fair hair and bright complexion. But their gaiety chimed not with the thoughts that Elder Wood had awakened. Her feelings vibrated back, and rested again upon the minister. She went into the Sewasserna, and professed the Christian religion in the form of Elder Wood's worship. Her earnest devotion, her undeviating purity and sanctity of life, corresponded with her profession. Her being the first convert of name among the Shoshonee, her natural attachment to her spiritual father, so artlessly expressed, finally won first the unconscious and unacknowledged tenderness, and finally the avowed affection of Elder Wood. The young people of the ruder sort laughed, when they heard that the minister was smitten with the Song Sparrow, and that she returned his love. But the Indians generally, respected the one, and entertained kind thoughts of the other, and approved the connexion. They had learned from different sources, how the white people conducted towards their ministers, when they settled among them, and they determined, that the couple should see, that they knew how to imitate such an example. The respectable warriors met, and labored a number of days in succession, to build them a comfortable dwelling, in the same range of the other habitations, between that of Trader Hatch and William Weldon. As was the case with theirs, pine trees caught the breeze in front, and the everlasting battlement of stone curved for their roof, and formed the rear. They enlisted their pride to make it spacious, convenient and comfortable; and as they are very exact imitators, they succeeded in producing a house much resembling that of Trader Hatch. The time was announced for their marriage; and it is probable, that this man of profound sentiments, which had been concentrated and disappointed, loved this tender and gifted daugher of another and a heathen race, with a romantic affection, more ardent than he could possibly have bestowed upon a woman of his own people. Her wild and sweet songs, the poesy of the daughter of a red hunter, had first operated on the imagination of this son of a Kentucky hunter. Where there were few subjects of comparison, she was uncommonly pretty; and it may not be said, how far Elder Wood, like other people, was influenced by his eyes. He first pitied her, as an interesting heathen. She was subsequently his first convert of any consideration, earnest, simple, docile, humble, devoted among the first fruits for the Redeemer between those unnamed mountains. This last tie was the strongest of all; and Elder Wood unconsciously gave, more than once, sufficiently amusing proof, that he was under the full influence of the tender passion. As he walked alone in the forest, or beside the stream, in his customary vocation, full often had the name of Lenahah been wrought into a hymn, partly religious, and partly amatory, and committed to the echoes of the forests and mountains, as thinking, that echo only heard. But Baptiste had the song in the vilest travesty, and even the long visages of the Indians relaxed, as they chaunted the songs and the loves of the Song Sparrow, and the grave and broad-shouldered Kentuckian, so solemn even in love, and whose head was already well sprinkled with snow. But the laugh abated none of their deep respect for the parties and the connexion. It may be, the mingled dreams of earth and heaven of the Song Sparrow, and the Indian missionary, were they as worthily sung, possessed as much intrinsic interest, as those of Eloisa and Abelard. The Song Sparrow had been long a selected favorite of Jessy, who had completed for her a wedding dress, after the fashion of the whites. William Weldon, and Ellswatta and Areskoui had made liberal contributions to enable the house keepers to commence in comfort; and few pairs had happier expectations for the future.

'Though this vale was generally blessed with an air of extreme salubrity, and most of the deaths there were those of nature, sometimes, when the full and enlarged orb of the harvest moon shone in crimson through the dim mists of Indian summer, and a kind of unnatural and relaxing sultriness returned upon the coolness of autumn, at that early period, when red and orange begin to mellow the green of the leaves, diseases sometimes sunk down with the mists upon these vales. At such a time, Lenahah, now within a week of her nuptials, was taken ill of bilious fever. On the very day, in the evening of which she fell sick, she had wandered, singing extempore songs, on the sides of the mountains, gathering evergreens, to deck the common dwelling for the approaching marriage. The first night, the fever chiefly touched her head. She sung through the night; and the names of parents, who died while she was yet an unconscious infant, of Elder Wood, and her Saviour, were woven into her imagery of rocks, streams, woods and mountains, the figures usually painted on an Indian imagination. Next morning the fever was fixed. Her eyes glistened, and she breathed quick and pantingly. The medicine men of her people stood about her bed; but she motioned them away, and yet with a courtesy, that showed, that she wished not to revolt their customs and prejudices. While she held her arm to Elder Wood, and he felt her tense pulse, and laid his palm on her burning forehead, tears started simultaneously into the eyes of both. "My head is wild," she said, "and every thing whirls in confusion before me. Let the Indian maiden speak, what is on her mind, while that mind is still clear, and before she goes down into the sunless valley. Hearken, my father and my husband! The Saviour, whom thou hast declared to me, hath shown himself the last night to my dreams, all glorious in light and loveliness, as thou hast described him to me. He held out his arms to me, and offered to conduct me to the high and sunny hills of paradise, where he hath a place also for thee. There, father, will I wait for thee. Do thou commit my body to the dust, after the ways of the Christian people; and do thou sing over my remains those sweet and holy songs, from thy medicine book, which speak of the life to come. Do thou plant flowers and creeping vines over the sod, that covers me. And in thy medicine discourse, do thou tell, that the Song Sparrow loved thee much, but her Saviour more; and that because she loved him, she was resigned to leave her love, and the green earth, and to go down, confiding and fearless, into the sunless valley. And do thou ask, as my last request, that the Wakona will walk behind the bier of the young orphan."

'From the time, that she had given these last charges, her mind was never long collected; but she continued to utter breaks of her wild songs, still mingling the name of her future husband with that of her Redeemer.

Universal interest was excited towards this favorite of the nation. Elder Wood evinced, that the man in his bosom was mingled in struggle with the Christian. He remained constantly by her bed, pale, absent, and giving answers wide from the purport of the questions proposed to him. But from the time she was seized, till she drew her last breath, he was not absent an hour at a time. From his hand alone, would Lenahah receive her food and medicine; and when he spake to her, however wildly she answered others, to him her replies were collected and calm. But it was in vain, that the white people and the red made joint stock of their experience, and proposed a hundred remedies; it was in vain that Josepha, Yensi and Jessy, with untiring zeal, lavished their nursing and watching. It was in vain that Jessy kissed her burning cheek, and implored her to keep up her courage, and try to get well. It was in vain, that Elder Wood administered decoctions and sweating drinks, and wiped the starting moisture from her brow, and knelt in earnest wrestlings with the Author of existence for her life. He had numbered her days, and she closed her eyes upon her native vale, and upon sin and sorrow, at the same time. Not a noise interrupted the awful stillness of her departure, but the wind moaning her dirge in the tops of the pines over her cabin. It was one of those impressive scenes that carry home solemnity to the most thoughtless bosom. The countenance of the passing Shoshonee and Shienne gave proof, that the departure of worth and innocence and truth, snatched prematurely away, is every where alike a subject of regret.

'Lenahah was buried, partly after the Indian and partly after the Christian ceremonial. Directly at that point under the sycamore, where she had been wont to sit, and listen to the preaching of Elder Wood, was her humble grave, in digging which the whites and Indians mingled labors. Elder Wood, his arm and his hat in crape, and Jessy in full mourning, walked behind the bier. The wail of Indian mothers, as they bore her body to its last house, was a note of real grief, that pierced the heart of the hearer. The Indian medicine men were so far indulged in their ancient usages, that they walked behind the chief mourners, now and then striking a blow on their drums, crying at the same time in their deep and guttural note—'The songs of the Song Sparrow are no more. Her spirit has gone down to the sunless valley. Weep for the young Shoshonee maiden, for she was true. Weep, and ask the Master of life, to shed light upon the path of her spirit, as it seeks its way to the hills of paradise.'

'When the procession reached the spot of worship, under the shadowing sycamore, they sat down the body, uncoffined, after their fashion, but on a bier covered with fawn skin, and strewed with flowers, beside her open grave. Elder Wood drew his bible and psalm book from his pocket, and his first essays to speak were almost inarticulate. But he looked upwards, made a strong effort, opened his place in the hymn book, and though his voice trembled, the words were articulate, and line by line, translated into the Shoshonee speech.

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
  Of all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
  And soft their sleeping bed.
They die in Jesus, and are blest, &c.

'"His own deep and solemn voice, as usual, gave the key-note of the dirge. The song of grief, of the grave, and immortality, swelled, and sunk away, and increased and fell in solemn pause, and came back in repeated echoes from the mountains. The eyes of Yensi, of Jessy, and many an Indian maid, of Frederick, and many a stern warrior, filled at the thrilling impression. Beauty and innocence and worth, every where leave the same halo around their departing course. Many a warrior, that had never softened before, felt his spirit moved in him. Even the heart of Julius was for a moment impressed, that beauty and guilty pleasure are not the only pursuit on the earth. Some of the closing paragraphs of the funeral sermon follow.

'My dear red brethren, dear to me, as of my own kind, and for Jesus' sake, I thank you for the considerate kindness with which you have performed the last sad offices to one of your own daughters, who was mine also in Jesus Christ, and was shortly to have been my spouse. Though I preach to you a crucified Saviour, it would poorly beseem the sincerity required of me before the All-seeing eye, not to acknowledge that I am in the flesh, and a vessel of clay, like yourselves. As such, I loved the deceased, but, I trust, a thousand times more, as a new born child of God. Her poesy was both wild and sweet, when she was an alien from God, but a thousand times more so, after she had learned the name and the high praises of Jesus. You all do know, how kind hearted and true she was to all, and I doubt not that it was only because she believed, that I, too, was born of God, and loved the Saviour, that she loved me, and was to have been mine. That Saviour, whom she loved, had the highest claim to her, and has taken her to himself. The mortal body of her we loved, is here before us; but he will take charge of even that. Not a hair of her head shall perish. She shall be raised incorruptible and immortal. Therefore I have cause to wipe away the tears of nature. I surely need not weep for the meek and gentle spirit, that hath gone, where all are alike good and happy. But while I remember my beloved, safely gathered to the fold of the Great Shepherd, let me implore you in presence of Him, who formed those ancient mountains, and whose mercies are unchangeable as their rocks, the fountain of everlasting love, let me implore you to make yourselves acquainted with the same God and Saviour, and the same hope of immortality. This I will ask of God day and night, when I draw near to him. Rivers of water will continue to run down mine eyes until I see you washed from your sins in the same crimson fountains.

'I will detain you no longer with my private griefs. Let us hasten to perform the last sad offices to my beloved—dust to dust—ashes to ashes;—but, blessed be God and the good word in this book, in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection from the dead.'

'Four aged chiefs then approached the body, taking it up gently, and depositing it in its last dwelling. Then every person present walked round the grave, throwing in flowers and a handful of earth in passing. The song of sorrow and death was raised again; the grave was filled, and the benediction given, and the concourse thoughtfully returned to their places. The only memorial that remained of Lenahah, except in the country beyond forgetfulness and death, was in the heart of Elder Wood, and the record of a stone tablet, on which he engraved these words, in English: "Lenahah was among the first fruits to the Redeemer from the Shoshonee. She was alike good and gifted. She came forth, as a flower, and was soon cut down."'

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THOUGHTS ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

In this attempt to represent to you the advantages of education, as the prime means of human elevation, and of national strength and permanent renown, you cannot fail to be sensible of my omission of many things, that might have been rightfully introduced. Although it is not only the privilege, but the duty of man, to aspire to earthly happiness, as well as to usefulness and greatness, no estimate has been made, in the aggregate presented, of the pleasures of cultivated, over uncultivated society. Yet to refined and rational beings, who are capable of appreciating and feeling the real value of intellectual products, the difference is an item of immense importance in making up the sum of the enjoyments of life. Nor have I incorporated in the account, the entire advantages, resulting from mental cultivation to morality and religion; grounds, on which education is equally beneficial to man, in his standing here, and his prospects hereafter. For it is not true, as many idle declaimers assert, that the world is not growing wiser; that men are becoming less moral and religious, in proportion as they are becoming more scientific, learned and refined. The reverse is true. Genuine science is not only friendly to sound morals and rational religion; it constitutes a part of them. At least, it is certainly their buckler and shield.

If, then, so multifarious and great are the advantages of education in countries, where its beneficent influence is not a little modified and checked by political considerations, what must be the amount and effect of them, when duly dispensed to a people, whose government is in all respects calculated, not only to harmonize and co-operate with them, but to augment their number, multiply their relations, and add to their force? In terms more explicit, if such and so important have been the benefits specified to the people of Europe, Asia and Africa, how incalculably more estimable must they prove, when sufficiently disseminated among the people of the United States, who are in every respect free to employ and to enjoy them;

and the very existence of whose institutions, social, civil and political, essentially depends on them? In the course, and for the accomplishment of his meditated schemes of wisdom and beneficence in relation to man, the Arbiter of the universe has placed us, as a people, at the head of the great society of nations, whose object is the erection and preservation of governments of just and equal laws, in opposition to those of partial legislation, privileged orders, and arbitrary rule. A relation so august, and duties so momentous, have never before devolved on any portion of the human family. Nor can aught but education, in all its resources, and in those adaptations of it to the human intellect, which, at the present period, it is rapidly receiving, enable us to acquit ourselves in a manner and degree, that may be worthy of the part, which is allotted to us, as a people. Nothing, but that inexhaustible fountain of improvement and excellency, can qualify us to exhibit the great example, which the world expects from us, and to maintain a lead in the march of nations toward the highest degree of perfection and happiness, of which man is susceptible in his earthly condition. It is, therefore, incumbent on us, as a duty of the highest order, and most indispensable obligation, in all things to elevate our views, and adapt our measures and exertions, to the dignity and glory of the situation we occupy, and the deep responsibility to the human family, both of the present and of future ages, which that situation necessarily imposes.

In this favored land, then, the only abode of true political freedom, where the last and decisive experiment, touching the real grandeur, felicity and *self-governing power* of our race, is now in progress, ought not the source of those benefits, the importance of which I have endeavored to pourtray to you, to receive every species of protection, patronage and promotion, that wealth and power and liberty of action can possibly afford it? Ought not education, without whose aid the great experiment, to which I have alluded, must undoubtedly fail, and the failure of which would be the subversion of all rightful government, the downfall of freedom, and the deep and irretrievable degradation of man; under these circumstances, I say, ought not education, in its utmost extent, and on the best concerted scheme, with its entire train of concomitants and consequences, to receive all possible patronage and encouragement from the people of the United States, in their individual capacities, from chartered associations, from the state governments, and from the government of the nation? Simply to propound this question, plain as are its elements, and momentous the consequences connected with its decision, is to elicit from every one an affirmative reply. No man of information, I think, no enlightened statesman and patriot, I am sure, will answer in the negative.

Education not only lays the corner stone, nor prepares alone the whole foundation of enlightened and virtuous society; it constructs the entire edifice, giving to it its form and strength, as well as its ornaments. To the due administration, and the permanence of a government, then, depending on the intelligence, virtue, and will of the people, it is altogether essential. Without it, such a government must inevitably fall. Its movements are as wild, irregular, and perilous, as those of a ship, deprived of her compass, chart, and rudder. It is but a superstructure erected on the sand, which the swelling of the stream, or the dash of the billows, must inevitably demolish. If education is important to a government, where the will of the few predominates and controls, it is, I repeat, at once the vital principle and the guiding spirit of that, where the law of the land is the will of the many. Without a general diffusion of education, a monarchy and an aristocracy may, for a time, stand, and even flourish. Without general education, we know they have flourished. But a true republican form of government never can.

Of all governments that could be fostered, as a scourge on the human race, an unenlightened democracy, whether representative or collective, is certainly the worst. First principles proclaim this, and experience has proved it. On this subject, the history of revolutionary France gives lessons of awful but salutary admonition.

If, then, education is much more essential to a republic, whose pillars of support are general intelligence and virtue, than to any other form of government, it is the voice, at once, of patriotism and wisdom, that its patronage and promotion should become, with us, a steady and primary national concern. As connected with this view of the subject, the following questions seem naturally to present themselves.

What has the government of the United States done for education? What has it the power to do? What ought it to do?

Did the limits of this address allow me to dwell on them, to the requisite extent, replies to these questions might be made to embrace every thing essential to the subject I am considering. But a want of time will render my analysis brief and defective.

In answer to the first question, it may be observed, that the national government has granted, in several of the western states, considerable bodies of land, to be appropriated to the purposes of general education. It has exempted from duties, books and apparatus imported from foreign countries, for the use of seminaries of learning, and it has established the Military Academy at West Point. If I am correctly informed, this is the whole amount of its benefactions to education. And, proceeding as it does, from the government of a great, enlightened, highminded, and opulent people, it must be pronounced very signally meagre and defective. It is a scanty and feeble stream from an abundant fountain; the stinted product of a youthful, vigorous, and wide-spreading tree. The pettiest dukedom in Europe, would blush and feel dishonored, at having done so little. Even single and inconsiderable cities, have, in many instances, done much more. No enlightened, wealthy, and powerful nation, has ever before been so ingloriously deficient.

The academy at West Point, although pre-eminent in its kind, and of the utmost importance to a few of the departments of public service, is so limited both in its extent and relations, as to be wholly inadequate to the multifarious wants of a great nation. Its bearing being chiefly military, it is essential to the protection and the honor of the country, not only that it be sustained and cherished, but that one or two additional institutions, of a similar description, be erected in other places. If one military academy was necessary, when that at West Point was established, the population and inhabited boundaries of the Union being, at that time, comparatively inconsiderable, two, at least, would seem necessary now, such, in relation to those points, has been the vastness of our increase. Nor, in this respect, should the exigencies of our gallant navy be overlooked or neglected. The establishment of one or two academies, for the uses of that department of the public defence, could not fail to be attended with the most felicitous results. For until it is regularly taught, no branch of science or art can be thoroughly understood. Of attainments relating to the ocean, this is as true, as it is of those that relate to the land.

But, as a nation, our character is, and ought to be, pacific, rather than belligerent. Our sword should rest in its scabbard, until necessity and honor command it to be drawn. While, therefore, we provide for the exigencies of war, let us not overlook, or suffer to lie neglected, the literature, the arts, and the sciences of peace. Never let the dangerous motto, '*armies cedat toga*,' desecrate the escutcheon of a republican people.

In reply to the second question, what has the national government the power to do for education? it may be confidently asserted, that it is able to do for it every thing which its exigencies require, or its advocates can ask. It possesses abundantly the necessary means, physical, moral, and intellectual. It only remains for it, then, to employ them, with wisdom, skill, and energy, and the work is done. The constitution has delegated to those, who superintend and administer its provisions, the requisite powers; the national treasury is full; the revenue is prosperous; we have peace without, and tranquility at home; the spirit of internal improvement, generally, is abroad in the land; and, in many parts of the Union, education has become a subject of solicitude and inquiry far beyond what it has heretofore excited. Never, since the first establishment of our government, has a period occurred, so auspicious as the existing one, to the cultivation of the intellect, on a scale commensurate with the present standing and the future prospects of our rising empire. Correctly may it be added, that, never before, in the annals of our country, has a crisis been presented, so solemnly demanding all the advantages that education can bestow. I repeat, that in every quarter of the union, the spirit of internal improvement is in a state of excitement, that has no parallel in the history of the nation. But, in a scheme of policy accommodated to this, what can, for a moment, be placed in competition with the improvement of the intellect, which is itself the only source of every other improvement? From that must proceed every amelioration of our condition, as a people, as certainly and necessarily, as the stream flows from the fountain that feeds it. Cultivate the former, then, with becoming skill, and to the requisite extent, and be assured that your labors will be rewarded with the latter.

Do you wish for improvements in agriculture, commerce, and the arts; in the formation of turnpikes and rail-roads, the excavation of canals, and the construction of machinery, for the promotion of manufactures? Give, by education, knowledge to those who are engaged in these employments, and whose business it is to superintend and direct them. Do you wish for improvements in the framing of laws, the location, planning, and erection of frontier and maritime defences, and in the general arrangement, economy, and administration of the complex and mighty machine of government? Diffuse abundantly knowledge and virtue among the people, who constitute the source of political power, and from whom must emanate the lights of the nation, to direct the government in all its operations. But, to effect this improvement, in knowledge and virtue, you must promote education. As already observed, education is the fountain, from which issue, as so many fertilizing and beneficent streams, all the branches of internal improvement, whether public or private. Will you, then, attempt to swell the streams, regardless of the source by which they are fed? Can you rear to perfection the fruit, while you neglect the tree by which it is produced, and which conveys to it its nourishment? In vain would you labor in a project like this, because it would be in direct opposition to nature. And no less unsuccessful must be every attempt to bring to perfection any one branch of internal improvement, unless education be patronized and promoted.

At the present period, the wealth of the treasury is very liberally and laudably expended, on several objects of public improvement, especially in the construction of ships of war, the erection of fortresses, the procurement of ordnance and warlike munitions, and other means of national defence. But still, by the nation, education is neglected. If I am not mistaken, a perseverance in this course of *partial* legislation and expenditure, is forbidden by the soundest principles of policy. Although it may give to us security from invasion, and render us formidable to foreign nations, it is not the true mode to confer on us, at home, either rational happiness or permanent glory. It may prove to us a source of Roman power, but not of genuine Grecian renown.

To the question, What ought the government to do, in behalf of education? a reply cannot be so succinctly rendered. To be but moderately full and satisfactory, such a reply should contain an extent of exposition and detail, incompatible with the limits of an address like the present. A very brief discussion of the subject, therefore, is all I shall attempt.

Might I, on this topic, venture to address myself to the government of my country, in the language of advice, I would say to it, 'Leave to the State governments, to corporate bodies, chartered for the purpose, and to individual enterprise, the superintendence and diffusion of general education. But erect, in the west, for the accommodation of that important section, another military academy, similar to that at West Point; institute, in suitable situations, one or two schools of moral science; and above all, to bestow on education a federative form, and for the attainment of other national objects, which can never be so well effected without it, establish at the capital, a national university.' Let this be done, under suitable endowments, and on a scale, in all respects commensurate with the wealth, intelligence, and dignity of the nation, and on the score of education, the government, for the present, will have done its duty.

From the brilliant success of the academy at West Point, no doubt can be entertained, as to the effect of a multiplication of institutions of that description? Nor, in the estimation of those, who may dispassionately examine the subject, does there seem ground to believe, that the propitious result of the establishment of a national university is less certain. And its influence will be commensurate with the grandeur of the design, the wisdom of the arrangement, and the excellence of the direction and administration of the whole. The effect of such an establishment on the nation, will have a two-fold bearing; on its reputation abroad, and its condition at home. A few remarks, under each of these heads, shall now be offered to your serious consideration.

To the enrichment of the intellectual treasury of the world, we are compelled to acknowledge, that hitherto, our country has contributed but little.

This is equally true, whether we have respect to literature or science. Of these possessions, having had but an inconsiderable capital of our own, we have been uniform borrowers from the opulence of others, scarcely, perhaps, paying even the interest of the loan. Nor does the fact, that the invention of the quadrant, and of steam navigation, and the discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning, belong to the United States, that, in the excellency of our naval architecture, we surpass all other nations, that, in literature, we have a Cooper, and a few others, and that in science, we have had a Rittenhouse, and have now a Bowditch, materially alter the balance of the account. Honorable to our country, and glorious to the gifted individuals concerned in them, as those discoveries, inventions, and attainments are, they still, on the score of intellectual production, leave us, as a nation, incalculably in arrears.

For this deficiency, on our part, reasons abundantly satisfactory, arising out of our own peculiar condition, as a youthful people, can be easily rendered. Nor does any one of those reasons, nor the whole of them combined, attach to us, justly, the imputation of any degree of native intellectual inferiority. But such is not the representation that has been made by several distinguished European writers, and by not a few orators, in the same quarter. Such, in reality, is not the opinion of us, that has been so generally propagated, by the artful and the interested, and, believed by the uninformed beyond the Atlantic. There, we have been not only suspected, but openly accused, of inferiority of intellect; particularly of that order of intellect denominated genius. We have been contumeliously proclaimed to be, in all things, colonial; deeply degenerate, compared with the inhabitants of our mother countries. To such an extent has this insulting imputation been carried, not only in former times, but by a writer of some eminence, now living, that, not man alone, but a large portion of the animal kingdom, has been openly pronounced to be in a condition of degeneracy, in the United States; a degeneracy so enfeebling, that, but for supplies from other places, the human race, in some parts of our country, would become extinct. I allude to Mr. Godwin, of London, in his reply to Malthus on population. So ignorant is that writer, as to believe, or so disloyal to truth as to assert, without believing it, that, in the State of Pennsylvania, the inhabitants begin, about their thirtieth year, to feel the infirmities of old age! And, when his error was pointed out to him, he doggedly persisted in it, and, regardless of consequences, refused to correct it.

In most respects, indeed, our reputation has been redeemed, especially in the estimation of the enlightened and liberal, and placed on a basis as durable as time. It is amply supported by facts and events, which already make a part of the history of nations. The foes we have encountered, whether on the land or the wave, have ceased, after the combat, to pronounce us degenerate. The issue of our various diplomatic negotiations has demonstrated, in us, the reverse of intellectual degeneracy. In that encounter of mind with other nations, involving matters the most intricate and momentous, the ascendency, in every instance now recollected, has been conspicuously ours. In commercial sagacity, enterprise, and efficiency, our merchants, as a body, are acknowledged to be unequalled. In England, France and other parts of Europe, are found many pre-eminent examples of talent, energy, and success in commerce. But, that the great mass of the business and trading community exhibits, in those countries, less intellect, and vigor of character, than in the United States, is a truth which daily experience demonstrates, and which the faithful pen of history will record.

In architecture, and other fine arts, we are acquiring a name; and, as mechanicians and engineers, some of our countrymen are among the first of the age. For depth and fertility of invention in mechanics, Perkins is unequalled. Not, perhaps, in Archimedes himself, did his superior exist.

In the practical departments of the learned professions, Americans, to say the least, are not inferior to their brethren of Europe. As orators and debaters, they are unsurpassed, if not unrivalled; and, as statesmen and politicians, they are the lights of the world. Their wisdom has framed and erected, and now administers, a model of government, which has no parallel. Not only does it give prosperity and happiness to its own citizens, but, like the brazen serpent in the camp of Israel, extends political healing to every people that stedfastly look on it, confide in its powers, and govern themselves by the salutary principles it presents. In truth might I add, that it constitutes not only the world's best, but its only hope, for rearing man to the highest perfection, and bestowing on him the greatest amount of felicity, of which, in his present condition, he is susceptible. But nothing, perhaps, so forcibly demonstrates the vigor and efficiency of the American intellect, as the unparalleled improvements, which the inhabitants of the United States have made, within the last fifty years, in those branches of knowledge to which they have seriously and steadily applied themselves. Nor do such improvements fail to furnish a proud and flattering earnest of what the same people will achieve, in other and higher branches, when induced, by circumstances, zealously to cultivate them.

But, notwithstanding all that Americans have done, and it is confessedly much, the charge returns on them, which they cannot repel, that, as a nation, they are still defective in letters, and some of the more elevated branches of science; and that, in this wonderful age of discovery and improvement, they have not contributed their entire part to enlighten and ornament the intellect of the world. But this is a charge, the foundation of which we are urged to remove, by sentiments of pride, ambition, and genuine independence, individual and national; by every sentiment, thought, and feeling, which are worthy of the manly, the honorable, and the free. The accusation is against our country, and what patriotic and loyal bosom can bear it unmoved?—I was near saying, unresented? But, no; resentment is only for injustice and wrong; and, although the charge against us has been greatly exaggerated, it is not unfounded. With the feelings awakened in us, by this charge, a sense of regret and humiliation should mingle. But that sense should be accompanied by an inflexible resolution, that the injustice of the accusation shall no longer exist.

To aid us in the certain and speedy accomplishment of this resolution, a national university will be the most powerful instrument that wisdom can devise. Erect it in Washington, the capital of the nation, and give to it power and means, by amply endowing it, supplying it with suitable apparatus and libraries, and inviting to it the most suitable teachers to be procured, and the object is achieved. But a few years will then roll by, until our reputation, as a people, in science and letters, shall vie with our reputation in the cabinet or the hall of legislation, the ocean-combat, or the field of blood. Awaken the ambition, and excite the energies of the ablest teachers, and the most highly gifted youths of our country, and place them in a situation of noble rivalry with the teachers and youths of other countries, and, on the issue of the trial, we may securely stake our reputation, as a people. In such a contest, where nations are spectators, where the struggle is for national distinction and renown, and where the decision is to descend, in its influence, to future ages, Americans are not of a temperament to be vanquished. Institute the experiment, and if America fail, in the contest, to achieve reputation for talent, unsurpassed by that of any other nation, then will I submit without a murmur, to the humiliating imputation of belonging to a country, where man is degenerate.

But, I repeat with confidence, she will not fail. On the contrary, as the proud and glorious issue of the trial, we shall soon be in a condition to discharge to the world, our long standing debt of general knowledge, contracted in our minority, and to feel and proclaim ourselves, in the true sense of the phrase, an independent people. But, independent we are not, while compelled to draw on the science of Europe, for lights to direct us, and on her literature, for the means to embellish and refine. Nor, during such a condition of things, shall we ever acquire abroad, that brilliant consideration, and imperishable renown, as a people exalted in intellect and attainment, which it is our duty to prepare ourselves triumphantly to command; and which we can command, through the instrumentality of a national university.

Such an institution, founded in wisdom, skillfully organized, and administered with suitable talent and energy, will be converted into a great centre-light, that shall gradually disclose, not only to other nations, but to ourselves, abundant sources, in our country, of national felicity, power, and grandeur, whose existence, at present, is not even imagined, by the most enlightened statistical enquirer. This it will effect, by developing the intellect of the nation, not merely in the attainment of letters and science, but in their application to every thing that can enrich and aggrandize, ornament and polish. Every section and spot of our immense territory, being skilfully explored, and suitably cultivated, our plains and vallies, our hills and mountains, our rivers, bays, and inlets, and the subjugated ocean, that washes our borders, will be made to pour into the lap of the nation, each its appropriate product, both native and artificial.

Nor will the scope of the researches of our university be confined to the earth. Ranging with their glasses, from suitable observatories, through the immensity of space, its sons who shall go forth from it, will make new discoveries, in the organization and movements of the heavens, and thence draw down fresh glories, to immortalize themselves, their country, and their age. But I need not add, that, in the nature of things, as well as in the estimation of foreign nations, attainments and achievements, such as these, bestow on a people enriched and characterized by them, not only elevated rank, and imperishable renown, but substantial power. No small share of the respect, which England, France, and Germany, cherish toward each other, arises from the standing of each nation in science and letters. Spain and Portugal are less cultivated and enlightened, and, therefore, held in less consideration. Although much of the influence of Russia arises from her knowledge, she is still, perhaps, as much dreaded on account of her physical strength, as she is respected for her amount of intellectual improvement. Nor would it have been possible for those nations to have arrived at their present standing, in science and letters, had it not been for the magnificent seats of learning which their governments established, their patronage of learned men, and their general encouragement of the business of education.

Science and letters are like all other human concerns. They flourish only where they are duly cultivated. And wherever they are made objects of honor and reward, they *will* be cultivated; but in no other place. This truth is all important to the prosperity of nations. I regret to say, that it has not yet received, from the United States, the degree of observance to which it is entitled. The geography of our globe is far from being complete. In the great western and southern oceans, as well as toward the north, many and important discoveries are yet to be made. Nor, in this line of improvement, at once so interesting, useful, and magnificent, have the United States done much. Yet no nation is more perfectly competent to the task. That a national university would contribute to the promotion of this kind of enterprise, cannot be doubted. The institution being near to the seat of the national government, its Faculties would have much and familiar intercourse with the President, and the heads of departments. They would constitute, virtually, a literary and scientific council of state. In the affairs of the nation, therefore, their advice would be occasionally listened to, and their influence felt. Ambitious to contribute to the advancement of science, they would suggest the propriety of voyages of discovery, and aid in planning them. Nor would their suggestions be fruitless. The enterprise would be undertaken, and persisted in, and would prove successful. Thus would human knowledge be advanced, mankind benefitted, on an extensive scale, and, in a corresponding degree, the influence and glory of the nation augmented.

Such, then, will be the influence of a national university, on our standing abroad. Nor has its entire extent been exhibited. But my time will not admit of any further details. Leaving to yourselves, therefore, to pursue the analysis at your leisure, I shall offer to your consideration a few remarks on its influence at home. And here permit me to observe, that, notwithstanding the incalculable utilities of such an institution, in its foreign effects, by far its most important benefits are those it will confer on us, in our domestic relations. It is there, in a particular manner, that it may be rendered the '***magnum Dei donum***,' one of the choicest boons that Heaven can bestow on us, as a nation, it has already so signally favored.

The influence of a national university, at home, will be of a threefold character, intellectual, moral, and political. Although to the first of these I have already adverted, in general terms, its further illustration, by a few further remarks, more specifically allied to it, would seem to be requisite.

It is a recognized principle, in the philosophy of man, that there exists, in the human intellect, an undeviating tendency to accommodate itself, in dimensions and power, to the objects, circumstances, and general representations, with which it becomes familiar. It imbibes their attributes, if not their very essence, and makes them a part of itself, as the camelion takes the hue of adjoining bodies. Place it in the midst of scenes of grandeur, under the influence of high example, and subject to the excitement of great events, and it becomes itself great. Being the result of all observation, the truth has grown into a proverb, that great occasions make great men to act a suitable part in them, in controling and directing the current of affairs. From a constant warfare with the tempest and the ocean, the experienced seaman becomes a match for them, in the qualities of his intellect. They may destroy his body, but they cannot subdue the intrepidity of his soul. Wars and revolutions produce great cabinet and field officers, to develope and employ existing resources, and create new ones, to devise experiments, to foresee events, and to act promptly, vigorously, and wisely, as the changing condition of conjunctures may demand.

Had there been no revolution in England, there would have been no Cromwell; no revolution in South America, no Bolivar; no revolution in France, no Napoleon; no revolution in North America, no Washington. And, in ancient times, Philip and Alexander, Scipio and Hannibal, Cæsar, Pompey, Demosthenes, and Cicero, and all other heroes and worthies of the world, have been indebted for the full developement of their greatness, to the powerful excitement, under which they were placed. Here, nature prepared the soil, but the influence of events brought the product to perfection.

To adduce an example much more familiar to us, and, therefore, perhaps, more satisfactory and impressive. No sooner are our senators and representatives introduced into Congress, than their intellect takes on a new growth. It opens, in compass, until it is commensurate with the grandeur of the political views, and of the general pageant, physical, moral, and intellectual, that constantly present themselves, and it increases in vigor, until it becomes competent to the high concerns of state, which it is accustomed to handle. So true is this, that many individuals, who, on their first entrance into the great council of the nation, are silent members, and but indifferent colloquists, even on common matters, become, in a short time, instructive talkers, and respectable debaters, on matters that are weighty.

But, if this is true in relation to individuals, who have often passed the meridian of life, how much more certain and forcible is it, in its application to the youthful, whose intellects are more flexible, distensible, and accommodating?

In the moral and intellectual, then, as well as in the physical world, the offspring corresponds, in magnitude, with the parent. Such is the doctrine as relates to the proportion between cause and effect; and its perfect applicability to the topic under consideration, and its fitness to elucidate it, are sufficiently obvious. To be worthy, at once, of its source and destination, the national university must be, in all things, magnificent. It will be situated in the political capital of the empire, aggrandized, already, by the name of Washington, and shortly, I trust, to be further honored, by the presence of his remains, reposing under a suitable monument, erected by the justice and gratitude of his country. To this must be added the name of the district, commemorative of the discoverer of the western world; two considerations peculiarly calculated to elevate the thoughts, awaken the ambition, and inflame the enthusiasm of the youthful American.

But, though not, perhaps, more venerable and attractive, yet still more immediately and deeply impressive, and therefore, better calculated for the production of splendid results, are other sources of intellectual excitement, which the capital contains. Here is situated the stupendous machinery of the government of the empire, so gloriously commemorative of the sagacity, wisdom, and patriotism of its founders, with all the powers that continue it in action. Here are assembled, from every district of the nation, the intellectual and patriotic elect of the people, solemnly deliberating on the highest terrestrial interests of man.

In this unparalleled array of greatness, appears, in the imposing majesty with which its source and exalted duties invest it, the executive branch of the government, with all the powerful and disciplined enginery, civil, military, and naval, that appertain to that department.

In another part of the pageant, rises to view the supreme judiciary of the nation, spotless in purity, illuminated by its own matured wisdom, and surrounded by a bar, rich in knowledge, and illustrious in talent.

In a third point present themselves, in all the grandeur of their origin and composition, the two colleges of the legislative branch of the government, the most august assemblies the world has beheld. Compared with them, in wisdom, influence, and high destination, the Roman Senate, and the Amphytionic council dwindle, in the contrast, and lose their greatness. In proof of this, behold, in the Senate-chamber, the delegated authority of twenty-four independent sovereignties, several of them possessing, individually, the population, wealth, and power of a nation; and, in the hall of the Representatives, the deputed trust, and the aggregate wisdom and talent of twelve millions of freemen.

Nor is it to the eye alone, that this display of magnificence is addressed. As well from the chamber of justice, as from those of legislation, is the ear charmed, the passions awakened or calmed, the moral sentiments elevated, and the intellect instructed, by all that argument and eloquence can effect. Add to this, college edifices of imposing grandeur, provided and enriched with corresponding libraries, and the requisite suits of philosophical apparatus. And, to consummate the whole, Faculties of able, faithful, and energetic teachers, and a body of emulous and high-gifted youth, assembled from the various quarters of the Union.

Thus happily situated, as to sources of instruction, and impressed by every incentive that can awaken to great and persevering effort, what youth, possessed of manly sensibility, and a due regard for himself and his friends, to say nothing of his thirst for knowledge and reputation, can fail to become distinguished? Or, should he fail to acquire marked distinction, it will be because he is in the midst of those, who are all distinguished.

To become pre-eminent, in attainment and standing, among the gifted and ambitious, is the lot of but few, and those of the highest and rarest endowment. But, for a youth of only common talents and ambition, to gaze intently on the source, and bask, for years, in the sunshine of greatness, without having his intellect expanded to somewhat of its size, and being moulded, by degrees, into somewhat of its likeness, would seem to be impossible.

The vigorous palm-scion, planted by the margin of a fertilizing stream, and beamed on by the sun of a congenial climate, *must* become, in time, luxuriant in blossom, and abundant in fruit. An education acquired at the feet of a Gamaliel, *will* be productive of a Saul of Tarsus. This is not only true, in principle, but the result of experience. Wherever institutions, for the instruction of youth, possessed of ample and well provided means, fail in the production of distinguished alumni, it is because they are neglected by the teachers and governors, or administered on principles at war with nature.

MY MOTHER.

From 'Affection, *a Poem*.'—*MS.*

Calm be thy sleep, my mother! Gentle dreams
Waft thy pure spirit from this world of care!
It glads me much to see thy countenance
So calm and placid; and thy tranquil brow
Glowing with so much gentleness and love,
As lit by dreams of heaven. Eloquent thoughts
Seek the deep sanctuary of thy guileless heart,
Which boundeth in a world of visioned bliss:
And thou seemest truly happy. With what joy
I list the gentle heavings of that breast,
Where often I have pillowed, when the ills
Of adverse fortune bore my spirit down.
Thy rest is blissful, mother! Gentle smiles
Play round thy lips, half parted, as in joy;
And the glad impress on thy brightening brow,
Bespeaks the heav'nward veering of thy mind.

Sleep on! sleep on! Oh, I can almost steel
My breast, and bow to misery, and quell
The gushing sympathies of my young heart,
And bind my deep affections down, and wish
That thou mightst wake no more; but calmly sleep.
And dream away this life of wretchedness.
I would that it were so; that I could bare
My heart to suffering such as this, and see
Thy spirit wing its homeward flight, and throw
Myself beside thy wasting form, and sigh
Farewell to all. But no! it may not be:
Those dreams will pass, that clothe thy face in smiles.
And thou wilt wake to wo. So beautiful,
So calm thy slumber; and thy dreams so light,
And fraught with images of heaven! Oh God!
Why shouldst thou call her from this blissful world
To one of bitterness?—thy will! thy will!
It is enough. And yet 'twere sweet, indeed,
Howe'er so heavily the thought may press,
To see thee thus, my mother, while thy thought
Unbidden bears thee to that sinless world,
Pass to thy long, undreaming sleep.

The spell
Is broken now, that lulled thy senses, and
Gave vigor to thy spirit. Oh! I sigh,
To think that thou must quit thy world of dreams,
And wake to one of wretchedness and care.

W. G.

1*st mo.* 1829.

REVIEW.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE JEWS.*

We abstract and condense an article of intrinsic interest and information, originally from the London Quarterly Review, and extracted from that work into the New-York Journal of Commerce, and occupying in that large paper almost four entire columns. We have seldom found so much instruction in such narrow limits. Besides being well written, the article evinces on the part of the writer extended and laborious research, and a profound acquaintance with his subject. The Jews are, in every point of view, a most interesting people; the theme alike of prophecy, of classic and sacred song, and, wherever dispersed, a standing and perpetual testimony to the truth of the divine writings. The Jews—they are the moral Tadmor of the desert; the fallen columns of the temple of Jehovah; a people, in their dispersion, subjugation and ruin, every where calculated to call up the deepest remembrances, and the most affecting reflections.

Their present numbers are rated at six millions, a number, probably, greater, than that, over which Solomon reigned. Of these, three millions are supposed to be dispersed in Moravia, Poland, Moldavia, Wallachia and the Crimea. Yet, however dispersed, they are every where one family; and having their property generally disposable by being vested in money, they may be considered as a people rather in the aggregate, than as integral portions of the population in the countries, where they live. They can never amalgamate with any other people, so long as they have the common feelings of humanity, and remember, that they are every where considered as 'a hissing and a reproach;' that they are every where subject to degrading disabilities, to capitation taxes, and a general estimation, that ranks them as an inferior people; and so long as they cling to the fond hope, that they are yet to be gathered from their dispersion, and to be concentrated in one great nation. Under this impulse, thousands of them have transported themselves from the comparatively mild governments of Europe, to endure in Syria the exactions and cruelties of Mahometan tyranny. Twenty years ago, there were, at most, but a few hundred Jews at Saffet and Jerusalem. There are now, at the least, ten thousand. This eager hope places them under the control of every political adventurer. An extraordinary effect was produced upon the Jews in Poland, by a proclamation mysteriously circulated, and purporting to be from a Jewish prince, who stated, that he reigned over an independent kingdom in Asia.

Their greatest number is now accumulated in Poland, under the political dominion of the emperor of Russia. The language of the Polish Jews, called Jewish German, is fundamentally a German dialect, intermixed with some Hebrew and other elements. There are great numbers of Jews in the parts of Turkey contiguous to Poland. They exercise all the small trades, more directly connected with ready money, and are, as every where, usurers and money lenders; but very seldom tillers of the soil. It seems to be the lot of this ill-fated people to congregate most, where they are most exposed to degradation and oppression. This, from the peculiar constitution of government and society, is particularly the case in Poland. Their mental development and civilization greatly exceed that of the Poles. They are physically a fine and active people. Their women are celebrated for their beauty in Warsaw. Bishop James describes the Volhynian, as a particularly fine race, both the men and the women. They affect little external show, except in the dress of their women. But the wealthy, when secluded from invidious observation, live at home in considerable splendor.

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* Geschicte, Lehren, und Meinungen der Juden, von Peter Beer. Leipsig: 1825. 8vo.

In Germany their condition has been more favorable. Their wealth in the principal cities, has, perhaps, recently attracted more attention, than themselves would have wished. Since the time of Mendelsohn, many of them have studied with success in its universities. Professor Neander, now a Christian, is a favorable specimen. Many young Jews fought heroically, and obtained honorable distinction in the armies, that delivered Germany from the rule of Bonaparte. In Prussia they were allowed to purchase manors. In the downfal of many of the noble families, in consequence of the peculiar revolutions and distresses of that country, and in the universal success of the Jews over all other people in money matters, they soon availed themselves to such an extent of this privilege, as to excite envy and persecution. Riotous proceedings, in relation to them, broke out, in 1820, at Meinengen and Wurtzburg, and spread to the Rhine. The ancient popular cry, 'Hep! Hep!' was raised against them in various cities. This was a cry, used in the massacres of the twelfth century in Germany, and is supposed to be the contraction of a Latin sentence, which imports 'Jerusalem is destroyed.'

They are subject in Germany to military conscription. But in the increasing light and improvement of the age, their condition is ameliorating, and their intellectual improvement advancing. To their own people they abound in kindness. No people feel so strongly the *esprit du corps.* Sometimes their munificence extends beyond national limits, without always obtaining the due credit. Fifty years ago, a Jew subscribed largely towards rebuilding a small German town, that had been burnt. A year or two afterwards, on a journey through the town, he arrived at one of its gates, and found himself excluded by a law of the place, forbidding the entry of an Israelite! Their oppressions and interdictions have driven them to their sordid and ignoble methods of gain. Remove these oppressions, and the Jew would naturally rise to his former moral height. That he has sustained them for ages, without being annihilated by their enormous pressure, proves the native greatness and elasticity of his character.

The emperor Joseph did much towards freeing the Jews in his dominions from their ignominious burdens and oppressions, such as the necessity of wearing a peculiar dress, living in a particular quarter, called a Jewry, poll tax, &c. The present emperor of Austria follows the example. An act of the German Confederation expressly proposes to ameliorate their condition and the profession of their religion. An ukase of the emperor Alexander, 1824, ordered the summary removal of all Jews, except such as were devoted to *solid mercantile business*, or the *practice of medicine*. They were to be fixed in a mild climate, to have lands assigned, to be free from taxes for a certain time, and to devote themselves to agriculture; an act as easy to pass, as it was impossible to execute. Another ukase for the 'amelioration of the condition of the Jews,' by a commission for that purpose at Warsaw, was one of a character more really wise and benevolent. It went into extensive provisions for the education of the Jews. Those, who are on this establishment, are educated gratis.

'Pharisaism has descended uninterruptedly to the rabbinical Jews; their modern rabbis are the lineal spiritual descendants of the scribes and lawyers of the time of Jesus Christ; and it appears, that the whole of the traditionary additions to the law existing then are in vigor now, and that they have been fearfully augmented since then.* We spare our readers citations from the blasphemous and horrible blasphemies of the Talmud, which professes to have, as its groundwork, an oral revelation made by God to Moses on Mount Sinai, when he delivered the law to him; nor will we add a statement of the superstitions which harrass the Jew, or of that demonology, which arrays innumerable maleficient invisible agents in arms against his health and happiness, under all and the strangest circumstances. In Russian Poland the Jews bury their dead hastily, judging them to be such when no steam appears on a glass applied to the mouth. If the jolting of the cart recals life and action, they believe that it is a devil who occupies the dead body, and deal with it accordingly: thus says a very respectable Jew, an eye-witness, born and bred there. He adds, that they are armed against our reasonings on the Old Testament, (of which, however, they know very little,) by the assurances of their rabbis, that the Almighty has placed many things in the text, as stumbling blocks to the gentiles, but that the truth is to be found in the marginal notes from the Targum, which are given as infallible guides to the Israelites alone. They are taught, that the seven nations of the land of Canaan were Christian, and that Jesus Christ was a magician. How deeply they feel the want of a Mediator, is evident from a part of a prayer used by them on the day of atonement, which runs thus: "Wo unto us, for we have no Mediator." The Jew on the bed of death can see nothing in his God but an inexorable judge, whose wrath he cannot deprecate, whose justice he cannot satisfy. At all times, but in sickness especially, the thought or mention of death is terrible to him; the evil eye, ever an object of horror, is then peculiarly so; they then fear their nearest and dearest friends looking at them. We can find no solution of this mental darkness in those who have Moses and the prophets for their guide, and millions of whom have lived for centuries amidst the civilization and literature of Europe, but in that curse which God pronounces against rebellious Israel, that "He will smite him with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart;" and declares of him, that "he shall grope at noonday, as the blind gropeth in darkness." But there is a dispensation of heavenly justice and mercy respecting Israel, requiring particular attention. An unheard of crime required an unheard of punishment; and the race were condemned to the dispersion and captivity in which they all languish. But while other races, long trodden under foot, like the Parias of India, lose the keen sense of degradation and of the injustice of men, through a continued habit of humiliation, and with blunted feelings endure them as a matter of course, it is not so with the Jew. He has implanted in his bosom a national and a spiritual pride—a fierce constancy and a contempt of his oppressors, which constantly exasperate and keep alive his sense of pain and degradation. This pride and contempt are infused into him by the extravagant, most uncharitable, and often blasphemous assertions of his rabbi. But from this very arrogance, which increases his sufferings, springs that principle of resistance and opposition, under which the Jews have clung together and struggled incesstantly against the storms that have buffeted them for ages; and it is this loftiness of mind, so ill suited to their present lot, that will the better enable them to seek, contend for, and maintain those higher and nobler destinies, which are placed before their sight in a glorious futurity. It is the consciousness of his past and his future fortunes, which gives to the Jew a buoyancy and a tendency to rise above the surface of the waves, even when plunged deep below them, unknown to other depressed nations, and which inspires into him the will and the means to seek the level of his promised fortunes; for even the meanest Jew considers himself personally invested with national and spiritual greatness. Israel has within him another principle of resistance. He was, from the first, reproached with being a "stiff-necked generation;" and stubborn as he was in the desert, even so he is now, whether you find him in the streets of London, or of Cairo, or in a Polish forest. His eyes, his nose, and his narrow upper jaw are not more especial marks of his physical conformation, than is his stubbornness a distinguishing feature of his mind. It is this obstinacy, which creates one of our greatest difficulties in dealing with him. Proteus could be bound by no knot, because he perpetually changed his shape—the Jew can be bound by none, because he will not change his. In other nations, corruption and abandonment of religion have been a mighty cause of moral and national decadence; but the moral and national wreck of the Jewish people was caused by their stiff-necked adherence, in despite of type and prophecy, to a religion superseded by a purer code of heavenly laws.

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* This is well stated by Beer, who is an anti-rabbinical Jew, and who appears to treat fairly his subject, the Jewish sects. Respecting the origin of the Caraites, however, whom he conjectures to have been the lawyers of our Lord's time, he is evidently in error.

'It has been often observed, that under every religion, which was originally false, or has degenerated into falsehood, the weaker sex is not possessed of the advantages it holds under the true. Superstition corrupts the heart, whilst it weakens the understanding; and where that charity, which springs from a pure faith alone, vanishes, the stronger animal lords it over the feebler. We know how honorable was the situation of the women in ancient Israel. We have Miriam, Deborah and Hannah, as it were, before our eyes. But the Jewess of these days is treated as an inferior being. Neither religious nor moral instruction is vouchsafed to her; and in lieu of it, three observances are imposed on her, as comprising her whole duty: one of them redoubles a restraint enjoined to her by the law, the two others are purely mechanical. The only book given to the rabbinical Jewesses, and given in childhood to them, is eminently calculated to fill their minds with the most impure ideas, as well as with the falsest notions of the Divinity. There have been, however, of late, extracts from the Old Testament published in Germany expressly for their use and benefit. An equally mischievous effect, in polluting the minds of the boys, must be produced by an instruction which they are compelled to make themselves acquainted with, and this also in childhood.

'If the ways of Judaism are foul, rough and uninviting, that by which the baptized Jew has to return to it, fully maintains that character. He must lie down, with his face to the earth, on the threshold of the synagogue, during a considerable space of time, in order that his brethren, as they enter and leave it, may wipe their feet, spit and trample on his body.

'But, in truth, although the Jews have in their rabbis professedly religious teachers, whom they believe to have power over spirits, these blind guides to the blind are not known to exercise any functions which answer to those of the Christian minister, who, besides exhortation and reproof, has to pour into the hearts of his flock all the comforts and consolations proffered to us by the charities and promises of the gospel. They constitute a sort of nobility of the Jews; and it is the first object of each parent, that his sons shall, if possible, attain it. When, therefore, a boy displays a peculiarly acute mind and studious habits, he is placed before the twelve folio volumes of the Talmud, and its legion of commentaries and epitomes, which he is made to pore over with an intenseness which engrosses his faculties entirely, and often leaves him in mind, and occasionally in body, fit for nothing else; and so vigilant and jealous a discipline is exercised, so to fence him round as to secure his being exclusively Talmudical, and destitute of every other learning and knowledge whatever, that one individual has lately met with three young men, educated as rabbis, who were born and lived to manhood in the middle of Poland, and yet knew not one word of its language. To speak Polish on the Sabbath, is to profane it: so say the orthodox Polish Jews. If at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, or still earlier, (for the Jew ceases to be a

> minor when thirteen years old,) this Talmudical student realizes the hopes of his childhood. he becomes an object of research among the wealthy Jews, who are anxious that their daughters shall attain the honor of becoming the brides of these embryo santons; and often when he is thus young, and his bride still younger, the marriage is completed, that as early a chance as possible may be taken of the Messiah being born in the family. The evil of such precocious marriages might easily be imagined—even were the husband less unfitted by his education for the state of wedlock, for the charge of a family, and for the business of life, than he is. It is by exercises in abstruse casuistry, and disputations on words and letters, that the dignity of rabbi is obtained; and the worth of his labors, when he has ascended into this tree of knowledge, may be estimated by that of the ladder on which he is mounted.'

When Poland became the seat of rabbinical literature, the present Talmudical system of learning, a miserable and frivolous sophistry of words, was invented by rabbi Jacob Pollok. The Jewish youth flocked from all quarters, to acquire it. The pursuit of more solid Jewish knowledge fell into contempt. Called by the Jews in Germany, France and Holland—

> 'These northern Talmudists issued forth, as would a cloud of nocturnal bats from some gloomy ruin at nightfall, true heralds of darkness, scattering obscurity around them, as tutors and rabbis. Barbarism is said to be hyperborean, and civilization the child of the south; and behold! they were encountered on their road by a noonday swarm of French abbes, tutors also in their way, milliners, cooks and dancing masters, conveying their sciences and their talents to the north in an opposite direction Mankind may, perhaps, have been pretty equally benefitted by their respective exertions. Among other results of the rabbinical invasion, was the establishment of three Jewish universities in Germany,—namely, at Frankfort on the Meyn, Furth (near Nurenbergh,) and Prague.'

The emperor Alexander was sensible of the evils caused by the power of the rabbis, and passed an ukase to remedy them. Their influence had been in the highest degree demoralizing. From this point, the subject matter is of such universal interest, and withal so compactly written, and so difficult of farther compression, that we quote it entire to the end, omitting the notes.

> 'Is it to be wondered at, that amidst a people under such spiritual misrule and neglect, confined to cities, in general occupied mainly in the pursuit of petty gains, under the guidance of the foul and uncharitable abominations of the Talmud, a great relaxation of moral principles has taken place, and especially at the expense of those, whom they hate as their oppressors, and despise as heathens and unclean? Indeed, there are many principles of their rabbis utterly subversive of honesty in all their dealings with gentiles. Antonio Margarita, a converted Jew of the sixteenth century, reproached them with the *Col Nidre*, an absolution, pronounced at the yearly feast of atonement, to all present, for all perjuries and breaches of vows and engagements committed by them in the preceding year. It is so called, from the two words, with which a prayer used at that feast begins: the night and day are passed in prayer and fasting, during which the Jew wears the shroud in which he is to be buried, a present from his father-in-law, as it is also his wedding garment; and then this absolution is pronounced to him. But Eisenmenger, in his "*Entdectes Sudenthum*," (Judaism Unveiled,) published in the seventeenth century, upbraids them with pronouncing that absolution prospectively in his day, that is, for the coming year. A German government, aware of this fact, not long since caused the Jews, when sworn in cases in which Christians were concerned, to make oath that they were not present at the last yearly promulgation of this absolution; forgetting that, if they were present, this last perjury was also comprised in this precautionary whitewashing. It is not long since, (we state the fact on the best authority,) that a Polish Jew hired his rabbi to send the angel of death to destroy a Polish

nobleman, as his only means of escaping the detection of a heinous fraud: soon after this, the countess died, but the husband lived. The Jew went to upbraid his rabbi, who replied, that "he had sent the angel on his errand, who not finding the count at home, did his best by slaying the lady;" and this satisfied the complainant.

'It is always and especially to be observed, that these and the like matters are stated exclusively of the rabbinical Jews, those bent down under the whole weight of their law, as now interpreted, and most especially of them, as they are found in their northern hive, in Poland. In other parts of Europe there are great numbers of Jews, who have profited very considerably of the civilization which surrounds them, and of the morality of the gospel, though without recognizing its divine origin. Amongst them are many amiable, charitable, liberal-minded men, of unquestioned probity, to whose virtues we offer a willing tribute; and, small as is the number of English Jews, we have had, and have, amongst us, men adorning this country by their talents and acquirements, as well as virtues, who trace their origin to them. But it was Mendelsohn, the translator of the Pentateuch, who was, in truth, an infidel, that gave the first impulse to the Jewish mind in modern days, and the first blow to rabbinism: he was seconded by able and learned Jews, his associates;—a taste for literature and science was excited amongst their nation. A journal, written originally in Hebrew, and afterwards in German, whilst it gave the encouragement to, and the example of a new Hebrew literature, embracing that of the day, contributed essentially to lower rabbinism in the opinion of the Jews, and to free the rising generation in Germany from its chains. There are, consequently, now very many of the German Jews so enlightened as to see, with the most decided repugnance, the brutifying and senseless slavery in which the rabbis retain the great mass of their countrymen. These have broken their yoke; they have established what is called a reformed worship, at which portions of the Old Testament are read, and a sermon on morality is preached; the prayers, too, are in German, instead of being in Hebrew, which but few understand, as in the rabbinical synagogues. This worship, however, is not now allowed of in the Prussian states, and, we apprehend, on the ground of its being set up on no recognized basis. It is but too true, that infidelity has made very considerable progress amongst the educated Jews; and there is but too much reason to apprehend, whatever may have been, and is, said, that this worship was mainly set on foot under views inimical to all revelation. We are perfectly aware, that many highly respectable Jews are sincerely and earnestly anxious to restore Judaism to its primitive simplicity, and to remove from features of heavenly beauty a mask exhibiting the mixed contortions of lunacy and imbecility. But these are engaged in an attempt beyond the powers of man; and, at any rate, our present business is with the majority, from whom they dissent.

'The prospect before us, of a people of deists without a revealed God, of moralists without a moral code, sanctioned or even not sanctioned, is like that of a boundless desert or arid plain, in which neither tree nor herb can grow; and that of Israel, under the rabbis, immersed in the pursuit of petty gains, and wrapt in ignorance, fear and superstition, is as one of black and interminable crags, naked, bleak and desolate. From objects such as these, how gladly does the eye turn to the wood-clad hill, the fertile valley, the winding shores and the glassy surface of the peaceful lake, however small! Such is the moral prospect which is presented to us, in striking and pleasing contrast, by the few and very inconsiderable establishments which exist of the Caraite Jews, a pure remnant of the Hebrews, which appears to have been preserved apart, as if for our instruction, and as a specimen of what the Israelite was, and may be again, when not corrupted and debased by deplorable superstitions. The Caraite Jews are every where well esteemed by their gentile neighbors, and appear to be an industrious, honest and hospitable race. Their dress is simple, and they are moderate in their food. But their virtues have not saved them from the condemnation of the rabbinical Jews, who impute much heresy to them, and to this day hate and calumniate them inveterately. Thus, rabbi Bozalel Aschkonasi, of the fourteenth century, declares, that no Israelite must help a Caraite out of a pit; while the more acute rabbi Samson, foreseeing that a ladder might perchance be left in the aforesaid pit, enjoins its instant removal. Their great crime appears to be, that they abide scrupulously by the written law, rejecting the Talmudical explanations and additions. Rigid moralists, they maintain that the wife can be divorced for adultery alone, whereas the rabbis pronounce that she may de dismissed at the will of the husband, and that either a fairer rival, or an ill-dressed dish, may give sufficient grounds and authority for divorce. Their teachers preach moral discourses to them on all Sabbaths and feast days, a duty which the rabbis usually fulfil but twice in the year, and then very imperfectly.

'There is much reason to mistrust all that has hitherto been written, as to the origin of this remarkable sect. They are in Poland dealers in corn and cattle, carriers, handicraftsmen, and in some cases, agriculturists; and these are also their occupations at Baktiserai, where they are eleven hundred in number. It is generally stated, that above six hundred years ago they settled there, on a mountain rock, having migrated to the Crimea under especial privileges granted to them by the then reigning khan, which they still enjoy. Their picturesque fortress, called *Dschonfait Kale*, (the Jews' Castle,) the rocky narrow path, by which the ascent winds up to it, and its beautiful detached sepulchral grove, have been well described by Clark and other travellers. A tomb-stone in this cemetery bears a Hebrew inscription, dated five hundred and seventy years back. In a petition addressed by them to the empress Catherine, they represented that their forefathers had no part in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ; and Dr. Clarke (who says, that their honesty is proverbial, and their word equal to a bond, and tells us to believe nothing stated respecting them by the rabbinists,) adds, that they uniformly assert themselves to have separated from the main stem of the Jewish people in the very earliest period of its history, and that *their schism is as old as the return from the Babylonish captivity.* The Caraites at Troki are but one hundred and sixty in number, and say, that, descending from the Crimean Caraites, they have been settled in Lithuania about four hundred years; and it is remarkable, that they still retain the Tartar tongue; of the Jewish German they are wholly ignorant. They also speak Russian and Polish, and, like the Crimean Caraites, wear the dress of the country they inhabit. Their manners are simple and obliging; they are accessible, and, above all, they have the inestimable advantage of holding to the faith of their ancestors, as resting exclusively on the Old Testament. A Christian writer says, that during those four hundred years, no one of this colony has had a criminal judgment passed on him. A missionary, who, in travelling through Troki, pressed upon their minds the truth of the gospel in the only short conversation he had an opportunity of holding with them, found them candid and well disposed to listen; they were surprised at his argumeuts, and little able to reply to them, as they know nothing of the quibbles and subtleties which the rabbinical Jews have long resorted to, when engaged in controversy with Christians. Who, reflecting on the pure faith of the Caraites, and that integrity, industry and virtue, by which they have every where impressed respect and esteem for them upon the people with whom they dwell, would not fain believe, that though exiles from Palestine, they are exempt from the worst and final curses inflicted by the Almighty upon Israel for the worst and blackest of his crimes? And who will not be delighted to hear, that whilst the rabbinical Jew can give no clue to the history of this remarkable portion of the race, modern discovery appears strongly to confirm the views cherished among the Caraites themselves? Mr. Wolff, the missionary, having learnt that a body of Caraites was established in the desert of Hit, at three days' journey from Bagdad, visited them. The account which they gave him was, that their fathers, during the Chaldæan captivity, perceiving that their brethren were corrupting the pure faith by amalgamating with it the philosophical doctrines of the country, "sat down by the waters of Babylon, and wept, when they remembered Sion;" that in order to imprint the Scriptures unmixed on their hearts, they read them incessantly, and were thence called *Caraites*, or *readers;* and that, when the others returned from the captivity, they separated themselves, to escape their offences and punishments, and retired to the very spot where the missionary found them. He there saw these "children of the Bible," as they call themselves, living an Arab life in cottages. They are a very fine people, and the women singularly handsome. He was struck with their unvarying truth, of which their neighbors allow the merits, but practise it not; and they are remarkable for their honesty and cleanliness. They said, that they had sent colonies to Cairo and to Ispahan, where a synagogue still bears an inscription, which shows that it belonged to them. Benjamin de Tudela, it is said, found the same people living in the same manner at Hit, six hundred years ago. They speak pure Arabic, but all know and read Hebrew. They state the whole number of their sect to be five thousand, and that they are the original stock of it. They call their ministers "wise men," and know not the name of rabbis.

'Mr. Wolff's travels in the East made him acquainted with various detachments of the Israelitish nation, living in great diversities of circumstances. Many of the Georgian Jews are *ascripti glebæ*. In Yemen they all lead an Arab life. In Kurdistan they speak the old Chaldæan language; but are occupied in petty traffic, and do not till the ground. In Persia they are so miserably oppressed, that they fly frequently to the despotism of Turkey, as more endurable. At Shiraz they are acquainted with the Old Testament; they have no copies of the Talmud, but still pin their faith to it. In Caucasus, those living amongst the Ossitinians are wild and ignorant horsemen; they have neither the Bible nor the Talmud.

'The Zoharites are a sect stated to believe in the Trinity; they date from the seventeenth century; their doctrines are mysteriously concealed; and losing ground, as this sect does rapidly, it is not worth our while to endeavor to unfold them. The Chasidim, on the other hand, who, like the Zoharites, regard the Zohar (a rabbinical work, dating from the first century of Christianity,) as their chief religious book, are a numerous sect, which increases rapidly, especially in the Russian Polish provinces. It arose about seventy years ago. There is much fanaticism amongst them, and consequently they have many impostors, and many more dupes. They ascribe to their rabbis still greater powers than the faithful ascribe to the head of the Romish church—the keys of heaven and hell, and the power of working miracles at will by cabalistic means.

'We have said little of other European Jews, than those of Poland and Germany; for with them are the great and leading interests of the people, whether their religious or political existence be considered The Jews in France are, perhaps, from thirty to forty thousand; they abound chiefly at Metz, along the Rhine, and at Marseilles and Bordeaux. In Bonaparte's time they were imagined to amount to at least twice that number; but it may be inferred from the report of the proceedings of his sanhedrim,* how large a proportion of them came from his German and Italian provinces. They are relieved from civil restraints and disabilities in France, and in the Netherlands also. The Jews in Holland, of both German and Portuguese origin, are numerous. The latter are said to have taken refuge there when the United Provinces declared their independence of Spain; they have a splendid synagogue at Amsterdam. Infidelity is supposed to have made more progress amongst them, than amongst the German Jews in Holland. The Italian Jews are chiefly at Leghorn and Genoa; and there are four thousand of them at Rome. In speaking of the religion of the Jews, it is not necessary to particularize those who assumed the mask of Christianity under terror of the inquisition, although much has been said of their wealth and numbers, and of the high offices they have held in Spain, and especially in Portugal. But it is curious to see, in a very distant quarter, a like simulation produced amongst them by like causes There are at Salonica thirty synagogues, and about twenty-five thousand professed Jews; and a body of Israelites have lately been discovered there, who, really adhering to the faith of their fathers, have externally embraced Mahomedanism.

'The Barbary Jews are a very fine people; but the handsomest Jews are said to be those of Mesopotamia. That province may also boast of an Arab chief, who bears the name of the patriarch Job, is rich in sheep, and camels, and oxen and asses, abounds in hospitality, and believes that he descends from him; he is also famed for his justice. The Jews at Constantinople, forty thousand in number, and in the parts of European Turkey on and near the Mediterranean, speak Spanish, and appear to descend from Israelites driven from Spain by persecution. The Bible Society are now printing at Corfu the New Testament, in Jewish Spanish, for their benefit.

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*Bonaparte attempted, by the construction of an assembly, which he called the Great Sanhedrim, so to bend an inflexible religion to his purposes, as to derive from it the means of binding and uniting to the state those, whose complete union with any gentile state is rendered impossible by that very religion.

'In truth, little appears to be known of the state of the Jews during some hundreds of years after the destruction of Jerusalem. The first body of learned Jews which drew attention, after that disastrous event, was that settled in Spain; and from it all Jewish learning descends. As in accomplishment of the prophecy, the Jew is found over the whole surface of the globe; he has been long established in China, which abhors the foreigner, and in Abyssinia, which it is almost as difficult to reach as to quit. The early Judaism of that country, and, in later days, the history of the powerful colony of Jews established in its heart, which at one time actually reigned over the kingdom, are matters so curious, that we regret that we can do no more than advert to them. We must say the same, as to the evidence existing of Jewish rites having extended themselves very far southward along the eastern coast of Africa; the numerous Jews of Barbary; and the black and white Jews, who have been established for ages, more or less remote, on the Malabar coast. It may be here observed, that all the Israelites hitherto discovered, appear to be descendants of those who held the kingdom of Judah.

'When the existence of the Jews in the European states is considered in a political view, in order that we may determine what conduct should be observed towards them by the several governments, it is evident that we have but one of two things to do—either to drive them out, which no statesman in his senses would dream of at this day, or to endeavor to render them sound, enlightened, efficient, and, as far as possible, integral members of the several bodies politic; in other words, to identify their feelings and interests with those of the Christian citizens, and qualify them by education to discharge fitly their respective duties, whether public or private. But when we come to reflect on the means to be adopted for the improvement of their present condition, and the remedy of those inconveniences which that condition inflicts on the states where they reside, we are lost in difficulties. If the discordant and painful position of the Jews amongst us, and the prejudicial effects of the mode of their existence, as a crude, unamalgamated and heterogeneous mass, arise from their Judaism, and from their refusal to adopt the religion of Christendom, then every rule of sound policy urges us to promote, by means of persuasion, and as far as we can, the reception of the gospel by them. Civil enactments, with reference to this peculiar people, require much deliberation. We may harm both them and ourselves by hasty and injudicious attempts to benefit them. But worldly wisdom, as well as charity, demands that we shall, in our several codes and systems, abolish whatsoever can be fairly held to prejudice the interests and to wound the feelings of these domesticated strangers, unless under a positive state necessity,—so that we may not, through injustice and impolicy, continue to keep up feelings under which they must be, at the least, foreign to our interests. On the other hand, to give all the rights and privileges of citizens to them, whilst holding to Judaism, would be to bind ourselves wholly to those, who cannot so bind themselves to us; to confer on them a strength, which might be turned against ourselves; and to compel them of course to contract reciprocal obligations, which their highest duties—in their view—national, political and religious, must force them to violate at such a call as they shall believe to be that of their promised deliverer.

'We have reasoned on these matters on general principles; politically, the question affects us here far less than it does many other nations. The Jews in Great Britain and Ireland are not supposed to be more than from ten to twelve thousand, very many of whom are foreigners and migratory.

'When we speak of the conversion of the Jews, as a thing which is a desideratum for the European governments, nothing can be farther from our intentions than to suggest, that they should mix in it directly; we are well aware, that it could not be usefully even attempted by them,—for this, among other reasons, that their so doing would excite extreme mistrust and jealousy; they should, undoubtedly, however, view such attempts, if prudently made, with favor and good will, and endeavor to lead them by advice and encouragement. But if political wisdom urges us to encourage, by all prudent and charitable means, the promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews, our religion summons us to the same duty with a far more powerful voice. What can show more strongly that inveteracy of uncharitableness towards the Jews, which has grown out of long indulgence in the feeling, than the disfavor accompanying the attempt to convert them? There are many, who will contribute to the support of missions to distant nations, to which we owe no atonement, and yet withhold their aid from those whose aim is to give the gospel to the Israelites, who dwell in our cities, and who have so long been trodden down under our feet. That very degraded moral state, which gives the Jew his strongest claim to our assistance, is urged as a reason why it should be withheld from him, as one past hope and amendment! He is vilified for blindness, perverseness and obstinacy, if he adheres to the faith of his fathers; and he is vituperated as insincere and interested, if he abandons it to profess our own!'

A Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution. By Samuel G. Howe, M. D., *late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Greek Fleet.* New-York: White, Gallaher & White. 1828.—pp. 452, 8vo.

This book is inscribed to Matthew Carey and Edward Everett, esquires, as distinguished Philhellenes. In a brief preface the author gives sufficient reasons for hurrying the work through, amidst other occupations, in five months. This accounts for negligencies and inaccuracies. He informs, that he has not had time to search for dates, nor develope the influence of the policy of the European powers. He hopes and believes in the renovation of this interesting people. He declares, that he has never suffered himself for a moment to be blinded by enthusiasm to their faults, nor thought, that their cause would be advanced by giving a false picture of their heroism and disinterestedness.

In a short introduction of twenty-one pages, the author gives a sketch of this ancient land of chivalry and song, from the earliest periods of its history to the commencement of the present revolution. We shall pass over this hackneyed theme,—only remarking, that Greece Proper is situated between 36° and 40° N. latitude; that its greatest length is 250 miles, and its medial breadth 150; and that it, probably, enjoys, all things considered, the finest climate in the world.

The Turks obtained complete and undisturbed possession of the country in 1715, and held it under their iron rule, until the commencement of the revolution. The Greeks rose, indeed, in 1770, enticed to insurrection by the Russians, who gained, under the Scottish admiral Elphinstone, at Tscheme, a most complete victory over the Turkish fleet, by burning it. But they were basely deserted by those, who had spirited them to this destructive effort, and were butchered by thousands, and the whole Peloponessus laid waste. This dreadful lesson induced them to remain in quiet subjection, to the time of the late revolution.

The author traces the causes of this revolution to the silent progress of knowledge among this naturally acute people, the dispositions and aptitudes of the Greeks to commerce, and their wandering propensities, which led many of their intelligent and spirited young men abroad, to serve in the European armies, who necessarily brought home enlargement of mind, European ideas and discipline.

Somewhere about the year 1819 was formed the singular Grecian masonic compact, called *Hetaria*, which imports *companionship*. The initiated, on his knees before the cross, swore, as my Uncle Toby says, a most terrible oath, to do and suffer every thing for their country, and to fight their enemies to the death. A hundred dollars was paid into the treasury of the society on admission. The society was introduced in silence into all the countries, where there were Greeks. The first overt revolutionary movement was made by the Grecian mountaineers, called Suliotes. Ali, a rebel Turkish pashaw, was hardly pressed by the Turks at Yanina. The Suliote Greeks offered to join him against the Turks, if he would give up to them all the strong holds in their mountains, which he held. Their numbers soon swelled to three thousand. The Turk declared war upon his rebel pashaw, and the Hetarists considered, that the proper time had come to raise the standard of general revolt in Greece. They chose Ipselanti, a Greek, born at Constantinople, and afterwards of the Russian army, where he rose to the title of major-general, to be their leader. But he was feebly seconded by the people, among whom he issued pompous proclamations. He had led them to believe, that he was backed by the good wishes, and that he would be in time by the direct aid of Russia. Alexander issued a state paper, most unequivocally denying the whole business. Germanos, bishop of Patrass, was the first, who hoisted the standard of rebellion in concert with him. The Ionian islands generally united themselves to the cause. At the head of their forces, Colocotrini led an expedition into the Morea. Mavromichalis, bey of Maina, favored the revolt of Corinth against the Turks.

Thus, by the first of May, 1821, Ipselanti was in rebellion in Moldavia, the Suliotes in Albania; the Morea and the islands were in arms. The revolution was commenced, and Greece had gone too far to retreat. The enraged sultan in his fury turned butcher. Gregory, grand patriarch of the Greek church, resided at Constantinople. He was venerable by every title, as well as real piety, and, urged only by the strong wishes of his countrymen, held the office reluctantly. By the sultan's orders, no doubt, he was hung, as he came from his cathedral, after perfoming the ceremonies of Easter Sunday. His body was hung up two days, to be spit upon by the Mussulmen, and then was dragged away, and thrown into the sea. It was the signal for those horrid massacres, with which the European journals teemed for months. The Greek churches were desecrated and pillaged. Nine bishops and hundreds of priests were hung; and thousands of the unarmed common people were butchered in cold blood. Hundreds of villages were burnt, and tens of thousands slain in Asia Minor.

Marco Botzaris distinguished himself against the oppressors, at the head of the Suliotes. Germanos blockaded Patrass. Mohammed was despatched by the Turk, with 6,000 men, to reduce the Morea. He was a fierce and resolute Tartar, and marked his course with fire and blood. The Greeks were opportunely aided by Andreas Metaxa, of Cephalonia, with 600 Greeks from the islands. The Morean Greeks were commanded by Anagnostoras, Germanos and Colocotrini. Mohammed assaulted the united Greeks, not more than 2,500 in number, and was routed. This victory inspirited general confidence and enthusiasm.

The first attempt to give form and stability to the insurrection, by instituting a government for the revolted, was in an assembly at Calamata. It was called a senate, and consisted of the primates, or rich men of the Morea. Petro Mavromichalis was elected president, and Colocotrini was, in effect, appointed general. A number of Turkish fortresses in Greece were simultaneously invested, and Colocotrini watched Tripolitza with 7,000 men. This chief was the son of a *kleftes*, or mountain robber. In giving his character, the estimate of the author is unfavorable; and he considers him to have been guided by the simple motive of avarice.

The senate of Calamata published an address to the world, declaring their resolution and ability to make a desperate struggle for the liberties of their country, and soliciting aid. At the same time, they instituted the semblance of a government, consisting of a commission of seven persons, with Mavromichalis for president. They recognized Demetrius Ipselanti, as their generalissimo. The author represents him, as possessing courage, generosity, but at the same time, susceptibility of flattery. He became immediately unpopular with the primates.

Tripolitza, the Turkish capital of the Morea, is situated on a high table plain, near the centre of Peloponessus, hemmed in with mountains, and near the positions of the ancient Mantinea, Tegea and Palantium. It was walled, fortified, and contained 20,000 inhabitants. It had, moreover, a Turkish garrison of 3,500, and some cavalry. This place Ipselanti invested, and sent Cantacuzenes to invest Napoli di Malvasia.

This singular natural fortress, with but a single practicable pass, is on a perpendicular, high and precipitous rock, rising from the shore of Maina, inaccessible, and its base washed by the waves on three sides. On the fourth, on a little slip of ground at the base of the rock, and between it and the sea, the town is built. There was no hope of taking this impregnable fortress, but by famine; and the blockading Mainote Greeks could not resist the bribes of the Turks to supply them with provisions. At the same time, the blockade of Navarino, since so famous, was commenced.

A naval expedition was also got up by the Greeks at Hydra. The squadron consisted of twenty-two Hydriote, nine Spetziote and seven Ispariote vessels. They carried from eight to sixteen cannon each, and were manned with nearly 3,000 marines. Jacomaki Tombazi, the first Greek admiral, commanded them. The obedience was wholly voluntary, and of course every thing was in subordination. With this force Tombazi sailed towards the Dardanelles. He hove in sight of a division of the Turkish fleet, of one 74, one 50 gun ship, three frigates, three corvettes and three brigs. The 50 gun ship was cut off, and ran on shore. Captain Athanase, a Hydriote, sent a fire-ship upon her. Her crew of 550, save 20, perished in the flames. This was the first achievement with the Greek *brulots*, or fire-ships, which afterwards became so famous. Nothing can be more ingeniously contrived, than a *brulot;* nothing more terrible, than the situation of a large ship, to which it grapples. The crew of the latter have no alternative, but a fiery grave, or a watery one. The news of this exploit filled the Greeks with exultation, and incited the Turks to renew their horrid massacres. The hundreds, that perished in the Turkish ship, called for the sacrifice of thousands of the wretched Greeks. No place experienced so terrible a fate, as Cydonia, a most flourishing and interesting town, with a college, and 30,000 Greek inhabitants, in the centre of the Turkish empire. Upon the accidental entrance of the Grecian fleet into the harbor of this town, the Turks commenced an indiscriminate massacre. The inhabitants in despair rose upon their butchers, and drove them out of the town. Five thousand got on board the fleet during the night. The next day the Turks returned, and butchered 5,000 in cold blood. The beautiful women and boys only were saved for brutal lust, and for sale in Constantinople. The town was rendered an entire ruin. Some of the small Greek vessels had 600 refugees on board.

At this time Attica revolted. The Greeks overcame their guard in Athens, and drove their tyrants into the Acropolis. The revolt reached Thebes, Candia, Salona, Missolonghi, Thessaly and Macedonia. Ipselanti, with 8,000 men, was before Tripolitza, which was garrisoned with 6,000 effective Turks. The Turks sallied, and were repulsed, leaving a hundred dead; and they began to suffer from famine. A wild shout of joy, and a general firing along the hills by the Greeks, informed the besieged, that the important fortress of Napoli di Malvasia had fallen. The garrison had been starved out. A mass of the inhabitants between the Greeks and the Turks expired of famine; and the people in the town fed upon dogs, cats and rats, sole leather and the most offensive offals, and butchered, roasted and ate a number of Greek children. They surrendered, and were safely conveyed to Asia Minor. Their appearance, emaciated, full of sores, and emitting stench, was horrible. But the Turks received them with taunts, telling them, 'they ought to have died at their posts.'

The jealousies between the assembly at Calamata and Ipselanti now began to show their fatal effects; and this chieftain might, perhaps, have rendered himself absolute. It is asserted, that he was advised to put all the primates to death. But he availed himself of his present popularity only to convoke an assembly of primates at Varachova. By this body he was appointed president and general-in-chief in the Peloponessus. His influence had been extended by the impression, that he would be backed by the emperor Alexander. His brother could barely support himself in Moldavia and Wallachia, and was in no condition to aid the Greek cause. In fact, he had his own numerous enemies to encounter. His revolt was disavowed by the Russian emperor, and the Russian Ipselanti, with 5,000 men, was compelled to a battle near Drogacan. The Greeks were routed, and the 'sacred battalion,' composed of 400, the very flower and hope of Greece, enthusiastic Philhellenes, who had been educated in Europe, fell almost to a man, after the most gallant resistance. Ipselanti fled to Austria, and was imprisoned; and died in the dungeons of Mongatz, after lingering for years. Georgaki, his brave coadjutor, fought every inch of ground, as he retreated from the Turks. At last, worn down with fatigue, and covered with wounds, he threw himself with a few devoted followers into Scala; and, after a most desperate resistance, in which most of his men were killed, he blew himself up with his soldiers, and destroyed at the same time the Turks, who rushed in after them. The subjugation of these provinces was punished by copious libations of Grecian blood.

These misfortunes, being surrounded by incompetent foreigners, and weak conduct, concurred to diminish the influence of Ipselanti. At this time we first heard of Alexander Mavrocordato. He had been carefully trained, used to the courts of the sub-chiefs of the Turks, and was in France when he first heard of the revolution. He hastened to the scene of action. He is described, as being fine in person, and delicate in dress,—so as almost to pass for a silly fop, but for a keen inquisitive glance, which betrays a superior mind. He speaks several languages, among them French, fluently; and proofs of felicity in conversational powers are given. Between opposite views of his character by his friends and enemies, the author makes a medial estimate, as his. He subserved the Greek cause with great industry.

The Turks, besieged in Navarino, wished to surrender to European officers, having no confidence in the Greek chiefs. The place already felt the scourge of famine. The Turks expected relief by sea, and, emaciated with hunger, stretched their eyes over the watery waste in vain. Nothing offered, but the Greek banner of the cross, and, bawling curses at it, they returned to seek any thing in the form of food. They were compelled to capitulate, and two thirds of the inhabitants were massacred in half an hour. The siege of Tripolitza still continued; and never were the miseries of famine more complete, than among the inhabitants. Disease swept off hundreds in a day. The sick, the dying, and dead were together. Hunger and misery banished every feeling of humanity. The Greek inhabitants of the place still endured the first degree of suffering. The place was immensely rich. It could not long hold out. Colocotrini was greedy for the plunder, and found pretexts to dismiss Ipselanti on another errand, that he might not share with him in the spoils, when it should fall. A great number of greedy chiefs hung about the town with the same views. Here we are introduced to the famous Bobolina, of whom so much splendid romance has been written. Instead of being young, beautiful and disinterested, as represented, she was old, fat, greedy, waddling, rode astride, a detestable, heartless, impudent hag, intent only upon fleecing money; and of all the fine traits ascribed to her, she had only the reckless courage of a robber. So much for the romances of this modern Artemisia. She rode into the town in triumph, before its surrender; and the Turks crowded about this female demon, to buy her favor. She was admitted among the beauties of the pashaw's harem, and was loaded with jewels and ornaments to bribe her good will, only to increase her appetite for more. The place at length was taken; and Colocotrini shut himself up in it for three days, with his chosen followers, dividing the spoil among them. Between the famine and the sword, 15,000 Turks perished in the fall. The unjust division of the spoils of this place, and the entire loss of all share by the nominal government, disgusted Ipselanti and many of the chiefs. Deputies were assembled from every part of the country, to form a constitution, and organize a government; and Ipselanti issued a fierce and injudicious proclamation.

Macedonia was in a state of insurrection, and the bravery of the inhabitants of Cassandra is rendered immortal. They were hardly pressed by Mehemet Aboulabad, pashaw of Salonica. The monks of Athos were rich, strongly fortified, and in their mountain fastnesses might have held out. But they yielded to the tyrant pashaw, and were plundered and butchered for their pains. He attacked the insurgents of Mount Olympus, who only wanted a captain to concentrate their bravery, to have made him repent his presumption. Mavrocordato, disgusted with the inefficient measures of Ipselanti, visited all parts of Greece, and even journeyed among the Greeks in Asia, every where rousing, organizing, and infusing courage into the revolted. The national assembly convened at Epidaurus; and the star of Mavrocordato carried it over that of Ipselanti, who saw, that his influence was gone, and would not present himself before the assembly. It was seen in Europe, that this was not a mere transitory burst of popular feeling; and the sympathies of all civilized people began to be enlisted in favor of the Greeks. The independence of the country was formally proclaimed, January 1, 1822. The constitution is an interesting document, published in the beautiful Greek language and character. It declares, before God and man, the political existence and independence of the Greek nation. Mavrocordato was chosen president. A government was appointed, and the forms of things showed organization and energy.

Corinth was captured from the Turks, and made the seat of government. At this point of the history, every generous mind is revolted by the base management of the British authority in the Ionian Islands, which pursued a course rudely and haughtily hostile to the Greek cause. The government, meanwhile, prohibited traffic in slaves, declared a blockade, and made an impressive appeal to all the Christian powers. Mavrocordato invaded Epirus. Treachery was at work in his camp, in the person of one, if no more of his chiefs, Gogo Bakelos. Botzaris, in attempting to relieve Suli, was defeated by the Turks at Peta. The Greeks were very inferior in numbers. The Turks, to the number of 8,000, besides cavalry, fell on them with their wild shouts, 'Allah! Allah!' At first they were driven back with slaughter. But they finally succeeded in defeating this brave corps. The fate of the European Philhellenes was terrible. They were literally hacked in pieces. Never was the bravery of despair more conspicuous, than in these men, who continued to slay their enemies to the last breath. One of them killed fourteen Turks, and then attempted to cut his own throat with the remnant of his broken sabre. Even in dying, they were seen to tear the faces of their enemies with their teeth! We should willingly give details of the resistance of the hard pressed, and brave Suliotes, when driven to their mountains. The beautiful island of Scio was terribly ravaged by the Turks, who brought against it a most formidable naval force. Never was butchery, like that, which ensued upon taking the chief town. For seven days in succession, the Turks did nothing, but murder, burn, and satiate their lusts. The old, the rich, the ugly, and helpless, all perished in fire, in brutality, or under the yataghan. Ten thousand women and boys were sold, as slaves. The boys were circumcised; and the capitan, seeing the massacre flag, to renew it, hung eighty hostages, the oldest and most respectable men in the island, at the yard arms of his vessels. No capitulations secured the victims, nothing, but that beauty, which made them valuable; and the recently lovely isle of Scio was a smoking ruin. Twenty thousand were slain; 20,000 captives; 15,000 escaped, and the remnant were hunted among the rocks and mountains, like wild beasts.

A terrible retribution was preparing for this bloody capitan pashaw. His fleet lay, loaded with plunder, at the straits of Scio. The intrepid Greek, Canaris, was persuaded to assail his fleet with two *brulots*. It seemed a forlorn hope. The ships drove down upon the mighty fleet, and the wind seemed to forbid return. Arrived in the very jaws of the danger, the sailors failed. In form Canaris was a diminutive, puny person. Said he to the murmurers, 'You came here voluntarily. The ship shall go on. You may jump overboard.' The fleet had no fear of two insignificant ships, approaching them in the dark. 'Keep away—keep away,' they cried. When close at hand, they found what they were. A wild cry arose in the fleet—'Brulotta! Brulotta!' Canaris ran full on the pashaw's ship with a terrible shock, and grappled. Canaris touched the train, and escaped with his men in the boat. On board the huge ship were 1,200 persons. One broad blaze enveloped the Turkish ship, and an indescribable scene of horror ensued. Wild uproar and agonizing shrieks were heard. The boats were lowered, but were stoved, and sunk by the numbers, that crowded into them. The pashaw and his officers thought to get off in a pinnace; and he cut off with his sabre the hands of those, who swam to take hold of it. When a little way from his ship, the mainmast fell, and crushed every soul on board to death, and thus delivered the world of this monster. A very impressive portrait is here given of this little man in person, but great in courage and mind, Canaris. The reader will be pleased to learn, that the crews of the two *brulots*, that had borne down upon the Turkish fleet, lost not a man. The capitan's ship was destroyed with its crew. Another 74 was fired, but the fire was extinguished.

Some horrible details of the cruelties of Omer Pashaw in Attica are given; such as the Greek hunt, in which he and his followers would start the poor Greek captives a little ahead of them, to try the speed of their horses in running them down, the accuracy of their pistols in shooting them, and the keenness of their sabres in slicing of their heads. The dreadful empalement, too, was often practised. The Greeks continued to press the siege of the Acropolis in Athens; and Providence favored them,—for it rained every where around them, and the besieged were dying of drought and thirst. The place was finally taken; and in revenge, and in imitation of the Turks, the Greeks hung ten Turks of consideration in the very place, where their friends, sacred as hostages, had been put to death; and nearly 4,000 Turks were butchered, before the popular fury could be stayed. Waddington says beautifully in palliation, that 'a Sciote, fresh from the scene of his country's ruin, his eyes yet moist with the tears of indignation and sorrow, and the last shrieks of his enslaved family still ringing in his ears, might almost be pardoned this savage retaliation of his miseries.'

Napoli di Romania, from its position on craggy precipices, and the strength of its fortifications, in good hands would deserve its appellation of 'the Gibraltar of the Archipelago.' The pashaw and his officers, and 800 soldiers, possessed the place. The Greeks could not expect to take it, except by starvation. The *beauteous* Bobolina, with two brigs blockaded the gulf, so that no supplies could reach the garrison. A capitulation was formally signed.

Meanwhile, Kurchid Pashaw collected an army of 30,000 Turks. Ulysses, left in charge of the famous straits of Thermopylæ, deserted them, it was feared, through treachery; and this mighty army bore down upon Greece. The wild hurra of the horseman was heard, and all the horrors of Turkish cruelty and blood were renewed. The women were violated, stabbed, and thrown on the headless bodies of their relatives. The beautiful were loaded with spoils, and often, in derision of ornament, hung with strings of ears and noses, and driven off, like beasts of burden. Conflagration glared over all those, who were secreted from these horrid scenes, and finished the work. Dissension among the Greeks favored the cruel triumph of the barbarians. On hearing the approach of this great army, the Turks refused to fulfil the capitulation of Napoli. Not more than 3,500 Greeks could be brought against 30,000 Turks. Napoli was relieved, and the pashaw demanded the surrender of the citadel of Argos. He made three assaults, and was repulsed in each. Colocotrini soon had 6,000 under his standard; and the pashaw was fairly driven out of the village of Argos. This mighty army proved a mutinous and insubordinate bugbear. The whole mass was shortly on the retreat for Corinth. They had to pass through dangerous defiles. The brave chief, Niketas, with a small band, occupied them. The Turks entered in crowds, and the passes were ckoked. Still not a shot was fired upon them. The Turkish crowds began to *debouche* upon the plain, and to cry 'Bismillah!' as thinking, that their danger was past. Suddenly a signal was heard. The Greeks rose from their rocks, and poured down their fire upon the mass of heads below them, every ball of the shower taking effect. Resistance was impossible, and the mass behind pushed the occupants of the pass forward. Hundreds were mown down, and the Greeks rushed upon them with their yataghans. The rear was fiercely attacked by Colocotrini and Ipselanti; and the Turks would all have been cut off, but for the desire of the Mainotes to obtain the plunder of their wagons. In another pass Niketas waited, with 600 Greeks, for stern vengeance for the thousand murders of the invaders. Those of the Turks, who had escaped the former slaughter, came rushing towards the narrow glen, where he was posted. The head horsemen and the guard of the pashaw had passed, and were safe on the plain, when Niketas gave the dreadful signal. The valley was strewed in a moment with dying men, and floundering horses and camels. The Turks recoiled from the piles of bodies of their number. But the horsemen plunged their spurs into their horses' sides, covered their eyes with their hands, and attempted to dash through. Some yielded, and cried for quarter; but no quarter was given, and the Greeks continued to kill, till they were weary of slaughter. In gathering up the rich spoils, many stragglers escaped. The Turks were most splendidly equipped and armed, and the booty was immense. The tents, artillery and camp equipage all fell into the hands of the Greeks. Niketas, for his valor in this battle, and elsewhere, received the name of *Turcophagus*, or Turk-eater. He is described as brave, patriotic and generous.

In wishing to touch upon some of those details of murder and cruelty, with which the papers have teemed for years, we have forborne to interrupt the narrative for observations of less interest. A continuation of this abstract, and a notice of the style and manner will be given hereafter.

Sermon on the Sabbath. By Rev. James Flint, D. D., *of Salem, Mass.* J. & J. W. Prentiss, Keene—Bowles & Dearborn, Boston. 1828.—pp. 12, 8vo.

In reading this fine sermon, so many remembrances of boyhood, of youth, of joys and sorrows, endured together with the author in field and wood, at school and college, and in the ministry, and subsequently in a renewed intercourse from these distant regions, crowded upon us, that we found it difficult so to fix our attention, as to be able to convey just ideas of this discourse to our readers. But we remembered, that these visions were matters, with which strangers could not intermeddle, and we put ourselves to the earnest effort to banish the thousand associations, connected with the days of other years, when we used to go up to the house of the Lord in company, and when we heard the deep and mellow strain of piety in his own sermons enforced with his own peculiar manner and voice of music, and to put ourselves to the duty of reading the discourse, as though written by another.

The sermon turns upon the reason, the expedience, duty and obligation, the uses and advantages of observing the Christian Sabbath; and to do any justice to it, we should be obliged to quote the whole. There is something striking, and not as much noted, as it should be, in all the circumstances, that mark human individuality, as that of countenance, form, gait, voice, manner, temperament, handwriting,—in short, every aspect, in which we see, and remember the individuals of our acquaintance. One would think, that the compass of the diversities of style must be narrow. It is as infinite, as any other circumstance of human individuality. There is no writer of any originality of thinking, but what has his own peculiar way of thinking, of framing sentences, of arranging the members, and even his peculiar taste, in relation to certain words, invested to him with reasons of like and dislike, which they have to no other. Every such writer, too, has his key-note, his prevalent tone, that runs through his composition, and by which a competent observer knows him from all others, as readily as he does by his gait, or countenance.

In the preaching of this gentleman, a rich and mellow strain of thought, partaking partly of reasoning, partly of sentiment, colored with his own imagination, and drawn from the deep fountains of feeling in his own mind, gives to his sermons that delightful attribute, for which, it is said, we have no single term in our own language, but which the French happily designate by the term '*onction*.' The sermon before us is a fine specimen of it. It cannot be expected, that any thing absolutely new and original can be said upon such a subject. The appropriate work of talent and genius, in such a case, is to color the ideas anew, to present them in new combinations, to steep them anew in the fountains of pious sentiment; and, thus presented to the hearer, they strike him with a force and freshness, as if urged, and heard for the first time. But we are admonished to the better labor of drawing directly from the sermon before us.

The chief ideas, brought to view in the sermon, are, that the religious observance of one day in seven is a moral injunction and obligation of perpetuity, originally declared to mankind, and republished in the decalogue on the mount.

Christians observe the first, instead of the last day of the Jewish week. The reasons, why the first followers of our Lord introduced this change of the day of worship, are impressively given; and the result and influence of the early observance of that holy day appear in the following paragraph.

'In those days of strong and vivid faith, of primitive simplicity and godly sincerity, when Christians met on this sacred morning, their usual salutation was, *Christ is risen.* This was their token of brotherhood, and of having come together to raise their thoughts and affections from things on earth, and to *fix them* *on things above, where Christ hath sat down at the right hand of God. Christ,* said they, *is risen;* and if any had quarrels or differences with another, it is related in the history of those times, that this salutation was the signal and the pledge, that all was forgiven and forgotten. "*Christ,*" said they, "*is risen;* and our hope and our treasure is with him in heaven, and why should we contend and vex ourselves about the straws of earth. Let us meditate together upon our common and enduring inheritance, and let every other interest, for this day at least, be forgotten." '

He then proceeds to a detail of the duties of the Sabbath,—such as that of singing devotional hymns, attending public worship, and private and family prayer, reading and explaining the Scriptures around the family altar to the children and charge, and imbuing their minds with the spirit, obligations and immortal hopes of their faith. He happily explains, and in the due medium between superstition and laxness, in what manner the Sabbath ought to be hallowed, as a day of rest. The paragraph, that contains this exposition, is, as it seems to us, particularly felicitous and just. After all, the strongest possible motive to duty is, to find our pleasure in it; and we give his charming grouping of the pleasures of religious worship, regretting, that our sheets afford no further space for quotation.

' To a pious mind, the pleasure alone of engaging in these services is a sufficient inducement. Whoever has felt and known from experience, even for a short time, the consolation, the trust, the serenity and sweet peace of a truly devout frame of mind, worshipping in concert and in unison with many kindred spirits, understands what is meant by the *privilege* of public worship, and what the Psalmist meant by the blessedness of those, who dwell in God's house, that they may behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in his temple. To behold an assembly of all ages, those who are just entering upon the untried and uncertain paths of life, those who are advancing at different distances before these, and those who are approaching the goal, which terminates the pilgrimage of man in this world, emblems of the past, the present and the future, emblems of the unstaying progress of time, and of the transitoriness of the generations of men,—to behold these different aspects of a short and vanishing life, these travellers bound at different stages to the same common inn of rest, engaged in the same solemn act of adoring the everlasting God, uniting in the one grand and common concern of man, the formation of the mind and character to a moral fitness for a better world,—meditating together upon that world,—hoping and preparing to meet again in that world, in the immediate presence of the God they have adored and loved and served together here,—this is to behold a spectacle of the truest moral beauty and grandeur, at once the most impressive and interesting to every reflecting mind, the most affecting and delightful to the genuine Christian philanthropist. Nothing, indeed, can be more fit and becoming, as well as useful and ennobling, than for intelligent, feeble and dependent creatures, destined speedily to enter upon an eternal futurity, to spend together a portion of the little time allotted them here, in raising their minds and hearts to God, in learning and meditating upon what he has been pleased to reveal of himself, of their own nature, duties and destination; and thus embracing and cherishing together, and holding fast, as they are successively removed by death, *the blessed hope of everlasting life.*'

Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the High-School Society, of New-York, made on Saturday, November 29, 1828, pursuant to the Act of Incorporation. New-York: 1828.—pp. 25, 8vo.

We view the numerous reports and papers of this class, that are beginning to mark a new circumstance in the character of our literature, as presenting, on the whole, a more favorable sample, than any other writings of the day. They seem to partake in anticipation of the high mark of improvement, which the schools in question are calculated to reach. In the school before us, we observed, that the number of stockholders amounted to four hundred and fifty, embracing a great proportion of the most respectable names in the city. The expenses of the school, from May to November, 1828, were $6,730, and the balance in the treasury $786. The studies pursued by the several classes of the male and female schools, are given, and are of that high character, which belongs to the pursuits of the first rate schools of that class in England and America. Terms of tuition for the male school, $12 for the lower class, and $40 for the senior, per annum; and in the female, $12 for the former, and $28 for the latter. John Griscom, LL. D. is principal of the male school; and the names of eleven ladies, instructresses of the female school, are given. Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, author of the report, is president of the board. The introductory department of the male school contains 170 boys, the junior 142, and the senior 113; making 425 in all. The whole number of female pupils, in November, was 305; making a total of 730. The apartments, teachers, and advantages generally, appear to be on a scale of magnificence, corresponding to the numbers.

That part of the report, however, which particularly arrested our attention, was the biographical notice, which concludes it, of Daniel H. Barnes, the late associate principal of the school, a gentleman formerly well known, and still affectionately remembered by many in this city, and who was prematurely cut off in the midst of health, usefulness, and growing esteem and consideration, by one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, which cannot be comprehended by us in this dark state of being. The public have been informed, that on his way to visit the Rensselaer high-school at Troy in New-York, he was thrown from a stage, and so much injured, as to cause his death in a short time afterwards. We have scarcely seen a biographical notice, at once so short, appropriate and happy. We have not the honor, such we should consider it, of the slightest acquaintance with the author. But we greatly admire his style and manner of funeral eulogy. It is classically pure, and yet frank and fresh. It does not overstep modesty, or run in any degree to extravagance; but carries along the conviction of the reader, that the deceased was, indeed, precisely the man described. But the chief excellence of it is, that it is full of heart, of strong and good and friendly feeling, neither pompously expressed, as for display, and in the trick of oratory, nor running into the fustian of distorted and unnatural feeling. It forms at once the eulogy of the deceased, and of the writer; nor could such flowers and evergreens have been more appropriately thrown into any grave, than that of an accomplished and beloved instructer.

Daniel H. Barnes was born in the county of Columbia, New-York, 1785, and educated at Union college, Schenectady. He was an instructer from the time of his graduation, first in an academy at Poughkeepsie, and afterwards in this city. He went on account of ill health to the city of New-York, where he took charge of a private classical school. Here, among many other important acquisitions, he became a distinguished scholar in natural history. He was a serious, steady, consistent, but liberal professor of the Baptist church. A proof, that he was charitable, was, that he associated on the most peaceable and friendly terms with an associate principal of the society of Friends, and a board of various denominations. The high-school under his care in New-York became an example and a model. The several reports of the different boards of trustees, in speaking of his services, bore the most ample testimony to their entire satisfaction, and to his growing reputation. He had been invited by the trustees and officers of the newly formed high-school at Troy to pay it a visit of inspection; and in discharge of this duty, he met his death.

As a classical scholar, his attainments were respectable in the various walks of philology. But he will be known to Europe and posterity, chiefly on account of his eminent attainments in natural history. He was an industrious and distinguished member of the Lyceum of Natural History, in New-York. Before that society he produced a number of learned papers on geology, botany and zoology. His researches were particularly original and successful on the natural history of shells, of which he described twenty new species. The first zoological critic of Europe, the baron de Ferussac, observes of him, that if baron Humboldt had availed himself of his labors, he might have avoided many errors, in his history of American conchology, into which he has fallen.

Mr. Verplanck quotes from Mr. Elliot, of South Carolina, a charming and eloquent view of the tendency and the pleasure and mental enlargement of the study of natural history, as connected with admiring and adoring conceptions of the Creator, and as giving voice, instruction and entertainment to solitude and the desert. He sums the character of the deceased, as a teacher, a minister, and a Christian. In each walk he was exemplary. We feel a particular pleasure, in quoting the following eulogy of the two most important characters in society—the mother and the instructer. We can perform no service more acceptable to our readers, than to give the elegant tribute of the author to these two characters entire.

'There are prouder themes for the eulogist, than this. The praise of the statesman, the warrior, or the orator, furnish more splendid topics for ambitious eloquence; but no theme can be more rich in desert, or more fruitful in public advantage.

'The enlightened liberality of many of our state governments (amongst which we may claim a proud distinction for our own) has, by extending the common school system over their whole population, brought elementary education to the door of every family, In this state, it appears from the annual reports of the Secretary of the State, there are, besides the fifty incorporated academies and numerous private schools, between eight and nine thousand school districts, in each of which instruction is regularly given. These contained last year 441,850 children taught in the single state of New-York. To which may be added nine or ten thousand more in the higher seminaries of learning, exclusive of the colleges.

'Of what incalculable influence, then, for good or for evil, upon the dearest interests of society, must be the estimate entertained for the character of this great body of teachers, and the consequent respectability of the individuals who compose it!

'At the recent general election of this state, the votes of 276,000 persons were taken. In thirty years the great majority of these will have passed away; their rights will be exercised, and their duties assumed by those very children, whose minds are now open to receive their earliest and most durable impressions from the ten thousand schoolmasters in this state.

'What else is there, in the whole range of our social system, of such extensive and powerful operation on the national character? There is one other influence more powerful, and but one. It is that of the *mother*. The forms of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with these. If the future citizens of our republic are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so principally through the virtue and intelligence of their mothers. It is in the school of maternal tenderness, that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence, is that of the *schoolmaster*. It is powerful already. What would it be, if in every one of those school districts which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well-informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honored in the discharge of its duties? How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men! Many such we have amongst us. But to raise up a body of such men, they and their calling must be cherished and honored.

'The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good, that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that, too, must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious, as his occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be successful and happy, he must be animated by the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirement, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof, that his labors have not been wasted—that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns, to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith, which enabled the greatest of modern philosophers,* amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification, with a portion of that same noble confidence, which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age and blindness—

——————In prophetic dream he saw
The youth unborn, with pious awe,
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.

How imperious, then, the obligation upon every enlightened citizen, who knows the value of such men, to aid them, to cheer them, and to honor them!

'One of the establishments of this society was designed, we hope successfully, to improve and extend female education Our other institution for male education, has had, besides its direct effect, the happy incidental one of elevating the station, enlarging the usefulness, and contributing to raise the character of the schoolmaster amongst us.

'Humble, then, as our labors in founding and fostering this institution may seem, and limited as they are in their sphere of action, we may look back to them with the purest satisfaction, since their certain fruit must be, the diffusion of light and truth and virtue, through the purest and most powerful of agents, the MOTHER and the SCHOOLMASTER.'

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* Bacon, '*Serere posteris ac Deo immortali.*'

Report of Mr. Judah, *from the Committee upon Canals and Internal Improvements, relative to the Wabash and Miami Canal—Indiana Legislature, House of Representatives, December* 18, 1828. Indianapolis.—pp. 22, 8vo.

We have always been earnest admirers of every thing in the form of a canal. Our Utopia should abound in canals. They are to us the most picturesque and beautiful features of our scenery. No spectacle is so fertile in poetical conceptions to our thoughts, as to see the canal boats slowly wending their way through our wild and fresh country backwards and forwards, their white contrasting with the green trees, and scaring the wild partridge, hare and deer from their covert, and so easily, tranquilly and cheaply bearing the ponderous and bulky products of one country to another. What a project is this before us—the junction of the Wabash with the Miami and lake Erie, a distance of 228 miles, by a canal! How little we dreamed, thirteen years ago, when we first saw Cincinnati, little advanced beyond a backwoods village, with no small proportion of log houses remaining, that such a proposition, as uniting the Wabash with lake Erie, would have been commenced in thirteen years! May the projectors of this noble work prosper; and if we should not enjoy the voyage, may those dear to us make this astonishing tour from the beautiful Miami, through the green wild woods and beautiful prairies of Indiana, to the Wabash,—a name, which still sounds in the ears of an Englishman, like that of some remote point in the interior of Crim Tartary.

The examination of the United States' engineers, and the commissioners appointed by the state, have reported, 'that the facilities of the route are very great, and greater than those of any other canal of the same length in the Union; that a sufficient supply of water can be commanded at all seasons; and that the obstacles, which, in New-York and Ohio, have required the expenditure of vast sums of money, do not exist. These examinations have conclusively answered all doubts, which heretofore existed, relative to the practicability of this proposed canal communication.' The full expense of the work is estimated at $1,031,970. It is proposed to put the work so under contract, as that it shall be finished in 1837.

The report having gone into the usual details upon the best mode of making the canal, and the most expedient methods of putting it under contract, proceeds to consider the proper ways of raising the necessary funds. It recommends obtaining the money, in the first instance, by loans on the pledged faith of the state. The committee estimate their canal lands to amount to 400,000 acres, valued at $1 25 an acre; or $500,000. These lands are recommended to be sold for cash, to pay the interest of the loans, as it accrues; and beyond that, to paying off the principal. Something more than half a million dollars, they suppose, will remain due from the state, after the canal shall be completed. They rely upon the tolls to pay off the interest, and gradually to redeem the principal.

The report then goes into interesting details, touching the amount of articles and of burden, that would be shipped on the proposed canal. In 1828, 10,000 barrels of pork and 4,000 barrels of whiskey were sent off from the Wabash country. The tolls on these two articles would have amounted to $9,000. Five thousand barrels of salt were required for the same region, costing between thirteen and fourteen hundred dollars for transport. In 1835, they suppose, the clear saving to the state from two articles only, dry goods and salt, were the canal in operation, would be $50,000.

Having taken a statistical purview of this sort, of considerable extent and detail, it proceeds to recommend the proper modes of making the requisite contracts. The committee recommend a change of the organization of the board of commissioners. They advise, what these changes should be. They propose the best mode, as they recommend, of selling the lands, and of loaning the money, &c. &c.

Appended to the report is an appendix, which contains various interesting estimates of the amount of the Wabash trade, in the successive years from the present to 1835. They estimate that the tolls on this canal at that time, from ten counties of the Wabash only, would amount to $15,140.

The Pandect, a religious weekly newspaper, edited by Rev. Dr. Wilson, *Rev.* David Root *and Mr.* Samuel Robinson. Cincinnati, Dec. 30, 1828.

This number reached us through the post office, and is the only one we have seen, since the first. It has clearly made very respectable progress in meekness and gentlemanly showing, since that number. If that part of it, which noticed the editor of this journal, had borne any thing of the aspect of the assault upon him in the first number, he would have passed it by, as he has all assaults of a similar character, with an unaffected feeling of what the world calls, for want of a more expressive phrase, silent contempt. We certainly look with a very respectful eye upon orthodox writings and periodicals, when they show a Christian and gentlemanly spirit, and are well and properly written. There is scope for much farther advances in these respects in the paper before us. We hope, they will go on to add to their meekness knowledge, &c., and travel round the whole circle of Christian attainments.

A second consideration concurred to impress us with a sense of duty to notice the article in this number, that related to us. They have a perfect right to say, that our opinions 'are error,' and that we 'have more than once appeared in opposition to the truth;' and to remark, that our 'opinions are calculated to mislead the minds of the weak, and to subvert the faith of the wavering.' They can, if they choose, propound the most simple truth of the gospel, and affirm, that no *Arian*, *Socinian*, or *Arminian* ever believed it. Every one knows, that the Methodists, probably the most numerous body of Christians in our country, are Arminians almost to a man. So is the great body of the Roman Catholic church. They can say this, we say, though it seems a very sweeping, and not very modest assertion. Some of the editors, we hope, have heard, that assertion is not proof; and that the people of the world are generally ready to spare themselves the expense of research, reason and argument, and instead of it, substitute the easy and cheap process of naked asseveration. Some of them, we suspect, would call in question the competence of a judicature of inquiry, who should decide upon contested doctrines by the round declaration of one of the parties, that the other was in an error. They have, probably, all heard the very trite adage, that there are two sides to a question; and we hope, they will enlighten us to know, who constituted them infallible judges, to declare what is truth, and what is error.

They will say, we suppose, that they have received this infallible discernment from the Scriptures. To prove to them, that they have not, we have been chiefly induced to this notice. They have quoted a single text, which, they seem to suppose, categorically proves us in an 'error,' in doubting, 'that one can be three, and three one.' We should be sorry to find ourselves behind the editors of the Pandect in reverence for the Scriptures, although the editor of this journal is not, as they assert, 'a professed minister of the gospel.' We will listen with reverence to the testimony of the Bible, whenever it is brought fairly to bear upon this, or any other question. A word, then, upon the text. 1 John v, 7—'For there are three, that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.' We say nothing of the exceeding unfairness of quoting, in such a place and for such a purpose, a text, which they must know, the most learned and diligent biblical critics among the orthodox have laid out of the question, as an interpolation, inserted in later periods of the church, with purposes, it may be, precisely similar to those of the gentlemen,—to wit, to furnish categorical authority upon a disputed point. They must know, that the passage is not found in the most ancient and generally received MS. copies of the sacred Scriptures. It has appeared to us, that the arguments, v. Griesback and other versions of the Scriptures, are conclusive with every fair and honest mind, that this passage is an interpolation.

But admitting it to be canonical and genuine, what would it prove, touching our 'error?' Separate this, and a hundred other naked propositions in the Scriptures, from their relation to the general tenor of those writings, and make them stand as simple categorical assertions, and what a horrid jargon of contradictions would they make of this divine and much injured book? Let us quote a few common passages, which may serve as indices of a thousand. 'The sun ariseth, and the sun also goeth down.' We suspect, these gentlemen, if asked, would say, they believed, that the sun neither rises, nor goes down, but is fixed in the heavens in the centre of our solar system, its movement on its own axis having no reference to our day or night.—'God is angry with the wicked every day.' These gentlemen explain to us from the pulpit, that God is incapable of the passion, that we call anger.—'And they twain shall be one flesh.' A hundred thousand husbands and wives know to their cost, that this is not literally so, though the law, as well as the Scriptures, considers them as one person.—The 'everlasting hills, says the Bible in one place, and in another it asserts, that 'the earth shall be burnt up, and all these things dissolved,' &c. &c. *ad infinitum.* None, but a flippant infidel finds any contradiction in these expressions. Adopt the true construction, that the Scriptures speak to the common apprehensions of mankind, and that single texts can only be interpreted by their relation to the general teaching and tenor of Scripture, and a ray of light runs through the consistency of the divine volume. How obvious and natural would be the interpretation, 'and these three are one in agreement, in testimony.' That this would be the fair construction, hear the very next verse to that, so triumphantly quoted by the gentlemen: 'And there are three, that bear witness on the earth, the spirit, the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one.' Will the gentlemen have the spirit, the water and the blood to be a trinity in unity too? No construction could more clearly have expounded the import of the verse quoted in the Pandect, than that, which immediately follows.

'The Father is greater, than I,' expressly declares our Lord. 'Of that hour knoweth no man, nor the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only.' 'Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God.' 'See thou do it not; I am thy fellow servant,' &c. 'Worship God.' A hundred other similar passages might easily be quoted, which either directly assert, or plainly imply the inferiority of the Son to the Father. Granted, say the trinitarians. But these declarative passages are easily explained into consistence with the trinity by construction. But this is to be our exclusive weapon of logic. The unitarians can by no means be allowed the advantage of construction. Our texts must be understood absolutely, and theirs by construction.

We desire to have done with this. We abhor religious controversy. The gentlemen will not say, that we have sought it. There is room enough in the world for the Pandect and the Western Monthly Review, to move forward without collision. There are some, we know, who have always done us the justice to believe, that our silence, in regard to what has been said of this journal, has been founded on any grounds rather than inability to have meted back as much bitterness, as has been measured to us.

One word more, and we have done. We throw back to the gentlemen one part of their affirmation in respect to us. None, but the weak, and the *exceedingly weak*, would draw such an inference from the passage they have quoted, as they would wish to have drawn, in respect to proving on us our 'error.' Those, who would draw that inference, would believe the Pandect, all the reasonings in the world to the contrary notwithstanding. We repeat again, that we know of no claims, natural, acquired, or delegated, by which the editors of the Pandect can lay requisitions upon us, to receive their standard of truth, or error. At any rate, if all *unitarians*, and *Arians*, and *Socinians*, and *Arminians* are to be struck off the roll of Christianity 'at one fell swoop,' and none left, but those, who clearly and understandingly receive the dogma of him, who caused Servetus to be burned to death, we firmly believe, there will not be left a half a million Christians on the whole globe. We look forward to a different result. We do not so think of the Father of the universe. We have very different views of the blood-purchased mercy of Him, who died upon the tree. The universe shows to us, as tending to a very different termination of the great drama; and our heart swells with unceasing thankfulness, that when the grand assizes shall come, and the unfoldings of the divine purpose, in respect to this dark, transitory and perplexed scene of things, shall be made manifest, it will appear, that all the judgments of men will be reviewed; and that the just and righteous Judge will settle all these high points, just as if men had not passed upon them before Him.

An Address, pronounced August 15, 1828, *at the close of the second term of the Livingston County High-School, on Temple Hill, Geneseo, New-York. By* C. C. Felton. Cambridge: 1828.—pp. 24, 8vo.

This is certainly a very sensible discourse. It is of itself an excellent illustration of what the author is most anxious to promote—intellectual culture. He very justly considers this, as lying at the foundation of all, that is excellent and eminent in character, honorable and glorious in a nation. The diffusion of knowledge is that, which is to effect the emancipation of the world, not only from civil misrule and tyranny, but the loftier and more glorious emancipation of the mind. This great work remains to be done, and, thank God! it must be done, and will be done in our own happy country. This is the only country, in which the human mind has ever had a fair chance against the many obstacles of church and state, contrived to crush its growing energies. The richest and most highly endowed minds in this, and in fact in every country, are laboring with a steady hand and determined purpose, to diffuse the spirit of freedom. It is this, that is to bless our race, give tone and energy to the mind—worth and purity to the heart.

The author of this address has caught this spirit, and it breathes, through eloquent language, on every page. Happy ought those parents to be, who have their sons under the influence and guidance of such a mind and such a spirit. This school is calculated to work a wonderful and highly important change in the moral and intellectual condition of that part of the country, in which it is placed. Founded on the acknowledged and eternal principles of the best interests of man, disconnected entirely with any slavish sectarian creed, the learned and talented instructers have no misgivings, as to utility; but with full and honest hearts, pour into the youthful mind the healing balm of moral truth, the full stores of elegant literature, and the rich gifts of ennobling science.

To the honor of our nature and our country, the *profession of teaching* is now gaining great favor among the people. It will soon stand upon the ground of high consideration, to which it is justly entitled. No man is deserving of more honor, or attention, than the faithful and indefatigable instructer of youth. No man should have a more ample compensation for his services; for that, which he imparts to his pupils, cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. What vocation can be higher, or nobler, than that, which has for its constant purpose, the training and development of the human mind—the creation and establishment of a taste for the sublime, the beautiful, the great, and the good—to bring out the image of God, by the cultivation of those mental powers, with which He has so richly endowed our race?

For a specimen of the matter and manner of our author, we cannot forbear making a short extract.

'An ignorant community may be virtuous in motive, but cannot be so in practice. It is impossible. The few, who are advanced beyond their cotemporaries in knowledge, possess a power over them, which cannot be resisted. Independence of thought and action are out of the question. To examine subjects freely and dispassionately, would lead to various heresies in opinon, which inevitably call down the frown of those self-constituted judges, whom a more auspicious fortune has favored with a higher portion of intelligence. Thus have grown up those rights and powers of prescription, that have, in ages past, trampled in the dust the many, to secure the elevation of the few. This has been the origin of that subtle authority, which takes upon itself to control men's thoughts, and with a despotism more odious and destructive than that which deprives its subjects of personal freedom, seeks to enter the soul, and play the tyrant there; to enchain the course of opinion, with an arrogance like that of the royal Persian, who vainly deemed he might arrest the waters of the Hellespont by his puny fetters;—a power, which leads its possessor to imagine his "contracted individuality" to be the very type and extent of human nature, and to hurl denunciation and anathema upon all who dare resist his claims, or think for themselves in defiance of his authority.'

It seems by the prefatory advertisement, that the instructers in this school have met with no little opposition from certain *high-minded* gentlemen, because, forsooth, they were resolved to adopt the livery of no theological party. It is exceedingly pleasant to find, that they have succeeded in defiance of that narrow-mindedness, which, like the Sirocco, would blast every enterprise, over which it could have an uninterrupted sweep, and by which it calculated to lose its feeble influence. All, who start forward in the glorious career of combatting the prejudices of the times, or refuse to adopt them, and thus live them down by their example, must expect suffering and reproach; and their reward, too, in the applause of all enlightened men, the approbation of their own minds, and the smiles of Heaven.

United States' Law Intelligencer and Review—No. I, for January, 1829. *Edited by* JOSEPH K. ANGELL. Providence.—pp. 26, 8vo.

THE publication of a monthly periodical, under the above title, has been commenced in Providence, Rhode Island. We have received the first number, and have given it a cursory perusal. By extracts, appended to this number, of letters from some of the most distinguished jurists of our country, it appears, that the *plan* of the Law Intelligencer is highly approved, and that, if well conducted, it must be of great and permanent utility to the profession. The first number consists of two or three essays on legal subjects; a synopsis of several new works on the science of the law; and reports of some cases lately decided in English and American courts. The two essays, on 'Restrictions upon state power, in relation to private property,' and on the 'Effect of prejudice against lawyer's drafting and execution of wills,' we have read with interest. The first is well written; and both contain suggestions, worthy of general attention. The editor has embarked in an enterprise, worthy of his best talents and exertions. He has before him a wide field of usefulness, and a rich harvest of honor. In the present number we have remarked with regret, a few inaccuracies of style, and some errors of the press, which, we are willing to believe, will be avoided in subsequent numbers.

Each number of the work is to consist of not less than twenty-eight pages; and it will be forwarded to subscribers at three dollars per annum, payable on the delivery of the third number.

We suggest to the editor, under correction, if this number does not betoken too dry a work. No profession has such an infinite number of anecdotes, of pleasant retorts, of spirit-stirring details, as that of the law, which elicits from every point of our nature electric sparks, if there be one in the subject.

An Essay on Bilious Fever and Calomel; with a Prospectus for a periodical publication, entitled the 'Medical Friend of the People.' By Anthony Hunn, M. & CH. D. Mercer County, Kentucky.—pp. 16, 8vo.

Accompanying this pamphlet, we received a charming letter from this venerable Æsculapius of the old school. We know him only by this correspondence and this pamphlet. But our creative imagination has embodied him forth in full dress, with the gorgeous ancient wig, and invested in the ample dignity of his various diplomas, sallying forth, one fist charged with the box of bread pills, and the other with the phial of colored water, and bilious fever and calomel flying from before him; and, we confess, he has thus seemed in our fancy the finest old gentleman in all Kentucky.

He proposes an entirely new theory and practice of medicine, as is clearly set forth in this pamphlet, which consists of eight distinct numbers. Without saying it, he proves, that he well understands, that brevity is the soul and body of wit. The whole of this mass of enunciation is compressed into something less than fifteen pages. Like us, he loves short periods, and to make short work of a thing. In fact, his numbers are little more 'lengthy,' than those in lord Timothy Dexter's 'Pickle for Knowing Ones.' Calomel—he hates it, calls it 'Hector,' and is tempted, we fear, to call it devil. He declares, that he has often witnessed it to 'cause the teeth, those valuable instruments of our most substantial enjoyments, to rot, perhaps fall out; and the upper and lower jaw bones to come out, in the form of horse shoes!' Angels and ministers of grace defend us! He has, in one word, the sovereign'st hatred of mercury in every shape and form. 'Cupido and Venus,' he thinks, and we are more than half with him, are no friends to wind and bottom and sound health. 'Fever,' he says, 'is an unit;' and we know, that the common school doctors, when they rout it, charge for discomfiting a whole legion. Truth is, he means to 'kick fever and calomel out of doors.' He has done it already for 'bilious fever;' and is ready to depose on his bodily oath, by book and by candle, that it is all a humbug, and that there is no such thing in existence. Some years ago, a terrible fever, with a pokerish Kentucky name, which, lest it may fall under the eye of some lady, we are forced to eschew, grievously tormented and slew divers of the good citizens of Kentucky. The commoners poured in calomel upon it, as one would put out fire with tar. Did our Æsculapius follow suit? No such a thing. 'A very respectable and honorable gentleman, who had buried several of his children with this 'black s——l fever,' sent for him, when he was on the eve of his exit by the same malady.' The dying gentleman wanted faith; but away went the calomel, and he was put up to 'analeptic equalizers.' On the fourth day, the renovated subject treated him to wine at his own table, shed tears, and pointed to the newly heaved graves in his garden. It appears, subsequently, that the grand secret of this excellent old gentleman's practice was 'letting his patient alone!' He says, 'that the modern physician boasts, that he can cure all; when, in fact, he cannot cure even the itch, without pulling old mama Nature from under her rags, to help him out.' For one, we have great faith in this new theory of 'letting the patient alone.'

The manner, in a discussion of such infinite importance, is a mere circumstance—a thing of secondary consequence. But, if eloquence may be measured by the number of periods, interrogations and exclamations, in a given space, this is the 'eloquentest' paper, we ever remember to have read. It is true, the venerable old leech is a little eccentric, as genius always is, and independent and *outre* in his orthography; and he has hunted up some bloody names of diseases and medicines, that were not a little terrifying to us—they were so new! But we never minded that. They can be inserted in the next edition of Webster, and will help eke out the opulence of our language.

Take it all in all, we know not another such fifteen pages in the compass of our reading. Right thankful should we be, as we never had any churlish appetite to devour our luxuries alone, to present all and singular the words in this most amusing treatise to our readers. It is no common achievement, we assure them, to kick calomel and fever out of doors, and soon have death fitted for 'slow travelling' too; and restore medicine to the cheap practice of bread pills and colored water. He requests all editors, disposed to give circulation to his intended publication, to cut out the prospectus appended to this dissertation, and paste it on a sheet of white paper, on which subscribers may place their names. We have accordingly done it; and we wish all those, favorable to banishing calomel and bilious fever from the earth, forthwith to repair to our office, and affix their names to it. We give them a prelibation of the treat, they may purchase in this way, and at the same time allow our venerable friend to speak for himself.

> 'But I anticipate the question, which has been put to *Moses*, to *Socrates*, to *Galliléo*, to *Columbus*—to every man, that has presented the face of a *Reformer*, and which green eyed envy has never yet failed to accompany with the sneer of detraction: "*Who are you, that you presume to know more than we?*" Free from that cowardly, bastard modesty, which trembles to own its competency before the scorn of Malevolence, I frankly answer as a free man, that from my sixth year I was dedicated to the sciences by a father rich enough to give 3 sons besides me, a chance of the highest scientific education that Europe affords. At a riper age I studied for five years—[not for half a year—" off and on"—] in the celebrated Academy of Jena in Saxony, successively Theology, Law and *Medicine*. The last as my predilection, I chose for the employment of my life. I graduated as Doctor of Medicine and Surgery (as my diplomas show) in two Universities on the continent, *Jena* and *Erfurt*, profited afterwards by visiting the Universities of *Erlang*, *Gottingen*, *Keel*, enjoyed the lectures of a *Reich*, *Stark*, and of the most eminent physician of the present age, *Huffland*. Then I embraced the opportunity of the assistance of my mother's relations in *France*, to attend the surgical operations in the *Hotel de Dieu* in Paris, practised afterwards three years in *Amsterdam* and embarked for America, where I have had for 30 years the amplest opportunity of studying the *power of God* on the sick bed.

Being acquainted with ancient and modern languages, I have read till 12 every night every author of note and made extracts—and now I am near 60 years of age, and am the very man who offers his services to the sovereign people of America.'

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'A free people, ought, at least in a certain degree, to be their own Preachers, Lawyers. and Physicians. A people Priest-ridden, Lawyer-ridden, Doctor-ridden—could they still be *free?* Impossible.'

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'TO THE LEARNED, HONEST AND HONORABLE PHYSICIANS.

'*Gentlemen*:—Apprehensive, that you might misunderstand my aim, in stepping forth so confidently in the garb of a reformer of the medical science, I feel it my duty to address a few observations to you, the learned, honest. and honorable members of the medical faculty. All I could say would be thrown away upon those, who, stolen from the plow, strangers to the initiatory languages and sciences, often strangers to their own native tongue, "spend a season or two, off and on" in hearing medical lectures, and come, "by some fatal mistake, armed with a cheap diploma;" or still worse, upon those who after one or two years, making up pills or packing powders for some notorious Quack, perhaps an Indian, a Negro—assume the honorable name of DOCTORS; or those, who, to get practice, slander and belie their betters, or brag of "tremendjous" cures, they have (not) performed; or those "kill or cure" monsters, who give ounces of calomel at once, as if the human stomach were made of sole-leather, and pour in the Ratsbane, till the eyes start from their sockets; or those who "electioneer" for practice, becoming every thing to every body, to gain here and there a penny. These are woful Quacks—grinning fiends to the sick—scandals to their profession. You, gentlemen, who from love to the Medical Science, have long and ardently striven to become Masters (Doctors) of it, and whom no consideration could induce to degrade yourself and your honorable profession; You I hereby humbly request to patronise my undertaking. After reading my numbers if not from your own former experience, you will own with me, 1st. That the medical science is most pressingly in want of reformation; and you will therefore think it both your duty and interest to assist in, and patronise every effort leading towards so desirable an object 2d. That against QUACKERY, which is so degrading to the medical practice, and so disastrous to society at large, there is no other remedy but the information of the great mass of the people, Public sentiment, if well informed, will always be on the side of the general welfare. Quacks, conjurers, Faith-doctors, Indians, Negroes, Cancer-women, etc. will be preferred only by a people bedizzened by ignorance and prejudice, and at war with their own dearest interests.

'With sentiments of profound respect, I am,
'Gentlemen, Your Humble Servant,
'A. HUNN.'

A native young Kentuckian, a medical friend of ours, delighted with his chivalric countryman, and warmed with the idea of getting rid of 'death and the doctor,' began to sing Indian, after reading this, and exclaimed, 'Hurrah! for old Kentucky!'

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Our chief dependence for furnishing exact information under this head is on the '*Revue Encyclopedique*,' probably the most complete and general history of literature in the world. We have hitherto failed in obtaining it regularly. We have taken measures, which, we hope, will shortly remedy the deficiency. We need not undertake to make a single remark upon the importance of French literature. Every one knows, that it claims to be, and in many respects has a right so to claim, the first in the world. In point of numbers, the Germans publish more books, than any other people. The French excel all others in works upon the arts, in some departments of history, and, recently, contest, with a proud showing of proof, for the first names in the higher mathematics, and generally in the sciences.

England is allowed to have produced the first historians, writers upon political and parliamentary subjects, the most masterly poets, and the best writers upon political economy. We of the United States publish more newspapers and periodicals, than the whole world. Our chief efforts at present seem to be directed towards light and ephemeral literature, in which department we produce so much, that warehouses for the unsold remnants, we prophecy, will shortly be in demand. The simple announcement of all the new American publications, that are advertised on the covers of books and periodicals, which arrive at our office, alone, would go near to fill out the sheets of this number. Every newspaper announces the hatching of a new literary brood. May the world become wise and enlightened, in proportion to the number of books given to it! The most ardent aspirant for the amelioration of humanity could hardly wish for more. A folio volume would hardly contain the details upon French literature, which are furnished by the prodigious purview of the Revue Encyclopedique alone.

Our enterprize at this time extends no farther, than to dip our foot in the ocean, in translating from the number before us the announcement of some of the more important works, which appeared in Paris at the close of the year 1827. These details, if they have no higher use, will serve to convey, more than whole volumes, what kind of books are called for by the French public.

Manuel du Zoopile, or the Art of Rearing and Tending Domestic Animals; a work of 354 pages. It receives from the reviewer only moderate praise.

Atlas des Oiseaux d'Europe. Atlas of the Birds of Europe, to serve as a completion to the Manual of Ornithology of M. Temininck, by J. C. Werner, Painter of Natural History—in two volumes. It is spoken of, as a work of great research and exactness in that department of science.

Dandolo's Treatise on the Rearing of the Silk-Worm. We have spoken of this work in this journal already. The short notice of the reviewer is entirely in the language of praise.

La Chimie ensiegnee en 26 lecons. Chemistry taught in twenty-six lessons, by M. Payen; a work translated from the ninth English edition. It receives moderate praise.

Des Causes Morales et Physiques des Maladies Mentales. Moral and Physical Causes of Mental Diseases. Among other nervous affections, in this work *hysteria*, *nymphomania* and *satyriasis* receive a particular discussion. With phrenologists, the author affirms, that the brain is the material instrument of the operations of the soul. The author's name is M. Voisin. The spirit, in which the book is written, may be regarded, says the reviewer, as a proof of the progress of the ideas, put forth by Dr. Gall. In fact, he continues, the system of the German physician is the only one, which can explain in a plausible manner the eccentric and vicious inclinations, which observers have so many times remarked in particular cases of monomania.

Des Inflammations Speciales du Tissu Muqueux, or Particular Inflammations of the Mucous Membrane: 8vo. 540 pages. It treats of *croup*, *angina maligna* and *gangrenous angina*, by P. Bretonneau. The reviewer speaks highly of this work; but we perceive, by the notice taken of it, that the physicians of Paris are as ready to dispense ink, and emetic tartar, and the most caustic acids to each other, in the way of bitter criticism, as they are to give pills to their patients. The merit of this book, says the reviewer, which all physicians will read with advantage, has not hindered its being treated with great severity by certain critics of the new school.

Lecons de Geometrie Analitique. Lessons of Analytical Geometry, by M. Febure de Fourcy: 8vo. 352 pages. It is said to be an excellent work.

Geometrie Descriptive, par G. Monge, fifth edition: 4to. 200 pages. M. Monge is known to the American public, as a distinguished mathematician, and inventor of what is called in France, descriptive geometry. The reviewer is eloquent in praise of this work, which seems to have thrown great light upon the fundamental principles of architecture.

The next two or three works mentioned, are considerable books upon work shops, the science of smithery, the manufacture of porcelain, &c. When we see what learned and complete treatises the French possess upon these subjects, we need not admire the exquisite beauty, splendor and perfection of the porcelain of Seves. The arts never can be expected to obtain their utmost development without the lights of science. We saw complete services of Seves porcelain, ordered by an American family. No description of this beautiful fabric had given us any adequate ideas of the extreme elegance of finish, which the French have reached in this line. The finest China was awkward and inelegant in comparison.

Essais de Geographie Methodique et Comparative, accompagnes de Tableaux Historiques. An Essay of Methodical and Comparative Geography, accompanied with Historical Paintings, by M. a Denoix—a military character. A very large work, published in numbers. The reviewer speaks doubtfully of the utility of this great work.

Remarques sur les Decouvetes Geographiques, fraites dans l'Afrique Centrale, et le degre de Civilisation des Peuples qui l'habitent, par M. Jomard. Remarks upon the Geographical Discoveries, made in Central Africa, and the degree of Civilization of the People, who inhabit it. This is an extract from a large work, yet unpublished. The reviewer says, the interest of the subject, and the erudition of the author, alike excite a lively desire for its publication. He adds, that these 'Remarques' have contributed not a little to do away some errors, widely diffused, and generally believed, in relation to the state of barbarity, in which the inhabitants of that unexplored continent live, at the same time, that they have offered a multitude of new facts to the investigation of geographers, and the meditations of philosophers.

Almanack du Commerce de Paris, des Departemens de la France, et des principales Villes du Monde. Almanac of the Commerce of Paris, the Departments of France, and the principal Cities of the World, by J. de la Tynna. This work is spoken of, as one of great general, as well as local utility, and may be called a statistical, national directory upon a scale corresponding to the grandeur of the French nation. We know of no parallel to it in England, or America. As a proof of the minuteness of its details, it contains 40,000 directions in Paris alone.

Tableau Comparatif des Hauteurs des principales Montagnes, et des Lieux Remarquables du Globe, au-dessus du niveau de la Mer. A Picture of the Comparative Heights of the principal Mountains, and the Remarkable Places of the Globe, above the bed of the Sea—dedicated to Baron Humboldt, by Perrot. This picture, the object of which is to present the physical geography of the earth, as regards the chief high points, is remarkable for a classification, which embraces 400 heights of mountains, volcanoes, lakes, cities and edifices, and the indication of the inferior limit of perpetual snow, as well as that of vegetation near the equator.

Carte Physique, Politique et Comparee de Turquie d'Europe. A Comparative Physical and Political Chart of Turkey in Europe, by P. J. Lameau. We translate entire the first paragraph of the reviewer's remarks upon this chart, as it seems to us appropriate and happy; at the same time, that French grace is visible in every line.

In unrolling, at the present day, a chart of Turkey in Europe, the first thought is, where were the brilliant cities of Greece, that have fallen under the deadening and degrading influence of ages of Turkish control? The principal aim of M. Lameau seems to have been, to satisfy this natural inclination of the mind; and the mode, which he has adopted to point out the classic ground of ruins, is so ingenious, that we cannot avoid giving it particular mention. As the eye glances over the chart, it is struck only with the names of Turkish geography; but as on the spot, the ancient vestiges are seen half hidden among the thorns, here on the copper of the engraver, these vestiges show through the nomenclature of barbarism. All the places, that history has consecrated, are discovered with a little attention; and soon entire Greece appears with pale and enfeebled features, that attest the ravages of time. Those, who delight in the study of ancient history, can, with the aid of this chart, follow all the classic authors in their historical descriptions. Poets and artists are shown the cradle of the fictions of mythology. Those magic names are read, the harmony of which seems to evoke heroism and the love of liberty; names successively changed by political revolutions, now replaced by names less sonorous, but not less heroic; and soon, we dare yet hope, that the independence of a nation so constant, and so courageous in misfortune, will enable the classic traveller, the chart of M. Lameau in his hand, to traverse the country of Homer and

Phidias, and ask on the same spot the same inspiration, that rendered their names immortal.

Redemption du Genre Humain, annoncee par les Traditions et les Croyances religieuses, figuree par les Sacrifices de tous les Peuples. Redemption of the Human Race, announced by the Traditions and Religious Faiths represented by the Sacrifices of all nations. This work is translated from the German of B. J. Schmidt by M. R. A. Heurion. According to the reviewer, the aim of this book is to develope and enforce a doctrine, before advanced among the Jesuits. It teaches, that the ancient religious traditions, preserved by the Jew and gentile, proceeded from the same source; that one had not borrowed from the other, as was contended, on the one hand, by those, who said, the Hebrews had gleaned their religion from the different theogonies of the last, appropriating what they liked in each, as in the present day, they fitted themselves out with our old garments,—and on the other, by those, who believed, that all the ancient nations had obtained their gods from the Jews; but that revelation was an advantage possessed in common by all. The inevitable consequence of this principle is, that individual reason conducts to error, and that the general consent of mankind is the only criterion of truth. The reviewer seems a firm catholic; and is clear, in expressing his opinion of the bad tendency of the doctrines of this book, which, he says, in the words of Bossuit, encourage indifference in religion; but he does not believe in the efficacy of denunciation, as a remedy for the evil. We will, however, give his opinion in his own words. We think, nevertheless, that the clergy of France will not content themselves with a simple censure. To condemn is not to refute; and those, who will not bow to authority, must be reasoned with. The injury has been committed by writings, brilliant with genius and learning, and it cannot be repaired, except by the same means.

Memoires sur le Veritable Auteur de l'Imitation de Jesus Christ, par G. de Gregory: 12mo. pp. 140: Paris. This book, 'The Imitation,' is a religious manual, universally circulated, and read among the Catholics. It was composed about 1240, before the invention of printing. The question, who was the author of this famous book, and in what age he lived, has been as stoutly and zealously contested, especially by different monastic orders, as who was the author of Junius' letters. This book is an investigation of this question. Thomas a Kempis has been generally considered the author of the work in question. The author proves, that the writer of that work was an Italian, who lived in the thirteenth century.

Elemens de Philosophie, etc. par F. J. H. Genty. This work is divided into four parts—logic, the art of language, metaphysics, and morals. It is a philosophical book against the docrines of Kant, and in favor of those of Locke and De Condillac.

Cariteas—anonyme: 12mo. pp. 354. This is a singular philosophical treatise. The reviewer says of it, 'We have been assured, but without the power of being convinced, that Cariteas is the work of a woman. However that may be, we can affirm, that there is no man of genius, however elevated, however conversant in philosophic researches, who ought not to hold himself honored by having written such a book.'

Politique Religieuse et Philosophique, ou Constitution Morale du Gouvernment, par M. le Baron Bigot de Morgues: 3 vols. 8vo. 1,100 pages.

This is a book upon philosophy and religion. 'Finally,' says the reviewer, the author seems to have wished to compose a work upon the model of "L'Esprit des Lois;" and it is not the fault of excellent intentions, if he has remained at a great distance from his immortal predecessor.'

Du Perfectionnement des Etudes Legales, etc.: 8vo. pp. 108. This is a law treatise, of which no character is given.

Compte General de l'Administration de la Justice Criminelle en France, etc. A General Statement of the Administration of Criminal Justice in France. It is a remarkable fact, that crimes against persons are most common in the south of France, and against property in the north. The number of criminals appears to be on the increase. In 1826, there were 7,591 indicted; 6,988 were present, and 603 were condemned for contumacy; 2,640 were acquitted, and 4,348 condemned; 150 were punished with death, and 281 to perpetual confinement.

One of the most celebrated poets of France, during the period in which he lived, was John Delille. The place of his birth was Aigneperse, and the year 1753. He proved himself early an accomplished and thorough scholar. From Thomas, the professor of rhetoric in the college of Beauvais, he acquired the basis of his after knowledge of the construction of French poetry. His first work, a translation of the Georgics, published in 1769, was lauded by Voltaire. Thirteen years intervened, before his second work came out. It was an original poem, called 'The Garden;' and it succeeded so well, notwithstanding severe criticisms, that in a short time it reached the eleventh edition. In 1784 he went to Constantinople, where he remained a year, and composed a second poem, entitled 'Imagination.' Soon after his return to France, the revolution broke out. To avoid its horrors, he withdrew to Lorraine. Here he completed a translation of the Æneid. His next movement was to Glarresse, a village beautifully situated, in a picturesque country on the lake of Bienne, where were written the 'Man of the Fields,' and 'The Three Kingdoms of Nature.' These were followed, after an interval of two or three years, by the poem, 'Pity.' He then visited London, and translated Paradise Lost into French. 'Conversation,' a poem, was his last publication. His death took place, May, 1813. A portion of his life was honored in his own country; but on his death, all testified respect for him, and pride in his talents. He was remarkable for the purity and eloquence, with which he wrote the French language, and for ease of versification.

In the number of the Revue, from which we have translated, there are thirty-six more notices of books. We should bear in mind, that it is a monthly notice of books, that appeared in Paris. They were, of course, all regarded, as works of importance. No notice was taken of the hundred ephemeral works, which had no circulation, except among particular classes of the people. What an immense mass of literature must be that of Paris! The Revue then proceeds to speak of the recent periodicals, and finally of reprints. We intend to go more particularly and extensively into the translation of these notices, when we receive the most recent numbers of the work. We observe among the notices of books, that we have passed by, a work upon the favorites, or more plainly, mistresses of the kings of France, and another interesting notice of the entire works of Chateaubriand. We intended to have found a place for a notice of the celebrated religious orations of the renowned London popular preacher, Irvine. We are astonished to perceive, that they appear to be wholly unknown to the orthodox clergy of this region.

Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. John M. Merrick, Hardwick, Mass. By Rev. John Bartlett, *Pastor in Marblehead.* Boston: Bowles & Dearborn. 1828. pp. 24, 8vo.

No person acquainted with this mild, amiable and exemplary minister, will need be told, that this is a good sermon. Such a fountain could not send forth the bitter waters of strife and denunciation. No character has deeper claims upon unalienable respect, the respect of the heart, than such a minister of the gospel,—who, in the spirit of the purest model of all, that man should be, which the earth has yet seen, shows in his life, that the fulness of his heart breathes 'peace on earth and good will to men,' and whose daily walk is on the close example of Him, *who went about doing good.*

The sermon before us aims not at brilliance, or effect, or stately periods, or the studied show of oratory; is not announced, in his own phrase, 'in the words of man's wisdom;' but is plain, simple, unostentatious, unornamented, and breathing throughout the benignant and gentle temper of the author. Our narrow limits, and the progress, which we have made in filling our sheets, admonish us, that we have no space for adequate analysis or extracts. The chief clause of the text, on which the sermon is based, is, '*Who hath believed our report?*' The sermon states what that *report* is, its practical *influence*, and some of the causes, which impair, or prevent that influence. The author gives a summary and interpretation of the amount of that report, according to the construction, which is commonly denominated liberal Christianity. The summary, according to our view, is as just and true, as it is felicitous and condensed. We conceive, that he brings to view the main scope of the Bible. Every thing necessary to our well being, is included in it; and nothing irreconcilable with the character of God, the suggestions of right reason, or the only fair mode of interpretation of Scripture, comparing Scripture with Scripture, and particular texts with the general scope of the Bible. It is the summary of a system, worthy of God to reveal, and for which the wants and the condition of man imperatively called.

What effect has the preaching of this liberal Christianity? is the next inquiry. The orthodox say, it chills, sears, stupifies, brings no alarm, awakenings, pungent convictions of sin, sense of danger, &c. &c. If these charges were founded, the author admits, they would be serious ones. But he thinks, and we are with him, that the best and most enduring influence of religion '*comes not with observation*'—does not proclaim itself on the house tops—is not noisy, clamorous, full of profession, nor necessarily full of tears; but operates in silence, alone with God and conscience; is felt in the closet, in retirement; shows itself in daily intercourse with the world, in the family, in the multiplied trials and duties and temptations of the various relations of life; in the nice and keen sense of moral equity, fitness, honor, and conscience of the delicate and minute shades of duty and action, which distinguish what is called in Scripture a *righteous* man, from a man, who would show you orthodoxy, and his creed, and his standing in the church, or at an *inquiry-meeting*, instead of his real acquaintance with the spirit of the gospel, as shown in his daily conversation. We have little opinion of that religion, which displays itself in rehearsal of experiences, and convictions, and awakenings, and sighs and tears; which originates in a crowd, is got up by the sympathy of a crowd, and which is so apt to expire, when the crowd is dispersed, and the sympathy, which generated it, is removed. Whatever doctrine is inculcated in the conventicle, no religion will ever pass with the discerning among men, and, we firmly believe, with the Omniscient, but that which makes man better. Bursts of enthusiasm and ecstacies of excitement are one thing; and piety, faith, self-denial, patience and charity are another. The latter are apt to be modest and unobtrusive, and to seek the silent approbation of God, and of the heart. Let them charge this system with inspiring self-righteousness. Let them say, that it relies upon good morals. We confess, we have a great respect for those, against whom this charge lies. When a man lives a good life, he need make no professions; and when he does not, his professions, with discerning men, will be likely only to fix on him the mental stigma of hypocrisy.

The last division of his subject is the impediments, that have hindered receiving this *report*. He enumerates *ignorance, imperfect and false views of the gospel, unsettled faith, secular occupations, inconsideration, prejudice*, and *an evil heart of unbelief*. To this latter cause he attributes the ignorance, errors and vices of mankind. These are the causes, that impede liberal Christianity. Misrepresentation, which brings against it whatever charges suit its own views, is a fruitful source of opposition. This dresses out liberal views of the gospel in its own frightful habiliments; and then attacks this creature of its own invention and imagination, as the thing itself. It says any thing of it, and every thing, but the truth. But these causes are but for a moment; and truth is for ever. It moves steadily on, and will triumph over these impediments, as the sun finally shines forth from clouds and mists. Imperfect and false views of Christianity constitute another hindrance. To this may be added, inadequate views of the nature and extent of the morality enjoined by the gospel.

Under the head of misrepresentations, he remarks, that although the friends of liberal Christianity have given a full and undisguised statement of the doctrines and duties of the gospel, as they apprehend them, unjust and injurious representations have been made of them by those, who ought to have been better informed. We are pleased with the following views of the author, in relation to pastoral fidelity.

'It is a question, then, which I would respectfully submit to the consideration of my brethren, whether there is not reason to fear that a degree of doubt may not have been introduced into the minds of our hearers, respecting the certainty and fearfulness of the future consequences of sin, by the manner in which the subject of a future retribution of the wicked has been presented to them, or by the infrequency with which their attention has been directed to it. While some, with an honest zeal, have endeavored to expose and refute those dreadful representations of the nature of the future punishments of the wicked, which shockingly impeach the character of God, have they not been so incautious or indefi-

> nite in expressing their own views of this subject, as to leave the minds of the less informed in doubt, whether any great future evil was to be apprehended from the sins and follies committed in this life? or, it may be, through fear of making wrong impressions, and being unsettled in their own opinions upon this subject, have they not omitted bringing it before their hearers, as often as it should be, and thus lessened their opportunities of meditating upon and of feeling the influence of the most solemn motives, which could be presented to them? I mean not by these remarks to censure those honest and zealous efforts, which have for their object, eliciting what is truth in relation to this subject, but merely to deepen in my own heart, as well as in others, a conviction of the important and momentous character of those motives to a devout and holy life, which the consequences awaiting our conduct in a future world present. Surely, if any thing should be regarded by us with aversion and horror, it is that, which separates the soul from its Creator—makes it an object of his displeasure, unworthy of his love, incapable of communion with Him, and utterly disqualified for eternal life and happiness. If these tremendous consequences await the wicked and impenitent, they surely onght, frequently, earnestly, and with benevolent fidelity, to be warned of them.'

We have space only for one quotation more. It relates to the impediment in the way of receiving the *report* from the unworthy example of those, who preach it.

> 'The last obstacle to the practical influence of the gospel, which I shall mention, may be found in those who teach it. I refer to defects of example and of zeal. With respect to defects of example, each of us, my brethren, are conscious that we come far short of the pattern we are bound to imitate. The monitor in our bosom often upbraids us, and in a manner, I trust, so impressive, as leads us often to unburthen the soul before its Maker, in humble, penitential confession and prayer. I allude to this defect, chiefly with a view to enliven the conviction of the great efficacy of a good example in us, in promoting the practical influence of our instructions, in disarming prejudice, and in removing obstacles to a favorable admission of our views of religion. The silent influence of a fair pattern of the virtues and graces, which we inculcate, will do more to commend our religion to the world, and to overcome all prejudices against it, than the most eloquent and persuasive discourses. Never are the rays of the natural sun hailed with more gladness, or their importance more justly estimated, than when their silent operations are seen in dissolving the icy fetters with which winter bound the streams, and in banishing the darkness and deformity, with which it shrouded the face of nature, covering the earth with verdure and beauty, and in strengthening and maturing the various productions, which they had called into being. And never are the rays of the *Sun of Righteousness* more readily and cordially admitted, and their renovating power more thankfully acknowledged, than when the effect of their influence is seen in the holy, benevolent and exemplary life of those, whose duty it is to diffuse them.'

'The Author's Preface to the Improved Edition.'

THIS small pamphlet of twenty-four pages came to us through the post office, from an anonymous source. It appears to be a preface to a book, entitled 'Methodist Error,' which we have not seen; and the contents of which we can only imagine by the clue of this sensible and well written article. We notice it, not so much on account of the manner, as the matter. It contains a most important principle; and we wish, the very respectable denomination, for whose benefit it is intended, may have the docility, moderation and good sense, to profit by it. We think, we know the source, from which it came. If we are right in our judgment, the author is a man, whose opinion would have weight, and whose sanctity of life would have honor in any church. We most cordially respect the Methodist church. Very few have had such ample chances of seeing, personally, the immense amount of good, that has been wrought over this wide valley by the instrumentality of its ministers, on the very skirts of civilization, and among a peculiar race of people, upon whom no other denomination of Christian ministers would be likely to operate. We admire the zeal, the affectionate spirit, the brotherly love, the *esprit du corps*, the untiring and unshrinking purpose, and above all, the character of sentiment, tenderness and heart, that runs through the worship of this church. It unites, too, little as it has credit for the union, a greater degree of liberality with its well known zeal, than any other denomination, except the Liberal Christians. Almost every friend to Methodism, and we are such, has felt precisely, what this gentleman, whom we deem of high standing in their church, has expressed. May the members of the church listen to the instruction, and prepend!

There are various, important, incidental hints in this modest preface. But the main sentiment, and the only one, upon which we intend to remark, is the form of a kind of protest against the *noise*, *groanings*, *clapping of hands*, *stamping*, *shouting*, and other parts of, what may be called the *manual exercise* of the Methodist worship. If any thing could surprise us, it would be, that such excesses should be countenanced among a people, who, it is well known, whatever were their character in these respects in former times, now embrace a great amount of talent and practical good sense in their community. Strange, that these excesses are retained so late in the day, in such a church. But we know multitudes of people, who have no faith in vaccination; who believe, that persecution is an enlightener of conscience; who hold, that God is the author of sin—and a hundred other opinions equally absurd. Is it strange, that the quiet and reflecting and respectable, in the Methodist church, are awed by the multitude, who hold, that noise and shouting, and clapping of hands are at once an aid and an evidence of devotion?

The first part of this pamphlet is occupied in a kind of apology for the author, in thus daring to come forth against prejudices, so deep, and so fortified, and sanctified by association with all, that is sacred in religion. He proves, that such men, as Wesley, Fletcher, Clarke, Coke, &c., are with him; and this is certainly very respectable company, and well calculated to keep him in countenance. Nevertheless, he expects to awaken the 'offence of the truth;' and we can assure him, that it is the bitterest of all offences, as the saw upon that point has said, for time immemorial. For us, we can neither doubt the good intentions of the writer, nor, that a desire for the honor and extension of his own church, was the leading motive to these hints.

With these remarks, we will take leave to quote a few of the testimonies against these excesses, which are introduced into this pamphlet. The first is from Dr. Clarke—Adam, we presume. 'Let men beware,' he says, 'how they impute these things to God.' 'Refraining from these things will never check, much less hinder scriptural devotion.' 'Nature will always, and Satan, too, mingle, as far as they can, in the work of the Spirit.'

Wesley says, 'They may be from nature. They may be from the devil.' Dr. Roberts is very pointed in his testimeny against the '*abominable* practice of *jumping pointing, dancing, barking, scratching in the earth* and *jerking.*' Might he not have added the '*holy laugh?*' We hope the testimony of this sensible and excellent man, thus publicly expressed in a sermon at Baltimore, will have its weight. We should be glad to quote all his excellent remarks. He says, 'If ever these extravagancies are corrected, the ministers must begin the work among themselves.' 'Attack with firmness; but let prudence direct your steps.' Rev. Mr. Marsden's testimony is equally pointed. We beg leave to quote it entire.

'Mr. Marsden is a Methodist minister, who has been many years a missionary under Dr. Coke, and was a resident at New-York in 1813 and 14, and now travels in the connexion in England. The following is extracted from his Memoirs, published in New-York.

'"Some are apt to think no good is done unless all are on fire with a wonderful *revival;* but *this is a mistake.* The work of divine grace may progress with as much silence as the dew falls upon the ground, and as imperceptibly as the grass grows in the spring. It is not the clapping with the hands,—not shouting,—not stamping with the heels,—*nor any other bodily exercise,* that indicates a growth of grace. There may be much smoke, where there is little fire; there was more shouting and clapping around Aaron's calf, than when God himself came down upon Mount Sinai. The power and presence of God, fill the soul with solemn and majestic *awe.* The soul desires *to be alone,* that it may pour out its supplications to the Father of spirits. God forbid, that I should touch the sacred ark of pure enlivened piety, with the least finger of opposition; but as an humble inquirer after truth, I would ask, does clapping with the hands and stamping with the feet, increase in the soul, love, humility, faith, gratitude, meekness, charity and heavenly-mindedness? Is clapping the hands, as true and genuine an expression of gratitude, as a tender and lively sensibility of the heart? Have we any *canon* in the New Testament, by which clapping is required? Are they, the old, steady, *experienced* followers of Christ, who clap hands? Are those who clap loudest, the most holy, meek, humble, diligent and devoted members of our society? Is not clapping sometimes used, and screaming too, when there is no extraordinary influence present? I should be sorry, that any one should suppose the Methodists confine religion to those things, or even think them *at all necessary* to the existence of devotion.* No! They believe religion is the kingdom of God *within us.* I have been present at revivals of religion;—I beheld the stately steppings of Jehovah in his sanctuary; I have known his influence descend as the former and latter rain; I have heard the cries of the mourner blended with the rejoicings of the redeemed; but on these occasions, I recollect neither clapping nor stamping; and yet, there are some, who think religion is at a stand, if those things are discontinued. We should not conclude, there is no good done unless there be great noise. We know that the *deepest* rivers glide gently along. It is only the shallow, that make the most bubble and bruit."'†

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* Yet it must be confessed, there is a labor *in some,* to use such means to attain the end. Some frankly confess, that they do not much enjoy their religion, but where there is some *tumult;* that they do not feel their ardor sufficiently glow *without* it: and some do not feel enough interested in the singing, unless they can also *step* the tune. Thus admitting, that it is in some degree a *conventional* and *sympathetic* concern.

† ————————Stillest streams,
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
COWPER.

Dr. Clarke's Commentary contains a strong remark on *noise.* 'People of *little religion* are always *noisy*—where the *soul* is not filled, they resemble a running empty wagon, which makes most noise because it has *nothing* in it.'

We regret, that we have not space for further extracts. The opinions of English Methodists are given. They are still more pointed, than those of the American ministers. Enthusiasm and extravagance in America have generally transcended the same kind of excesses in that country. Among the names, arrayed against these excesses, are those of Rev. Messrs. Brown, Robertson and Whitaker; Mr. Addison, Wilberforce, &c. The pamphlet closes by animadversions upon Dr. Ely's review of the book in question, and Fearon's account in his 'Travels,' of a 'night scene at Ebenezer church in Philadelphia;' and with strong and affectionate commendations of the Methodist church by Dr. Haweis, Rev. John Newton, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Samuel Johnson, bishop Hobart, and last, though not least, the famous actor, Ryley.

'The stage player, Ryley, in his memoirs, says, "They have *reformed* thousands of depraved mortals. I have known both preachers and people, and found them a good people. They have done more towards *reforming*, than any other sect, nay, than all the others put together. No sermons have ever affected me even to tears, like theirs."'

SCHOOL BOOKS OF MISS ELIZA ROBBINS, OF NEW-YORK.

'Popular Lessons,' pp. 254, consisting chiefly of extracts from Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth. It is unnecessary to make a remark upon these admirable female authors. The selections are made with great judgment and felicity. It is an attractive and charming school book, uniting good feeling, good taste, interest and instruction.

'Sequel to Popular Lessons,' pp. 376. This book comprises lessons of a higher order of instruction. The first ninety pages are Scripture illustrations and a dissertation upon the progress of Christianity. The rest of the book is chiefly historical, biographical and geographical sketches, short, pithy, spirited, and in a manner to convey precise ideas, respecting those heroes, events and countries, which are the first matters of interest in the opening mind of a child. The same sound judgment, disciplined taste, and practical good sense, that mark the former selection, pervade this.

'Primary Dictionary,' pp. 257. None, but instructers, who have tested this book by actual experiment, are qualified to pronounce fully upon it. Such affirm it to be an admirable book of its kind. The definitions comprise 4,000 words; and we have sufficiently examined them to believe, that they are much more clear, and within the scope of the apprehension of children, than those of common dictionaries, where, it is well known, the definition is for the greater part, more unintelligible, than the word defined. We deem it a very useful book.

'Poetry for Schools,' pp. 396. It is a selection from the best writers in the language, of a high and respectable character, designed for *reading* and *recitation* in schools. This book may certainly vindicate for the author no humble place, among the talented and respectable female writers of the age. The first fifty pages embrace a dissertation upon English poetry, abounding with information, critical acumen, and enlightened good sense. It would not be amiss for many of our grown readers, lovers and writers of poetry, to peruse it entire. The immortal bards of the olden time are then taken up in order. Critical remarks are appended to copious extracts from them; and happy biographical instruction and anecdote are interspersed. One trait runs through this selection—a sound and vigorous judgment, united with a just and enlightened taste. Among the beautiful extracts, we perceive, she puts down 'Not a drum was heard,' &c. as the production of Rev. Mr. Wolfe. It is still by many attributed to lord Byron. An extract from the affecting 'Castaway' of Cowper is given. We have often felt surprise, that this singular poem and its impressive history were so little known. Among many charming extracts, the author has taken a share from our distinguished countryman, Bryant. These extracts are preceded by a discriminating tribute to this gentleman, who ought to be assigned a high place among the first poets of our age, or of any age. Parts of 'Thanatopsis,' the ode 'To Green River,' the 'Water Fowl,' and various fugitive pieces of his, will be remembered, and will cause the eye to glisten, and the bosom to expand, as they will be read in the ages to come, when most of the trumpery, called poetry, will be, as though it had not been. On the whole, this is an admirable selection. Among a long catalogue of excellent schoolbooks, it claims a forward place. We should not think of a comparison, if this work did not contemplate a particular range. In that range, it seems to us, this lady stands alone. Her books have her peculiar identity of thought marked upon them. They must make their way, in the line of their specific object, in our schools. They are by no means intended to supersede the popular school books, now in use; but to fill a chasm in this walk of authorship, which, as far as our knowledge extends, has been filled by no other. There is no hazard, in prophecying, that Miss Robbins is destined to become a popular author in the department of furnishing selections for schools.

A Treatise on the Culture of Silk in Germany, in Bavaria; or Complete Instruction for the Plantation and Management of Mulberry Trees, and the Rearing of Silk Worms, by Dr Hazzi, *of Munich, &c. &c.* With Plates.—From the German by Dr. Mease. Printed by order of the Senate of the U. States.

It appears by the preface to this book, that the culture of silk has formerly been attempted on a large scale in Germany, and in a great measure abandoned. There has been a recent general impulse in that country, to resume this branch of industry, particularly in Bavaria. This culture has become there a subject of earnest and bitter discussion between silk-raising, and anti-silk-raising. One of the prime objects in the work is, therefore, to point out the error and mismanagement, the blunders and mistakes, through which the culture has gone into disrepute. It is, of course, precisely such a treatise, as in the present stage of this species of culture, was needed in the United States. One of the best guides to safe steerage is, to discover the shoals, rocks and quicksands, on which others have split. We have looked through this treatise enough to discover, that it is a most important present to our commencing silk raisers. It is clearly worth a distinct article, for which we have no present place, and which shall appear in our next number.

KIRKHAM'S GRAMMAR, TENTH EDITION.

We are pleased with the success of the amiable and excellent author. He, who has been thus successful, in getting a school book into the market, has achieved the only species of authorship, that is of much account in our country.

TO OUR READERS.

We owe them an apology, as well as our friend, the author of 'Thoughts on a National University.' In the multiplicity of our labors, and through the great number of pamphlets and MSS. we receive, and, perhaps, we ought to add, our own carelessness, the two latter MS. divisions of that subject were mislaid. Our friend did not exactly experience the verification of 'the last being first.' The middle was the last. This must have been obvious to all our readers, who were of the class, who are not deterred from reading an important article, by its being a long one. Whoever may have perused it, whatever interest it may have excited, it is a subject replete with intrinsic importance. Some of the opinions of the learned and talented author are not ours. But there is a great amount of strong thinking, and eloquent suggestion in it. If such an university could be established, we are fully impressed, that a stronger cord, to bind the many members of our wide republic in sacred, inviolate and indissoluble union, could not be imagined. Every political member of our great nation, on coming to majority, ought to be allowed one execration—'May the hand, that is intentionally put forth to touch the ark of our union, wither!'

Subscribers will perceive, that we have not yet fully gone into the new arrangement, contemplated to be given to this journal. One reason for this is, that all the reviews, from which we intended to select, have not arrived. Another is, that contributions of interest are on hand. Some of our subscribers have expressed an unexpected attachment to the old form. Lastly, there has not yet been such a change in our subscribers, as to impose upon us new obligations. But we hope by our next number, but one, to give an entire example of the new arrangement.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1829.

IMPEDIMENTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE following plain and unvarnished remarks discard all pretensions to any thing more, than their intrinsic truth and importance.

Reviews have a certain and clearly recognized influence upon public taste and opinion. But still, we think, that of the more respectable newspapers bears, compared with them, upon our literature, as a hundred to one. We are glad to see, in many of the leading papers, the precept of right management in regard to puffing, although, unhappily, in most instances, their example stands directly opposed to it. Of all the practices of the parent country, there is none, in which we are more servile and base imitators, than in the vile habit of puffing. In most instances editors give in to this abominable practice; and become the servile instruments of authors and booksellers, without the poor apology of any thing, like adequate compensation for it. In England, so rapid is the concentration and interchange of public sentiment, puffing is comparatively an inefficient engine. Opinion there is so summarily pronounced, orally, that an unjust review, or an unmerited puff soon reacts, and injures only the writer. Consequently, public opinion there directs the reviews and journals; whereas here, from causes to be mentioned hereafter, the reviews and journals in a great measure control public opinion. There it is the organ and response. Here it is the engine, that influences, and procures the announcement of the oracle. But even here, we trust, it will soon work its own cure. Even now the eye of the more wary and experienced readers runs over what is said upon literature, with little more exertion of operative faith, than while reading the tales of the 'Arabian Nights.' The fate of the shepherd's boy, who always cried '*Wolf*,' has already befallen reviewers and puffers. They are not believed, even when they happen to speak the truth.

Besides confounding the talented and the untalented, besides destroying all faith in what is publicly written on books, and laying on precisely the same thick coat of bedizzening upon whatever drops from the press, another very serious evil results from this system. The hundred editors follow each other's suit, as, we believe, the gaming phrase is. Suppose there are some of higher principle, or more enlightened mind, of richer endowment and better taste, who would be glad to say of all, that comes from the press, the simple truth, with as much kindness as the case would admit. What would be the consequence? In such a country as ours, those, who have any motive of interest in operation, cannot stand alone, against general example. If there were one editor, able, and disposed to print at his own charges, and hardy enough to be sustained against the general hiss by a good conscience, he might speak out righteously, and have the comfort of being his own reader. But, more 's the pity, actual editors are neither the one, nor the other. They cannot print, unless the people will buy; and have not the slightest ambition to be buffeted for conscience' sake. To avoid being thought insolent, ill-natured, and assuming to know more, than the rest, they are compelled by moral considerations, to chime in with the rest; and are found echoing the same heartless and unmeaning hue and cry. Why will the public countenance this shameless tyranny over intellect?

We were lately favored with an extract from a paper, purporting to be literary; and in a certain quarter of the country, and with a certain class of people, sustaining no small name, which instructed an author, that they had prepared a review of his book, which they had suspended, hoping, that he would send his book; and intimating, that it would be better for him, to be speedy in this courtesy. We omit all the slang of the article, giving only its spirit. This may pass for wit in the Atlantic country. But, thank Heaven! with us of the West, horse, alligator, snapping turtle and all, the writer of such a stupid and vile jest would be thought, to have penned it under the influence of intoxication. There never was a man, capable of writing a decent review of a book, who had not more enlargement of mind and generosity of sentiment, than to be influenced, in publishing his judgment of a book, by the vile consideration of the author's having given, or withheld a copy of it. We say nothing against a practice, of which it is our interest to think well. We only protest against the baseness of being in the slightest degree influenced by such a consideration.

Some authors have an inconceivable industry, to labor for puffing. They will move heaven and earth from Dan to Beersheba, to obtain it. To keep the thing brisk, they will *etiam inferos ciebunt*, stir up even the embers of the lower country. Hence an ephemeral reputation, which answers many of the purposes of true fame, especially upon the point of interest. Hence it is, that abroad, and beyond the seas, our real writers are the last to be known; and the industrious æronaut authors contrive to navigate their bags of wind over the ocean, and come back upon us in the echo of the trumpet of fame. While they, who in their indolence, or pride, or miscalculation, no matter which, draw themselves up and wait for the progress of enlightened reason and truth, in all probability, instead of fame and bread, will get nothing, but a cold stone; and have, moreover, the backward satisfaction of seeing the eyes of their more successful supplanters stand out with fatness.

Whatever be the causes, it has so happened among us, that the estimate of the million in regard to books and writers has been any thing, rather than just. We wish to be fully understood, and will therefore give some examples. We have no doubt, that a hundred similar instances cases might be produced, in proof, that our literary tribunals have been either inefficient or unjust.

William C. Bryant, the poet of our country, if we might not say, of the age, has been sufficiently lauded by the reviewers; and is known, and rightly estimated by the *elite* of our readers. But we deem, that our chances have been uncommon, to know the sentiments of the million. Among them we could name a great number of American poets, who are much better known. Whence happens it? Probably from the circumstance, that a too-fastidious taste inclines him to write too little; the reverse of the crying sin of authors, writing too much. Probably, too—we have not the honor to know him—something of the shrinking pride, usually appended, as a drawback upon high talent, will not allow him to stoop to the labor and industry, which would have procured him a grand hallelujah chorus, *cantato fortissimo*, and rung his name indelibly on the tympanum of the million. In our country, nothing is more certain, than that the temple of fame is taken by violence. In politics and literature alike, we have neither benediction, nor inheritance of the earth for the meek. A man, who will not blow his own trumpet, or pay, in money, or many gallipots of sweet ointment, for other trumpeters, must make up his mind, to have his banner unlifted, his trumpet unblown.

We feel it to be a duty, to point out another glaring instance of the inefficacy, or injustice of our literary tribunals. Dr. Beasly, of Philadelphia, in his 'Search of Truth,' has proved at once, that *a great book is* and is not *a great evil.* He has produced, unquestionably, the best book, that has been written in our country upon the virgin subject of metaphysics. He defends Locke against Reid, Stewart and the Scottish Savans. His work is one of prodigious labor, patience and research, an encyclopedia upon the subject of metaphysics; and we may confidently add, an eloquent and talented book. It is written, too, in a liberal and philosophic spirit, where the subject of Christianity is introduced, which, in a century to come, every body will be ashamed not to have entertained. Had this work been brought forward, under right circumstances, a reprint of an English or Scottish work, we entertain no doubt, that it would have gone from the booksellers' shelves with acclamations; where it now reposes, covered with inglorious and profitless dust. This Review is the only one in the United States, which has taken any notice of a book, among the first for labor, learning and research, that our country has produced. It cannot be advanced in apology, that the system is erroneous. In that case it should have called for protest and refutation. Whence is it, that such a book has fallen dead-born from the press, under the very eye and purview of the prince of the sanhedrim of reviewers, and withal a fabric of the city of brotherly love, which takes heed, in general, to extend due protection to its own manufactures?

One happy result follows. Neglected authors may lay to their souls the pleasant unction, that they are not alone in misfortune; nor will it be slight alleviation of their case, to be found in such company as Dr. Beasly, in total neglect. Our thoughts suggest multitudes of similar instances of unworthy neglect. A decided effort has been made, to foster and sustain a real, *bona fide* American literature. But there are still among our reading people far too great a proportion of literary foplings, who look with disdain upon every thing, but the gauzy, gossamry fabric of the parent country; as sometimes we see a mannikin, who will wear no clothes, but those made in London.

Mr. Everett is a generous critic; and writes too well himself, to have any occasion for envy, or injustice towards other writers. We have mentioned him, because we consider him at the head of those, who stand firmly for a genuine American literature. If his leading were followed, we should not only be independent in this respect, but, to say the least, we should equal, if not transcend our model. Let a full experiment be made. It is unfortunate for this desirable consummation, that the fine talents of that gentleman have been enlisted in the arena of politics and ambition. All, that can now be hoped, is, that in his new career he will yield his talents to no party; but remain, as he will one day be recognized, as we trust, the man of the nation. We have never doubted, that the people are ultimately and essentially just, both in politics and literature.

But the most material impediment in the way of American talent remains to be mentioned; an impediment constantly increasing in influence. We have no literary metropolis; but instead of it, ten or fifteen provincial capitals. England has but two; and three or four days bring the literary men from the remotest extremities to the common centre. The inhabitants of our different capitals travel too; but it is on journeys of business, health, or pleasure, in which the interests of literature have no concern. The interest of each one of our capitals, whether consciously or not, exerts an influence opposite to that of each other. Nothing can be more miserably unfortunate, than this clashing and competition. An author, the favorite of one capital, and sustained by its whole influence, travels in the flying stage or steam boat, in twelve hours, out of the orbit of his little universe. To his astonishment, he, who was the centre of movement at home, finds himself in another planet, to which he is a lunarian; and he, in turn, knows nothing of the man, who is every thing in this new sphere. Idle and trumpery books multiply in these places, which there is a common interest in the booksellers, and through them among the literary men, to hold in reputation; and an interest equally felt, to keep the books of the other capitals out of the market. There is no one of the large and intelligent booksellers, who does not understand this, and endeavor to turn his knowledge to account.

There is no necessity for enlarging upon this theme. Every man, who has surveyed the whole ground, and thought maturely upon the subject, cannot but have perceived, that circumstances, more prejudicial to American literature, can scarcely be imagined. The great mass of purchasers, it is admitted, partake not at all of this feeling, and only inquire, whether the book is worth buying. Where shall the buyer obtain the information, but from the town bookseller, who stands strong for the monopoly of his own capital? or the provincial newspaper and review, who still make a part of the same system, and are surrounded by the same atmosphere? Where shall the purchaser find a verdict, that may not be bought for a book, or a stick of molasses candy? No where, until an influence shall be found, to counteract this of so many provincial capitals.

But why not find such a place in Washington? Why not find it, where all the talents meet; and where collision, interest and ambition elicit all, that can be struck out of the aspirants? Whatever may be the reason and the cause, every one knows the fact, that literature is the last thing discussed, or cared for, beyond the mere giving an indifferent opinion upon the books and authors of the day. The members of the national legislature and government have more, than they can accomplish, to manage us, the sovereign people—the *outs* to get in, and push the *ins* out; to write letters to their constituents, study speeches, and attend the amusements. Literature! ask any one, how much it is worth at the seat of government? No. They have business of another sort of importance at Washington, to occupy all their time and all their thoughts. What shall we say of our provincial legislatures, if the atmosphere is somewhat Gothic at Washington? It is said, that some members have gone to these places, like the famous Mr. Tenant, tolerable scholars, and have forgotten every thing there, and been obliged, on their return, to go back to their horn book. If the political manual exercise makes them adroit politicians, Heaven knows, it has any tendency, rather than to impart any of the generous feeling and liberalizing intellectual enlargement of literature. We could relate a great many very neat anecdotes about legislatures, and legislators, and even governors of neighboring states; but we are admonished, not only not to speak evil, but not even to smile at the expense of dignities.

We relate one, however; for the truth of which we vouch not, but only, that we had it, as such, from a very high authority from the state in question. An erudite committee for imposing a name upon the political capital, just voted in an uninhabited position in the wilderness, met for the discharge of their duty. One of their number, it is presumed, a wag, asked, if they would not prefer a name, associated with the noblest recollections of literature? The idea struck them with pleasure. Said he, 'There was in the olden time a people, remarkable for their attachment to books, literary institutions, science, the liberal arts, in short, a most polished and Athenian people.' 'Who were they?' 'They were called Vandals.' 'Let us call our town Vandal.' 'Perhaps, it were better to soften the word, and give it a vocal termination—Vandalia, for example.' It was carried by acclamations; and the charmingly situated metropolis of one of the states of the Union, surpassing in physical beauty and advantages, bears that name.

Could there be such a delegation, as that from the well known writers and editors of the different states and divisions of our country, who should meet annually at Philadelphia, to pass upon the books and other literary productions of the past year, and give counsels for the unborn productions of the coming year, we deem, that such a censurate might do something towards breaking down sectional, and building up in its stead a national literature. They could put the veto of public opinion upon hundreds of trumpery books, to the manifest saving of paper and ink; and they would bring to light much talent and capability, that is now as the unwrought gem of the mine. We are aware, that writers are *irritabile genus;* that there would be plenty of rivalry, jealousy, gibes, jokes, and intellectual gladiatorship. Is it not so in all associations, where important interests are discussed?

Literary meetings, in fact, have proved in all time proverbial for their amenity. The saying of Cowper, that men grow to the niche, which Providence calls them to fill, has as much truth, as poetry in it. Men have been found in all countries, and in all time, to imbibe the spirit of their station. These men would feel, that little, prejudiced and illiberal views of literature would not become censors, acting in such assumed characters and responsibilities. Honorable men will always strive to act according to their station; and many an officer has fought under epaulettes and an uniform, who would have run away in a common garb. These men, being charged, that the republic of letters shall receive no detriment, will call forth generous thoughts and broad principles commensurate to their responsibilities. Why should there not be such a delegation? All other associations have found such regulations necessary—law, physic, divinity; and literature, if we ever have any, must be a distinct profession, as much as either of these.

The books, which they patronized, would go, because they would not dare attach their names to such, as ought not to go. A genuine American classical literature would finally result from such a system, as this, which would be fraught with incalculable benefits. The thing, we believe, has been attempted in Germany, the most book-making country in the world. But there are a thousand reasons, why the provincial capitals of Germany should not have an interest so adverse to the general literature of the country, as ours. The monarchic spirit of the whole consolidated empire of principalities extinguishes in the birth much of that rivalry and opposition and clashing of interests, which exist in our provincial capitals.

There is need enough, even yet, notwithstanding all, that is said of our wonderful illumination, that more should be done for the progress of knowledge and taste. Ask any of our editors, who has extensive relations with the public, if there is not a great deal yet, for the community to learn? Look at the bigotry, fury and party rage, that surround us upon every side; and see, what kind of march of mind is going on. There is a little light, to be sure, dawning upon the public mind. Pity one could not return to the earth, after a century or two. There is no doubt, that the waggish historians of that time, while they peruse much of what is now written, and read of what is now public sentiment, in many of our communities, will talk of this century, as the dark ages, in which a small number of the people, branded as heterodox and infidels, first broached the opinion, that men had an unalienable right from the Author of their being to think for themselves.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Ambition has its votaries. Wealth has its aspirant worshippers. Pleasure has its temples and altars. Power, distinction, riches, beauty, have their followers. But in the cities, towns and places, where civilized men congregate, no question of such absorbing interest is started, as, who belong to the good society? We apprehend, that no point arouses so much solicitude, jealousy, envy, ire, and heart burning, as this. It is the peculiar province of the half, and the better half of the whole species,—the half, too, that, leaving the trouble of the physical drudgery of governing the world to men, really exerts the efficient moral influence themselves. Excluded from the arena of male ambition, the settling this invisible empire of opinion belongs almost exclusively to this portion of the race. Of course, their deep thoughts and earnest feelings, concentrated in this single direction, flow in it with a strong current, and high power. The gentle belle, who seems a compound of loveliness and meekness, and ready to exhale in fragrant essences, hears the point of good society discussed; and instantly her bosoms warms, and sometimes with ungentle fires, upon the bearing of the subject. The mild mother, caressing her lovely babe, lays down the precious burden, to discuss the important question of good society, and who belong to it. The lady recently converted, returning from the relation of her experiences, and the tears of penitence and sorrow, shed over the laying down the pomp and pride of the world, hears this question agitated, and you instantly discover, that the humble heart still retains its former fires, smothered under the ashes; and that man and woman remain so to the very end of the chapter.

What constitutes this empire of opinion? Who are the members? What are the qualifications? In other words, what constitutes good society? Let us treat the subject, as ministers say, positively and negatively; and firstly of the second, as the green islander would say. A woman does not become a lady, or a part of good society, merely by possessing a fine house, expensive furniture, equipage, luxury, wealth, show, music, sumptuous dinners, rich wines, and all the details of expenditure and display. They are all very pleasant appendages to the condition of a lady; and the great mistake of the million relating to this point is, that the multitude imagine these the sole requisites, the thing itself, instead of being pleasant appendages of the thing. Hence, one of the keenest incitements to avarice undoubtedly is, this general persuasion, that the fortunate possessor arrives at the envied point of belonging to good society, as a matter of course. We have often enough seen all the circumstances, enumerated above, united in the possessor, without at all making him a part of good society. So far from it, the splendor, the glare, the emblazoning, only serve more conspicuously to show the want of the essential qualifications. It is of great importance, that this very trite truth should be fully felt. If people well understood, what were the real and indispensable requisites, to qualify for this thing, instead of bending all their powers in the wrong direction, a part of their efforts would be turned into the practicable channel, for obtaining these indispensable qualifications.

Scholarship is not necessary for it; though a certain amount of reading, practical good sense, and, more than all, that kind of sixth sense, that we call tact, are indispensable. But mere science, attainment, learning, unless the possessor have a good portion of common sense, and a strong perception of the native hatefulness of display, in every disguise, and in every form, to regulate them, are positive detriments. Next to the unpleasantness of the party of a gentleman and lady, ignorant, arrogant, and assuming simply on account of their wealth, rank, family, or any adventitious possession, is the disagreeableness of the party of a pedant and a blue-stocking. We mean the possessors of mere lumber learning; for they, who have real knowledge and genuine learning, always show themselves agreeable, in an exact ratio to their attainments. A mere pedant, male or female, persons, who make orations and use 'great swelling words of vanity,' in common discourse, are insufferable every where, and particularly so in society. But, we affirm, that real learning never brings this result. Genuine knowledge always leads to amiability. A lady has the reputation of being learned. The gentlemen, conscious of their own inadequate furnishing of their upper story, fly from her, as though they expected to see a folio fall from her lips, every time she uttered a sentence. It is only the weak and unthinking, that fall into this error. Every one knows, that the use of learning to dance, is to unlearn the awkwardness of affectation, and to return to the ease and grace of nature, in motion. Children swim, when they are infants. The more clumsy movements of affectation and terror in more advanced periods drown them. They learn once more to swim, and are again brought back to the simple and obvious movements of the teaching of nature. So of real attainment. A poor head, stuffed with learning, makes an insufferable pedant—a blue-stocking, from whom men are wise, in flying for avoidance. But real knowledge, genuine attainment, have a very different tendency. They learn the possessor human nature, to know, and comprehend the springs of human action, to understand, what it is, that he is pleased with in another, and why he is pleased with it; and to commence immediately on the study of transferring that attainment to his own stock of manners. A really learned man, or woman, shows it, by evincing, that he better understands his place, circumstances, claims and acquirements, and what is due to his guest, and in what way, to mix amusement and instruction for him. Ignorant learned men are pedants; but the really learned never. A woman has no fair claims to knowledge, who does not advance them, by showing, that she is more amiable and agreeable, in consequence of her learning. Such, let it never be forgotten, is the invariable tendency of real attainment.

Good society is clearly a society of real gentlemen and ladies, in opposition to the semblance and affectation of such society. It was said, by the eccentric author of the 'Fool of Quality,' that the best system of rules ever given, to form a perfect gentleman and lady, was the sermon on the mount. It seemed a whimsical assertion. But there was infinite truth in it. To become these characters, it is perfectly true, that the aspirants must seem to possess exactly such tempers, as are comprised in that admirable compendium of the tendency of the gospel. For instance; if a person understand human nature, all, that would be necessary to constitute him a perfect gentleman, would be, to practice the golden rule, and measure his deportment to others, exactly by the rule, of what he knew was agreeable to himself. In order to be in any measure interesting and pleasant in society, it is indispensable, that the aspirant should go out of himself. While a person shows selfishness, in any form, and disregards the fair claims of another, he cannot expect that other to be more indulgent to him. The spirit of the sermon on the mount would make the principle real and genuine. The calculating spirit of the world may seem to constitute gentlemen and ladies merely by the semblance of this enlarged and generous scope of regard to the feelings, wants, and even foibles and weaknesses of those, with whom they are associated. But, we find ourselves running into harangue and lecture. We return by a single remark. A person cannot constitute a part of good society, unless, by possessing something of the spirit, or the semblance of the spirit of the sermon on the mount. In society our business is, to be agreeable. In order to do it, we must lay out of the question our own pride, vanity, envy, self-consequence, selfish regard to our own ways and wants; and put ourselves in place of our guests, and adopt precisely that gentle, forbearing, indulgent spirit towards them, that we so well know pleases us, when exercised towards us by another.

To descend from the rostrum, then, and talk simply on the subject. Mrs. A. has a splendid party. Every thing is got up in style. The entertainment is sumptuous; all the appendant circumstances are elegant. But Mrs. A. carries her furniture in her head; and all her splendor in her bosom. She is not happy, unless her guests are made to see, and feel all her wealth and consequence, the costliness of her articles, and her taste in arranging them. She tells you the price of this, and comparative beauty of that. She wishes to be envied, and she has her wish. Her guests feel her purpose; and their envy rises against her pride; and shows itself by vilifying her own vanity of display. They ridicule her, and talk scandal of her, in her own dwelling; and are less scrupulous, when they are away. Or, if they possess minds too honorable and well regulated for this, they do not the less feel the folly and impropriety of such conduct.

We may make the same remark of efforts, to display knowledge, learning, talents, consequence of any sort, or in any way to outshine the rest of the company. The first purpose of a real gentleman and lady is, to lay aside all the showing of any thing, that is offensive, to what every one knows to be the universal likings and inclinations of human nature. Every one, by looking intently into his own bosom, can know, what are the leading propensities and dislikes of another. Every one knows, how readily he is displeased with the visible actings of insolence, pride, vanity, selfishness, unfeelingness, and ignorant and wanton indifference to his opinions and feelings, in the case of another. Surely, it needs but very obvious reasoning, to infer, that any manifestation of this sort in himself will be equally offensive to every other person.

The rich and the fortunate, then, will strive to forget, that they are such, in presence of their guests. They will feel, that the least semblance of being lifted up by these goods of fortune, is the sure mark, in the same proportion, as it is shown, that they are vulgar, ignorant, and neither worthy of their good fortune, nor able to adorn it. Wealth is a *bona fide* concern; that every one knows. But purse-pride is at once so easily and strongly besetting a sin, and withal so vulgar and intolerable, that a person, who is rich, cannot but feel his danger of succumbing to the temptation. Hence the unspeakable importance of a right education. Nothing else will qualify a man to sustain, without becoming foolish, and exceedingly disagreeable, that good fortune, that every one so earnestly pursues.

People sometimes show the same arrogance and inability to sustain good fortune under the semblance of affected humility. A lady invited dean Swift to a most sumptuous dinner. She said, 'Dear dean, this fish is not as good, as I could wish; though I sent for it half across the kingdom, and it cost me so much,' naming an incredible price. 'And this thing is not such, as I ought to have had for such a guest; though it came from such a place, and cost such a sum.' Thus she went on decrying and underrating every article of her expensive and ostentatious dinner, and teasing her distinguished guest with apologies, only to find a chance, to display her vanity, in bringing the trouble and expense of her entertainment to view, until she exhausted his patience. He is reported to have risen in a passion, and to have said, 'True, madam, it is a miserable dinner; and I will not eat it, but go home, and dine on sixpence worth of herring.' Such is the general character of apologies.

Every one sees in good society a certain mild and forbearing suavity, which is as perfectly engaging, as it is impossible to describe. Every one observes in a real gentleman and lady a disposition to make their guests easy, comfortable, and at home; to conceal their defects, to humor their foibles, to avoid the discussion of all points, upon which they are known to have strong convictions, or prejudices. That gentlemanly holding back of disagreeable things; that forbearing tenderness, which, by an instinctive tact, understands all the vulnerable points of the guest, and generously avoids them, is the most conclusive and undeniable diploma, of having been initiated into good society!

Every one, with the slightest pretensions to breeding, now understands, that loud speaking, earnest discussion, and boisterous manner are universally excluded from respectable company. As people are always in danger of overshooting the mark, we often find ourselves at a loss, to hear what is said at table, or in the social circle, through the desire of being fashionably low and gentle in tone of voice. It is easy, so to enunciate, as to be heard distinctly; and yet not trench on those loud and boisterous tones, which are utterly inconsistent with any claim to gentleness of manners.

Then again, there is need of tact and good sense, in order to steer between the two extremes of saying too much, and engrossing the conversation, and saying nothing; and thus leaving the company to the unpleasant sensation of hearing the palpitations of their neighbor's bosom. Of the two extremes, however, we are clear for silence, a meeting of Quakers, a time for sage reflections, rather than, that one person should set up Sir Oracle, and engross the conversation. It is certainly still more intolerable, to manifest any disposition, to select the best place, food, wine, and good things. Generally speaking, an intelligent host will know, how to elicit, and call forth the talkable powers of his guests; and start game for them, without himself showing any disposition, to turn chief speaker, and display himself.

The most essential requisites, then, as we view it, to bear a part in good society, is to have really kind and generous feelings; and to be able to go out of the vanity and meanness of self, for the comfort of the associates. In the next place, to be well informed upon general subjects. In the third place, to be frank, simple and easy in enunciating our part of the conversation. Fourthly, to consider the conversation common stock, and every member of the company equal partners; and of course, to take in hand neither more, nor less, than a fair proportion. A generous and liberal mind is, also, an essential ingredient; a mind, which presses not upon the prejudices, sectarian feelings, and peculiar views and thoughts of the members of the company. The party should be perfectly at ease. This will tend to place every person of the society in the same situation.

There is much, it is true, which no rules could explain, or impart—not all the directions of Chesterfield; much, that can only be learned by the eye and the ear, and attentive observation, where all the rules are brought into operation and example. But there is one point, worth all the rest; and, if duly observed, will serve as a substitute for all others. If followed, it will guard against insolence, purse-pride, boisterousness, scandal, idle prattle, mere trivial talk about the weather and the fashions, and all the yawning tendency of miserable common place. It is, that the party should never lose sight of self-respect. We all see, and know in a moment, what is disagreeable in another. Let us resolutely avoid it in ourselves.

And this brings us to remark, that if we really entertained, and cultivated proper self-respect, it would effectually extirpate, root and branch, that fruitful source of jealousy, envy, and heart-burning, all ill feeling towards those, who might otherwise seem disposed, to withhold from us our proper place in society. It is the glory of our institutions and of our order of things, that every free man is equal, sufficient, independent; has a right to be known in his place; and may rest, like a pyramid, on his own basis. But the moment there is a disposition, to find fault, to feel envious, and to harbor ill feeling, because you are left out of a particular circle, it is a tacit admission, in your mind, that you would have been more honored, by being received there, than they would by receiving you. Every one ought to respect himself too much, to entertain such a thought. Let every one say, in the true spirit of a republican, 'It is their loss to have left me out.' It is certainly manifestation of a servile spirit, to have any jealousy upon the subject, and a clear admission of the want of due self-respect.

We never read so admirable a homily, to settle quarrels, and heart-burnings of that sort, as is related in Don Quixote. It is many years, since we read the anecdote; but the following is the substance of it. Every reader of that admirable book remembers, that the famous duke and duchess made a dinner for the don and his honest squire, and most powerful trencher man, Sancho,—with all the assumed mock gravity of respect, befitting the high claims of the knight of La Mancha. It is well known, how punctiliously observant the don was, of the minutest mint and cummin of etiquette. The dinner was waiting. The dignitaries, in full dress, were ready to sit down, when a contest arose, which should take the place of honor at the table, the don, or the duke. The duke insisted, that having at his table the thrice chivalrous knight of La Mancha, renowned through the universe, nothing would tempt him, to allow the don any other place, than that of the first honor. The don was as scrupulously resolute, never to take place of the duke. There they stood bandying the honor, back and forward; the don insisting, that it belonged to the duke, and the duke to the don; and the dinner, meanwhile, smoking invitingly in their nostrils, and was, moreover, getting cold. Sancho scratched his head, and showed a most importunate earnestness, to be delivered of a speech relative to the case. The don, fearing to bring up his five thousand proverbs, and his tedious gossip stories, three leagues in length, was ready to die with vexation, through terror of some stupid impertinence of this sort; and he whispered Sancho, for the love of God and the saints, not to bring up one of his horrid, long, vulgar, tedious, cock-and-bull stories. 'Master of mine,' said Sancho, 'it suits to a charm, and is not so long neither.' The duke and duchess, with a face of unmoved gravity, internally enjoyed the vexation, and insisted, that the story should be forthcoming. The don was obliged to consent, and immediately put himself in a posture, to endure the agony of hearing Sancho begin a long story, going into a whole myriad of irrelevant particulars. 'Come, come!' said the don, 'doomsday will overtake thee, before thou wilt come at all to the point.' Sancho insisted, that the story must go on in his own way, or he could never get through with it. So he immediately put his master upon the gridiron again, and resumed the thread of his everlasting, long-winded story, just where he had laid it down. It finally came to the point, like a hammer upon an anvil; and the short of it was, that a really great man and a really small man were disputing at table, upon the very point at issue between the don and the duke. The one would on no condition take the head of the table; and the other insisted, that he should sit at no other place. Finally, the great man waxed angry, and informed the little one, that it was ill manners in him, to suppose, that he did not know where to place his guest. He took him by force and set him down, where he first pointed him to sit. 'Blockhead!' said he, 'sit you there, where I place you. Wherever I sit will be the head, and wherever you are, will be the foot.'

POETICAL.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was given in the Salem papers, as the production of a gentleman of Boston. We think, we know that gentleman. At any rate, it is too good a thing, not to be preserved.

SONG,

Sung at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Salem, September 18, 1828.

Tune—'*Auld Lang Syne.*'

Should ancient worthies be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Who crossed the seas, when we were not,
Fair Freedom's home to find?
Chorus.
We 'll think of what for us they bore,
While sitting o'er our wine,
And pay one filial tribute more
To days of *auld lang syne.*

O, sad the need, though dear the cause,
That forces man to roam,
And leave the land, that gave him birth;
And holds his childhood's home!
Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

And sharp the pang the Pilgrims felt,
When lessening to their view
They bade the fading hills and shores
Of father-land adieu.
Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

But they had heard their Master's call
To take their cross and flee,
And quit a land, that would enthrall
The mind, that would be free.
Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

From priestly pride, and slavish forms
The man of sin had taught,
From crown and crosier misallied
A refuge here they sought.
Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

O, 'twas a moving sight, to see
  The shores on either side,
As off the neck of Naumkeag
  They safe at anchor ride.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

The woods a solemn welcome waved,
  The winds sighed sadly by;
No friendly greeting from the shore
  Salutes their ear or eye.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

Here growled a bear, there barked a wolf,
  There waked the boding owl;
And savage strollers gazed awhile,
  Then raised a dismal howl.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

When settled here to farm and trade,
  Their cares and troubles grew;
Of metes and bounds, of mine and thine,
  Nor wolves nor natives knew.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

These plunderers robbed their fields and roosts,
  Nor heeded poles nor law;
Whate'er they took they deemed their own
  By right of bow and paw.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

Though nonconformists every soul,
  They all as one agree
To banish savage, wolf, and bear,
  For nonconformity.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

These troubles o'er, and stronger grown,
  Still sorer grievance rose;
They could not all believe alike,
  For some to differ chose.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

Disputes, that reason could not end,
  They 'd learned the way to quell;
The many vote the few are wrong,
  And send them hence to dwell.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

The captain next and minister
  Would have the women veil,

Lest Satan by a pretty face,
  Weak hearts at church assail.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

A fair defeat the worthies met,
  The women had their will;
And all, that own a pretty face,
  Are free to show it still.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

In turn, this insult to revenge,
  They sore bewitched the men;
Tho' some were hung, their witching arts
  Continue much as then.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

Their troubles o'er, their labors done,
  The Pilgrims are at rest;
Their spirits hap'ly hover near,
  Well pleased to see us blest.
    Cho.—We 'll think, &c.

Now, romance like, my song must end,
  Since all are happy here;
Heaven grant our sons may fare as well
  The next two hundredth year;
      Chorus.
And think of what their fathers bore,
  While sitting o'er their wine,
And pay one filial tribute more
  To days of *auld lang syne!*

REVIEW.

A Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution. By Samuel G. Howe, M. D., *late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Greek Fleet.*

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Drami Ali now attempted to regain Argolis; but was defeated. Three thousand Turks, despatched by him to reach Patrass by land, were surrounded in a deep valley by Londos, and compelled to surrender. Their lives were spared. The besiegers pressed hard upon Napoli. Its inhabitants, already suffering from famine, could hope no relief, but from the Turkish fleet, which proved itself cowardly in the extreme. The Greeks attempted to fire two or three Turkish ships, filled with provisions for the besieged town. They did not succeed in destroying them; but were completely successful in inspiring the Turkish sailors with a most salutary dread of them. The next day, two Austrian ships, loaded with corn, were ordered by the Turks to sail up the gulf to Napoli. One of them was taken by a Hydriote brig, and the other returned. The fleet sailed from Tenedos. Canaris besought the government, to allow him to follow them with fire ships, in the hope, that he might burn the fleet. He could obtain nothing, until he offered to purchase one at his own expense. He was then supplied with another; and with two smaller vessels, to take off the people, after the ships should be fired. He passed the smaller ships, and bore down upon that of the capitan pashaw; and in the midst of the discharge of cannon, and cries from the Turks of '*Fire upon her!*' he drove his ships upon their fleet, sprang into his lesser vessel, lighted the train, and escaped. The ship of the capitan pashaw was consumed, and all the crew either burned, or compelled to leap into the sea, in which, of course, most of them perished. The companion of Canaris was unsuccessful. The Turkish fleet, in alarm, withdrew to Constantinople. Shortly afterwards, the Greeks gained possession of Napoli. The lives of the inhabitants were spared.

Mavrocordato, failing in his attempt to relieve Suli, the Suliotes were compelled to depart with all the honors of war for the Ionian islands. Missolonghi was now besieged by Omer Briones. The Greeks bravely and successfully repulsed an attack, made upon them on Christmas eve. The Turkish army soon after abandoned the siege, and withdrew. Although the Greek government was no more than six months old, internal dissensions already agitated it. Mavrocordato had doffed his character of president, and put on that of military leader. Ulysses and Colocotrini openly disregarded the orders of government, and hardly paid it the shadow of respect. Without a treasury, marine, or army, it was little more than a cypher. The military interest, and that of the primates, or landholders, contested for the rule. The new national assembly met at Astros. Mavromichalis was elected president. Mavrocordato in this arrangement was left out. Colocotrini was vice-president. The war was resumed by the repulse of a body of Turks, who attempted to land at Creonero. The assailant Greeks were commanded by Marco Botzaris. Twelve thousand Turks, under Mustapha pashaw, were advancing towards Acarnania. Botzaris hastened with 1,200 Greeks to Karpenisi, and found Mustapha's army encamped on the plain below him. Marco summoned the wild chiefs of his band; stated, that they had no stores of provisions, were short of ammunition, few in number, and the passes not strong, They could retreat without injury. But they would leave a large portion of the country exposed to these barbarians. As they could not hope to defend the pass, and as honor forbade them to abandon it, he proposed, that they should fall upon the enemy, under cover of the darkness of the following night. He made his arrangements in conjunction with Yonkos, dividing his Greeks into four bodies. With 400 Suliotes he penetrated undiscovered nearly to the centre of their camp. He then gave the concerted signal with his bugles, and the attack commenced upon all sides. The victory was complete. But Botzaris, while leading his followers to the tent of the pashaw, received a random shot, of which he instantly died. The loss of this brave man was universally felt, and lamented. Anatolico, a place very poorly defended, in which 2,000 Greeks, principally women and children, were shut up, was besieged by the Turks. The town must have submitted for want of water, but for the astonishing circumstance, that a bomb from the Turks fell through the roof of a small church, and buried itself deep under the stone-paved floor; and bursting there, opened a spring of water. After a siege of a month, the Turks withdrew.

In eastern Greece the Turks overran Bœotia, and the north part of Attica, spreading destruction, as usual, in their course. The Greeks, under Ulysses Niketas, harrassed them in a guerilla warfare; and finally compelled them to shut themselves up in the fortresses of Caristo and Negropont, the former of which places was blockaded by Ulysses. The Turks surrendered the Acrocorinthus. A Greek squadron was fitted out, and the command given to Andreas Miaulis, who had been appointed admiral. The author represents him, as an honest man and a pure patriot. The chief advantage from this fleet was the protection of the islands. The insurrection in Candia resulted in the occupation of the open country by the Greeks. Mehemet Ali was appointed by the sultan, to subdue the insurrection. The people suffered, as usual, from the wanton barbarity of the Turks. The Greek government, so recently remodelled, contained in its bosom violent dissensions. They were terminated for the present, by the appointment of Mavrocordato once more to the government of western Greece.

In 1824 lord Byron arrived in Greece. From various circumstances, this gave an impulse to the Greek cause, and produced a great sensation, wherever the noble poet was known. This had long been the country of his dreams. The repose and beauty of nature, the shadowy visions of gone by days, for him hovered over this beautiful country. The luxury of Turkish enjoyments, associations with the beauty of the women, alike trained for pleasure, and to forget every thing besides, were too likely, in such a mind as his, to add their attractions. At any rate, to Greece he came, with his wealth, his fame, and, no doubt, with his heartiest purposes, to serve the country. He loaned the government £30,000, at a time, when no other person would loan; and when his chance of repayment was certainly slender. He sailed for Missolonghi with two small vessels, in one of which, he embarked all his equipage. The story of his hair-breadth escape from the Turks, in arriving in Greece, and the escape of count Gamba from them, are narratives, that equal the wildest improbabilities of romance, and are yet, no doubt, matters of sober fact. He was at once appointed to the command of 3,000 men, of which he engaged to raise and equip 500 himself. The author thinks, he made a mistake, in choosing the Suliotes for his body guard. He was immediately useful to the cause, mitigating the horrors and barbarities of the war, and in appropriating wisely the money, that was sent out from England for the Greeks.

But colonel Stanhope, a British Philhellene, and he disagreed at once; and the point was, that the former was an enthusiast for advancing the Greek cause by Lancastrian schools and the press; where Byron saw, that the case called for steel, stout hearts, money, provisions and hard fighting. Of course, they each had their partizans among the Greeks, and this contributed to increase the contention.

Every one has heard, that, while wisely and energetically applying all his physical and mental resources to their aid, the noble poet sickened, and died, after a very short illness. It would be useless, to repeat what every one has read upon this subject. His death gave a shock, like a death-knell, to all Greece, and in all countries, where his strains had been read. A most impressive account of the sensation produced by this event in Greece, and of his funeral honors, is given by count Gamba. His funeral oration was pronounced by Speredion Tricoupi. There are passages in it of true eloquence, and the full power of pathos. The last words of the poet, as every one has heard, were 'Greece and my daughter;' and in that country of imagination and genius, all his faults were forgotten, and he was only known by the appellation, *Megalos kai kalos*—'the great and the beautiful.'

After his death another revolution took place. The executive power passed from the hands of the military chieftains. The islanders, particularly the Hydriotes, ostensibly ruled. Mavrocordato was still the main spring of movement. The military chiefs were opposed to this government, and held the important places of Tripolitza and Napoli di Romania. These places were, however, soon gained from the rebel chiefs; and they were confined, but otherwise used mildly.

The Turks had striven hard to bring a powerful fleet, to act against the Greeks. European vessels carried supplies to the Turks. The government passed an edict, to allow their cruisers to capture all such vessels, as they had a right to do. But right and might are not always in agreement; and they were compelled by the European powers, to annul this edict. The Turkish fleet fell upon Bara, a busy and thriving little island, which they soon converted into a blackened desert. Miaulis attacked them there, and destroyed a thousand of their men. Sakturis and Canaris, with a division of the Greek fleet, came upon the Turkish vessels. Three of their ships were fired by the fire ships, and blown up; and in several partial engagements the Greeks were successful, Canaris performing miracles of courage, in burning their ships. An Egyptian army under Ibrahim pashaw landed at Candia, crossed to the continent, and blockaded Navarino. One attack was repulsed by the Greeks; but in another they were unsuccessful, and lost 500 men. After some further severe losses, they were obliged to yield Navarino to the foe.

This disaster was in some measure balanced, by a daring exploit of Miaulis. He burned, with his fire ships, two frigates, four corvettes and twelve transports, without losing a man. Public sentiment called for the release, and the appointment to command of the rebel chiefs. They were, accordingly, released; and upon their promise to obey the government, and forget the past, they were placed in the highest commands.

Ibrahim was rapidly advancing on the provinces south of the Morea. Flesher met him, with only 600 men. He left a life of indolence and pleasure; and gave proof, that the extremes of dissipation, and cool and daring courage sometimes meet in the same character. At the onset 150 of his men deserted. The rest killed triple their number of the Turks. Covered with wounds, he was the last among them, that fell. Only three of these brave men escaped. Ibrahim destroyed the village of Nisi, and the beautiful town of Calamata. After overrunning the open country, he moved upon Tripolitza. The inhabitants of this place, to the number of 30,000, fled to Napoli. Demetrius Ipselanti left Tripolitza with its inhabitants. But he determined to make a stand at the mills, twelve miles distant, a post exceedingly important to the town, as furnishing flour and fresh water. Two hundred and twenty men only could be brought to join him in the defence. Two thousand Turks attacked the post, and were bravely repulsed. Ibrahim after this thought it no longer advisable to besiege Napoli, and returned to Tripolitza. Here is described the famous grotto of Ulysses, the most impregnable fortress in all Greece. It is a cave, the only entrance to which, is by climbing up a precipice by a ladder. Rocks so impend the mouth, that neither shot nor bomb can be thrown into it. It is spacious, and naturally divided into different apartments, one of which contains a living spring.

The division of the Greek fleet under Sakturis engaged with the Egyptian fleet off the southern extremity of Negropont. He burned a 50 gun frigate and corvette, forced another corvette on shore, and captured five transport vessels with ammunition, shells and military stores. It was rumored, that the Turkish fleet was proceeding to Hydra. A Greek ship was blown up by a Turkish prisoner, who was a servant on board. The reception of this intelligence was followed by a cruel, ferocious and wanton massacre of the Turkish prisoners at Hydra; abundantly proving, that the Greeks could sometimes play the barbarian, as well as the Turks. In this, and in other instances, they evinced the same cold blooded incapability of mercy with their foe. All, that can be said, is, that cruelty in the human bosom naturally generates retaliation; and it is in palliation of the Greeks, that the oppressions and abominations of the Turks were to theirs as a hundred to one. They could not look round them, or remember the past, without being stirred up to revenge.

Missolonghi was besieged by Seraskier. As the place, where lord Byron lived, and died, it has more notoriety, than any other town in modern

Greece. There were regular schools here. It issued its newspaper in modern Greek; and there was no inconsiderable semblance of order in the management of affairs in this place. Seraskier made all his approaches in the siege in a regular and scientific way. He had under him 14,000 soldiers. He was well aware, that but few of his own soldiers could be compelled to manual labor. The inhabitants of many Greek villages had been induced to remain in their homes, by the promise of protection. They were seized, and 2,000 of them compelled to dig in the trenches. No degree of suffering can be imagined, that these people did not endure.

The inhabitants in no city in Greece were more moral, intelligent and patriotic, than those of Missolonghi. Their batteries roared, in reply to those of the Turks, from morning to night. Their sharp shooters brought down every Turk, who projected his head, or exposed any part of his body within reach of their shot. Among their batteries the most efficient was that, called the Franklin battery. The women labored, and exposed themselves, like the men. All the efforts of the pashaw to get a lodgment in the town, were repulsed. To increase their dangers, a Turkish armament of twenty large and twenty smaller vessels, was advancing, to cut off all approaches by sea. Two or three attempts, after portions of the walls were sapped, to take the place by assault, utterly failed. The city, however, suffered from famine. Tahir Abbas headed a Turkish deputation, to propose a capitulation. He attempted to inveigle his old friend and companion in arms, Lambro Veikos, a Suliote chief, to use his influence to procure a capitulation. The noble old man sent him back a most quaint and cunning answer, and a present of rum, to encourage his soldiers to make the menaced assault. It was, perhaps, the last drop the old Suliote had in his power. But by different assaults and minings, and by famine, the Greeks were almost reduced to despair; when they saw at last the Turkish fleet sailing from the harbor to attack that of Miaulis, their countryman. While the latter engaged the fleet, Sakturis with five small vessels came into the harbor, attacked, and beat the Turkish flotilla; and immediately abundance and the most extravagant joy were in the retrieved city. The bells rung. The people danced. The rear of the Turkish army was attacked by Carraiskakis, while the besieged made a sortie upon their front. The Turkish fleet retired, and left the citizens to repair their fortifications, and prepare for a new siege.

Meantime, Napoli, the seat of the government, was also the seat of a hundred wretched factions, the never failing concomitants of any popular movement. The foreigners, too, had their little circle, wishing to be made generals and kings, according to the direction of their vile ambition. The Turkish army of Ibrahim was opposed with some success in the fastnesses of the mountains; but on the plains it invariably carried every thing before it. He evinced the most deadly hate to the name of Christian; encouraging his soldiers to butcher the males, and to gratify their lusts in the abuse of the women and children. The smoke of burning rose on every side towards the sky; and the flames were only extinguished with blood. This monster, Ibrahim, is represented as a stout, broad, brown faced, vulgar looking man, thirty-five or forty years old, marked with the small-pox. He talks with a long, ridiculous, drawling kind of cry—fluently, however; and acts with Turkish promptness and decision. A well concerted project to burn the Turkish fleet entirely failed.

The famous Alexandrian expedition against Greece, consisting of forty vessels of war, and a hundred transports, at length entered the secure port of Navarino. Ibrahim landed his newly arrived troops at Navarino, embarked 10,000 for Missolonghi, and himself at the head of 2,000 cavalry scoured the open country. The besieged in that fortress had been living for some time amidst a shower of iron. Their houses were battered to ruins, and many hundreds killed; but they still kept their little newspaper alive. Thus this new and imposing force of Ibrahim was added to that, by which they had been besieged; and they found, that even a hard condition can be rendered worse. They were now expecting a long and strict blockade, and the consequent miseries of famine.

At the commencement of the year 1826, notwithstanding all their disasters and sufferings, there were not wanting among this naturally vain and braggart people, those, who talked proudly of planting the Grecian cross on the towers of St. Sophia. The effect of this powerful Egyptian force reduced their proud hopes to the dust, and brought about the natural reaction of diffidence and despair. But the country was, notwithstanding, full of broils, and the paralyzing influence of sectional feelings and parties; and the chiefs and military were insubordinate and without pay. The prejudices and jealousies of the wild chieftains were even ready, amidst all this misery and danger, to arm them against each other.

Missolonghi, meanwhile, was severely pressed; and unless the Greek fleet could remove the blockade, it was foreseen, that it must fall. Miaulis, with his little fleet of twenty-four brigs, put to sea with his mutinous and insubordinate sailors. An extract is given from the bulletin of the venerable admiral. It is in the delightful ancient Greek character; and we felt no little pride, while looking it over, to find ancient remembrances aiding us,—and that it was beautifully simple in style, and quite easy to translate. In some parts, it is even nervous and impressive. The town was in a state of the most deplorable starvation, and Miaulis relieved it.

At this point Favier, the renowned French partizan commander, is introduced. He does not receive a high character from the historian. He is represented, as the vain and miserable imitator of Napoleon. Whoever recommended a measure to him, that was in any way disagreeable, was interrupted with a shrug—'*Bah! c'est un betise cela; vous ne connaisez pas les Grecs.*' He commanded a select body of 3,000, disciplined after the European manner, and officered by men from that quarter. His first battle with the Turks was unfortunate. He retreated to the sea shore; was surrounded on land, and blockaded by sea. A small Grecian fleet bravely relieved him.

Missolonghi had held out a year against all the efforts of Turkey. Ibrahim assaulted the place, and was bravely repulsed. In a sortie they killed 200 Arabs. Only twenty Greeks were slain; and a supply of European muskets with bayonets was taken. A second assault by the Turks was also repulsed. Ibrahim now attempted to take the place by blockade. He had a steam boat in his fleet. He towed a number of gun boats into the harbor, and attempted to take Vasiladi, a small islet, that commanded the harbor. The garrison resisted bravely; and the Turks were on the retreat.

The Greeks cried out from their walls, 'Where are you going, you horned rascals?' referring to their crescent. At this moment of exultation, a bomb fell into their magazine. It exploded, burying many soldiers in its ruins. The Turks returned with shouts; and the garrison, that remained, after a brave resistance were cut in pieces. The Turks followed up their successes, taking Noultma, a rock in the harbor, putting the aged, sick, wounded and infants to death. The town was then bombarded. Another assault was made. The enemy was once more repulsed, with a loss of 500 slain, besides wounded. The sounds of rejoicing succeeded to the despair of the garrison. The Greek fleet was descried advancing towards the place, and preparing to attack the Turkish vessels. The desponding besieged sent forth one general cry of exultation—'*Doxa ese, O Theos!*' 'Glory to thee, O God!' But the fleet of Miaulis was unable to make any impression upon the formidable naval force of the enemy. It was determined, as a last resort, to make a sortie. There were left but 3,000 soldiers,—of whom many were wounded, sick, or unarmed. The wounded, sick, aged and feeble were shut up in a large mill, with casks of gunpowder; determining, in the last extremity, to draw the Turks around them, and then blow all up together. An old wounded soldier took his station in a mine under the chief bastion, promising, to put fire to thirty casks of powder, whenever the enemy should enter the town. The resolute silence of despair was in the place. The last sacrament was administered by the bishop and the priests, to the whole population, and each one prepared himself for death. One body of the sortie, with the loss of 400 of their number, escaped to the mountains. The other contained many women and children. A false alarm drove the poor Greeks back to the town, just as the Turks opened a general fire upon them. The Greeks fought with the fury of desperation. But the Turks entered the town with them. The old soldier, true to his engagement, touched his mine, and exploded the garrison with many of the Turks. The enemy rushed upon the mills for plunder. They, too, were blown into the air, besiegers and besieged, in one common ruin; and the Turks gained possession at last of the bloody and smouldering ruins. Three thousand Greeks were slain in the town; and as many more made prisoners. The loss of the Turks was, probably, equal. The other party gained Corinth; and 2,500 emaciated beings, looking more like spectres, than men, were all, that remained of Missolonghi. A very interesting little tale of Meyer, a Swiss surgeon, and editor of the Missolonghi Chronicle, is given in a note. He married a beautiful Greek girl, performed brave services, and wrote a very impressive account of the siege. He was one of the few foreigners, that escaped to Corinth.

The fall of this town, upon which the eyes not only of Greece, but of Europe, had been fixed, once more concentred the thoughts and the counsels of the national assembly. They appointed an executive commission, to act with full powers; issued a strong and respectable proclamation, and adjourned. A Candiote expedition was appointed, to encourage insurrection. Their success was limited to taking the fortress of Grabousi. By hoisting the Turkish standard on the walls of the place, they drew an Austrian vessel into the harbor; and these base auxiliaries of the Turks found themselves in the hands of Christian enemies. The Turks attempted in vain, to retake it. Several thousand Greek families were here assembled on a barren rock, and hemmed in by enemies on every side. They were in a measure forced to become sea marauders, from necessity. Hence commenced those marine depredations, which procured for this place the reputation of being a den of pirates.

The third chapter opens with biographical sketches of the executive commission,—names, which, for a number of years past, have been so familiar in our journals. Of Zaimis, the head of this commission, the author gives a fine character. He was forty years of age—full, florid, and of a fine form and person; and one of the most distinguished men in the country; but wanting, after all, the peculiar talents to direct a revolution. Mavromichalis, commonly called Petro bey, has been described by different persons in Greece, as dull, fat, and good for nothing. The author allows, that he is fat, lazy, and a gourmand; but still finds many good qualities in him. George Siseni is a fine, hale, old man, and quite a literary character; but, the author thinks, fonder of being the tyrant of his native plains, than of delivering all Greece. Dillyani, of one of the richest families of the Morea, is described, as the prince of intriguers, the Metternich of Greece. Speredion Tricoupi was educated in England, a *protege* of Lord Guilford. He is a man of many accomplishments, and much literature. The author deems him better for a counsellor, than a leader.

The judiciary department of the government was prompt and energetic. The marine court also made its decisions respected by the European vessels in those seas. After the fall of Missolonghi, Ibrahim was chiefly occupied in burning and devastating the country, and murdering the inhabitants. A number of important places would, of course, be besieged. Among them Athens, Hydra and Spetzia. Hydra it was determined to defend; and the latter abandon. But the troops were pennyless, unclothed and unshod. They were addressed by Gennadios, a schoolmaster. He proved a Demosthenes, and wrought every thing, but a miracle, in arousing the patriotism of the soldiery. He threw his purse among them. 'There is my all,' said he: 'I give it to my country as freely, as I would to my child; and I promise to serve any one in any occupation, and pay the whole salary into the public chest.' Something better, than mere idle tears, resulted from this noble example. The avaricious and the rich were pushed out by the generous example. Gennadios played the orator to purpose once more. He drew up his school children, setting them in array, as samples of the ten thousand children of Greece. He drilled them, at the end of his speech, to cry out, 'Save—O save us from the Turks!' The example of this modern Tyrteus spread from town to town, and did something towards replenishing the public chest.

Here commences an interesting account of the commencement of piracy in these seas. The vessels were laid up to rot; and the people cut off from all pursuit and subsistence by land. The little vessels were, of course, chartered for piratical enterprise. Outcast ragamuffins, Ragusans, Sicilians, Maltese, vagabonds from all countries joined them. When pursued, they would run into an islet. The attacking boats would explore it; but no vessel was to be found. What had become of it? It could not have escaped; nor could the sailors have carried it into the mountains. The fact was, they pulled out a plug in the hold. The vessel sunk in shallow water. The sailors swam away, like ducks; waited, till the enemy were out of sight; returned, dived down, pulled the ballast stones out of their light vessel; it rose to the surface. They manned her, spread her sails, and went to their business once more, till it became necessary to sink her again.

The maritime courts of the Mediterranean seldom condemned these men, even when they were taken. If their vessel was burnt, they built another; for every Greek knows, how to construct a vessel, from the keel to the topmast. They could steal one, if they could not build it; and when stolen, they could force one of their *papas*, or priests, to come on board, and pray for her, and sprinkle her with holy water; and put off in a vessel so fleet, that there were few sea craft, that could overtake her. A very amusing anecdote of a solitary Greek, seen by the author building a vessel, is here given in the notes.

These picaroons, along with many more culpable captures, found great numbers of Austrian, French and English vessels, engaged in carrying provisions for the pashaw of Egypt and the sultan. The Christian flag covered the property of the Turk; and they could not procure a condemnation of these vessels. The author thinks, that the number of piratical acts have been greatly overcharged,—having been originated in the 'Vienna Gazette,' or 'Oriental Spectator.' Many of these outrages, he thinks, were no more, than acts of retribution on base sea captains, who sold themselves for gold to the Turks. The Greek government always showed a disposition, to repress them. But the foreign consuls, so far from aiding to punish them, much oftener were concerned in them, and grew rich upon the spoil.

The fourth chapter is chiefly occupied in the details of the attempts of Ibrahim, to penetrate the district of Maina, and the siege of Athens by Kiutahi. Ibrahim was often attacked with spirit. All his attempts were unsuccessful. Some of his assaults were severely repulsed. He destroyed many villages; and pursued his usual course of devastation and blood. In the middle of July, 1826, the army of Kiutahi assembled in force upon the plains of Athens. This city of remembrances is situated precisely on the ancient place of immortal renown—on a beautiful plain, sloping from the foot of mount Hymettus, seven miles from the Piræus, the ancient harbor. The Acropolis, or citadel, as the name imports, is a vast rock, constituting a natural fortress, a fourth of a mile in length, and an eighth in breadth. On the south it is inaccessible, and on the north the angle of ascent is very sharp. There is a table plain on the summit, 800 by 400 feet. It was commanded by Gourah, a brave and determined soldier. He had 800 men in the citadel, and 1,000 in the town; and it was well provisioned. The cannon and bombs of the besiegers were answered with spirit by the cannon of the besieged. Karraiskakis was sent by the Greeks, in conjunction with colonel Favier, to fall on his rear, and harrass him, if no more. In their first assault upon the rear of the Turk, he retired from his Greek assailants with considerable loss. Kiutahi, having been reinforced, became assailant in turn; and colonel Favier was defeated, though he made a tolerable retreat. Another great expedition was fitting out from Alexandria against Greece; and the lower town having been taken, nothing remained to subdue, but the Acropolis. The Greeks sent Sakturis with a small fleet, to fall upon the Constantinople division of the Turkish fleet, that was approaching upon them. Topal pashaw had two seventy-fours, and twenty-seven frigates and corvettes, and seven brigs. Yet Sakturis, having Canaris with him in a fire ship, determined at least to make an effort, to frighten the Turks. But nothing effectual was done; and the fire ship of Canaris was sunk, without grappling with the Turks.

Ibrahim pashaw marched about the Morea, like a destroying spirit. The besiegers of Athens were sometimes attacked by partizan corps; and on the 12th October, Gourrah, the commander of the citadel, was killed. Civil war raged in Corinth. Notoras, and Dillyani and Zaimis were trying to destroy each other; and Colocotrini watched the quarrel of the lion and bear, to take advantage of the exhaustion of both. The siege of Athens went on with vigor. But, although closely blockaded, the Greeks found means to throw into it a reinforcement, amounting to 450 men. A Greek force at length was sent against the besiegers. In their first assault, they were unsuccessful. But Karraiskakis, having long harrassed them, at length obtained a signal advantage over them at Rachova. The commander says in his bulletin, 'We slew 1,300 of the enemy, and all their leaders. A few only escaped, and those without their arms. We made a number of prisoners, and took all their standards, horses and baggage.'

But the Acropolis was in danger of being compelled to yield, for want of gunpowder. The Turks, learning the fact, kept the strictest watch, to prevent the introduction of it. Colonel Favier attempted to carry the besieged a supply. He landed with 600 regulars, four miles from Athens, each man charged with a bag of twenty-eight pounds of gunpowder. His men could not fire their guns, through fear of firing their powder. They advanced upon the foe with fixed bayonets. The Turks fled. The Athenians opened their gates, and admitted their countrymen. Though Athens seemed thus saved from inevitable destruction, colonel Favier found it in a deplorable situation. A division of the Greek fleet, under Sakturis, had several unimportant skirmishes with the Constantinople fleet; and the Turks, with a large body of troops, made vain attempts to capture the isle of Samos. The Greek government was still harrassed with factions. The superb frigate Hope, built for the Greeks in New-York, arrived about this time. They had heard much of the Philhellenism of the people of our country, and were exceedingly partial to them. This fine ship filled them with delight.

We have no disposition, to go into the charges of the author against those Americans, who contracted to build frigates for the Greeks. If the author is just, the most abandoned and shameless cheating was practised upon them. It appears, according to the American estimate, that the two frigates would be delivered to the Greeks at the *moderate* sum of $1,200,000. These enormous demands were contested. The affair was referred to arbitrators, who gave, what the author calls, the shameless award of $156,000 more. There are proofs enough, that the American avarice, like that elsewhere, is without bottom or shore. The fair conveyance of one of the frigates to Greece was, after all, effected by the government of the United States.

The prospects of the Greeks, at the commencement of 1827, were dark and unpromising, though not desperate. Roumelia had returned under the government of the Turk. The Morea was one smoking ruin. Immense numbers had been butchered. Many had fled to the rocks and caverns of the mountains. Many were absolutely perishing with want. In the Morea were 100,000 persons in this situation. The most opulent formerly, now dwelt in hovels; and were covered with rags, and having scarce enough clothing for decency. Yet amidst all this misery, the volatile boy sang, as he gathered snails in the mountains for food; and the girls danced round the pots, where their wild roots and sorrel were boiling. Like the French, their motto is *nil desperandum.*

The government still kept up the semblance of activity. They negotiated two loans of $6,600,000. Of this the country actually received but $2,000,000. The author roundly distributes the charges of knavery and villany among the fat and base speculators; such they assuredly are, if half his charges are true. It would not interest our readers, if we were to give them an abstract of the accounts of the Greeks with the several monied institutions, from which they loaned money. As we have an idea, that these transactions are apt to be much alike, and as the record of them, however useful for politicians, is apt to have the unfavorable effect, to diminish our respect for human nature, we pass it wholly over; simply observing, that the whole arithmetic of the calculation has little other result, than to show the enormous defalcation of most of those, who had any thing to do with the money.

The struggle had endured six years, and was yet far from being decided. The scymetar of the Mussulman still waved over the head of the people. The remainder of this chapter is occupied in historical details of the Turkish empire up to the time of this war. This information, however interesting in itself, seems out of place here; and is, besides, foreign to our plan. It would better form a separate article. We pass it wholly over. We only remark, that the present sultan, Mahmoud, has suppressed the ancient corps of the jannisaries; and has otherwise shown much energy and decision of character.

Meanwhile the siege of Athens still continued. The garrison wanted every thing. A malignant disease prevailed in it; and colonel Favier was sick. It was determined by the government to relieve the place. Colonel Gordon, with a force of 2,500 men, was appointed to attack the besiegers. Bourbakos, Vaskos and Notoras pushed forward by land to Eleusis, to join colonel Gordon's forces. Bourbakos, with more courage than conduct, encamped a third of a mile in front of the main body of the Greeks. Kiutahi proceeded to attack his position with vigor and skill. Bourbakos was defeated with the loss of 400 men; and himself and a few more made prisoners. The pashaw advanced, flushed with his success, with 5,000 infantry and 1,500 cavalry, to attack 2,000 Greeks on the eminence of Phalerum. A steam boat, that had brought them there, was ordered away, that they might have no alternative, but to conquer, or die. The Turks attacked them fiercely. But the Greeks remained steady at their posts, behind their breastworks. The Turks, galled by their severe fire, retreated, leaving more than four hundred dead and wounded. The result of the action was altogether in favor of the Greeks; but they had no cavalry to improve their victory. Several men from the garrison made their way through the Turkish lines into colonel Gordon's force. It was the first time, for a long while, that they had had any communication with the government. They confirmed all the reports of the extreme distress of the garrison, and of the severity of the epidemic, that raged there.

Colonel Gordon persuaded the government, to undertake an expedition against Oropos, above Marathon, the principal line of Kiatuhi's communication with Egypt. But the expedition failed. Karraiskakis, whom Kiutahi most feared, was approaching him. The pashaw marched immediately, to attack him. The Greek commander gave him a warm reception, drew his cavalry into an ambuscade, and completely repulsed the attack. He had 300 irregular cavalry, the greatest number the Greeks had had together, during the war. They distinguished themselves by charging the Turkish cavalry, and completing their confusion.

But Colocotrini, the commander-in-chief in the Morea, was again busy in civil broils. Joining with his old enemy, Conduriottis, he ordered the convening of the national assembly in one place. The national assembly had ordered its own meeting in another; and the whole nation was divided between these two national assemblies. Lord Cochrane, it should have been mentioned, had long been looked for with feverish impatience in Greece. He finally arrived. His first step was judicious. He gave notice, that if the two governments did not, within a certain time, unite, and fix upon some government, to which he could account, he would certainly leave the country. The two parties patched up a peace, and agreed to meet each other half way at Trezene. Their first act was to appoint Alexander Cochrane high admiral, and count John Capo d'Istria governor of the Greek nation. Sir Richard Church was elected general-in-chief of all the land forces. He was an Englishman, who owed his appointment to having commanded a corps of Greeks, raised by the British government in the Ionian islands. But faction still prevailed in the councils of the nation. The author proceeds to sketch the character of G. Mavromichalis, the first named commissioner. He speaks of him, as having displayed courage and shrewdness. Yanuli Likos is spoken of, as harmless and indolent. George Glarakis had abilities. The character and achievements of lord Cochrane are well known. He had been disgraced and banished from the British navy. The part, he subsequently took in achieving South American independence, is matter of general notoriety. He now joined himself to the cause of Greece. The author thinks, that avarice makes part of his character; to which are joined the qualities of a hero. He insisted upon being well paid by his adopted country; and his grants were of such a liberal character, as to preclude him from all claims to disinterestedness.

There seemed to be a general movement in Greece to save Athens. It was most rashly determined to attack the pashaw in the open plain before the city. The numbers in the Greek camp were increased to 12,000. The army attacked the Turks with partial success. The author thinks, that in the flush of victory, they ought to have marched directly against the besieging army. But general Church would not leave a Turkish post, in a monastery, in his rear. He therefore stopped to attack it. A capitulation was finally agreed upon. The garrison came out, to march to Kiutahi. The capitulation was violated, and more than a hundred of the Turks shot. This breach of faith excited extreme disgust among the foreigners in the Greek army. Karraiskakis was soon after killed in a skirmish. The loss was irreparable. He was not killed outright. While he lingered, the interest of the army, touching his fate, was intense. When sure, that he should die, he wished to see lord Cochrane. That gentleman paid him high compliments. He waved his hand, that he might cease from that. *'Hoti ekama, ekama,'* he said. *'Hoti egine, egine. Tora dia to mellon.'* 'What I have done, I have done. What has happened, has happened. Now for the future.' This strongly reminds us of the laconic grandeur and conciseness of old time. He then went into a solemn conversation about the interests of his country. 'Finish my work. Oh! save me Athens,' he cried, and, uttering the words, he expired. An interesting sketch of his character is given. He was, probably, the hero of Greece. Captain Hastings in the brig Perseverance soon afterwards gained a success over the Turks, that tended in some degree to relieve the bitterness of regret, inspired by this event. He cut out of the harbor of Volo five Turkish ships, laden with provisions. Two other vessels were burned—the town fired, and the Turks compelled to fly to the mountains. He burned, also, a Turkish man of war mounting 24 brass cannon.

The Greeks pushed on a force to attack the besiegers of Acropolis. The Turks were at first surprised. But recovered themselves and the fate of the battle. The Greeks fled in their turn; and were cut down with great slaughter, with the Turkish sabres. The loss was terrible. A number of the most distinguished chiefs were slain. Many of the German Philhellenes perished with them—and 400 Greeks were made prisoners. Nothing could have been more discouraging to the besieged, who saw all this from their walls. Phalerum was abandoned by general Church, and many Greek chiefs dispersed in discouragement. Athens was once more left to the defence of its garrison. General Church wished the Greeks to surrender the Acropolis. Colonel Favier was unwilling. There was thus a party in the garrison, the one for and the other against surrendering: The former party finally prevailed. As favorable terms, as could have been expected, were finally obtained; and this most important, and strongly contested citadel was surrendered. Every part of Greece, north of the isthmus of Corinth, was now in the power of the Turks. Colocotrini was foiled in his attempt to obtain Napoli, and he proceeded towards Corinth, the citadel of which place was now for *sale*. The chiefs were at war with each other; and retaliatory excursions were carried on, like those of the baronial days in the feudal era. The commander of this fortress having been slain, the soldiers refused to deliver it to any one, until he should have paid a stipulated sum of money for it. Many other towns in Greece were similarly situated. Nothing seemed to afford any chance of saving this country from being completely overrun by the Turks, but the ancient wooden walls of the oracle. Ibrahim must obtain every ounce of his bread from Egypt. Lord Cochrane formed a plan, in conjunction with Miaulis, to destroy the whole Egyptian fleet, which lay at Alexandria. The fleet sailed for that port; but did nothing. Lord Cochrane afterwards took a Turkish corvette mounting 28 guns. Soon afterwards captain Hastings destroyed a number of Turkish vessels at the entrance of the gulf of Corinth.

The war had now continued seven years, and was arrived precisely at the darkest period of its history. But exactly at their most deplorable and forlorn hour, supplies began to arrive from Europe and America, where an ardent interest in their cause began to be excited. Switzerland took the lead. In the mountain hamlets, in the villages and towns, contributions were voluntarily made. In France and England the same spirit, spread. In the United States this theme furnished a fine opportunity of display for many a young aspirant orator. Among us 80,000 dollars were transmitted in 1824. Seven cargoes of food and clothing were sent at the same time. The most impressive part of the book before us is that, in which the author describes the wretched condition and the joy of the recipients of this charity.

The Greeks were still feebly struggling with their foe; but torn with dissensions, the greater portion of their country a desolated desert—and crippled for want of money, and every thing, little could be expected of them. But the general despondency vanished at once, by a stroke, which was the electric shock of joy to Greece and a thunder stroke of terror to the Divan.

A reciprocal treaty had been ratified between some of the European powers, as for instance, England, France and Russia, containing certain mutual stipulations for the pacification of Greece. In consequence of this treaty, the fleets of these powers in the Mediterranean had orders to prevent the Turks from making any hostile movement by sea. The Turks paid no attention to this order, thinking, probably, that it was a mere idle menace. The combined French, Russian and English squadrons entered the harbor of Navarino to enforce this treaty. They were commanded by admiral Codrington. This force consisted of twenty-nine vessels, of which ten were line of battle ships, and ten frigates. The Turko-Egyptian fleet consisted of seventy ships; three line of battle ships, five 54 gun ships, fifteen frigates, twenty-five corvettes, and twelve brigs; the rest were smaller vessels; and forty transports. As the combined squadron came into the harbor, the Turkish commander evidently considered their object to be attack. The combined squadron sent out a boat, requesting a Turkish fire-ship to move out of their way. The boat was fired upon, and some of the men killed. It was answered by a fire of musquetry from the boat. An Egyptian corvette at the same time fired into a British ship, which returned the fire. The admiral of the combined squadron still made efforts to prevent a general action. But firing commenced on every side. The admiral even after that sent out his boat, to signify, that he would not fight, if he could avoid it. The boat was fired upon again, and some of its men killed. The action now became general and terrible. The combined squadron fought to outrival each other; and the Turks fought with the blind and mad fury of despair. They were more than double the number of the European fleet. Their batteries poured forth a terrible fire upon the combined squadron. But their well directed guns repaid this fire with interest. Boats, sent out from the combined fleet, cut away the Turkish *brulots*, and thus turned these horrible instruments of destruction upon their own fleet. The blazing fire-ships, driving to and fro among the huge Turkish vessels, whose falling masts, shattered hulls, and gory decks began to show, how the battle went; the sea covered with spars, and half burned masses of wood, to which clung thousands of Turks, escaped from their exploded vessels, the line of batteries, which blazed away all the while on the shore, and which, as well as the battlements of the town, were covered with the anxious soldiers of Ibrahim—the noise, the explosions, the flames, the smoke, the hurrahs of the European sailors, the curses and the *Allah* shouts of the Turks presented one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed. What more revolting spectacle, and yet more sublime, than that of a fighting ship, vomiting forth, and receiving death from the murderous cannon, in a moment exploding in an immense volume of flame, into the air; and the instant after, quenching its million burning fragments, and depositing its mangled bodies in the fathomless depths of ocean! Surely no beings are so inveterately mad in their wrath, as men!

The battle raged from 3 P. M. till 7. The Turkish fleet was almost utterly destroyed. Not more than fifteen vessels escaped undamaged. More than 5000 Turks were killed. Thus an action, commenced by accident, and the madness of the Turks, ended in almost the complete annihilation of their naval power. It is presumed, the result of the action was disagreeable to more than one of the powers, whose ships were engaged in it. The loss of the combined squadron was severe; for the Turks fought with great personal bravery. The right arm of Turkey was now broken, and withered. The news was received from one extremity of Greece to the other, in mountain and glen, and amidst her smoking ruins, with one glad burst of general joy, and the deliverance was felt, as the reprieve of her death warrant.

The history of all, that remains to be told, has but just transpired; and these annals terminate with the battle of Navarino, and the arrival of Capo d'Istria at Napoli. He was received with acclamations; and inaugurated President of all Greece. Speredion Tricupi was secretary of state, Mavromichalis secretary of war, Andreas Xaimis of interior, Conduriottis of treasury. The government has a fair representation, and the measures are conducted with wisdom and vigor.

The papers now teem with the subsequent events of the war between Russia and Turkey. However that war may terminate, one result, favorable to the interests of humanity, has already accrued. An expedition fitted out from France has proceeded to Greece. The Turk, called to bend all his efforts in another direction, has opposed no effectual resistance. Every fortress of Greece is yielded. And, whatever may be the deportment of her allies, Greece is free—completely free, at least, from the thraldom of the Turk. Not a hostile foot at present treads their soil.

The reader will not need to be told, how very brief an abstract of more than 450 8vo. pages of close printing must be comprised in these few pages. We have, however, touched upon every prominent incident in the long and bloody struggle. The Greeks, we have seen, have been almost wholly undisciplined; without training, and without subordination by land or by sea. The revolution of Greece has been almost entirely a partizan or guerilla warfare on the one hand. Happily for them, their enemy had but little more discipline, than themselves. The squadrons from Egypt, strange as it may seem, were trained much more, like European troops, than those from Constantinople.

Whether these people are, or are not the descendants of those, who fought at Thermopylæ, Marathon and Platea, is to us a matter of little account. Whether these professors of the Greek church are genuine Christians, or not, they have enlisted the sympathies of Christian people, as such. Nor has it been, in our country, an uncommon occurrence, that the people should be most earnestly addressed from the pulpit, in the forenoon, in favor of the poor, oppressed Greek Christians, and the devout feelings of the Christian audience enlisted for them, as such; and in the afternoon to hear a sermon, proving by fair implication, that every one of these slaves of superstition was tenfold more the child of Satan, and heir of hell, than the heathens, that never heard of a Saviour. The fair, too, in New-York and the cities, have added new interest to their charms by the tears of sympathy for the poor Greeks, drawn forth by their eloquent young orators. Money and clothing and comforts have been sent over the seas to this miserable people. Three fourths of the charity go to the greedy agents. A part of the other fourth for freight and charges; and, in the mean time, the report of the inspection of prisons is, that there were, during the most inclement periods of this winter, two hundred and twenty-eight persons in New-York, incarcerated in immoveable stone, without fuel or comforts—at least as wretched, as the Greeks—and uncheered with a single particle of sympathy; with, however, the alleviating circumstanee, that they are thus shut up and enjoying themselves in the only free country on the globe. Meanwhile, it seems to be admitted, that the Greeks, descended from a hundred oriental races, with the mixed blood of all sorts of robbers and barbarians in their veins—though they may have very little of ancient Laconia, or Attica there—are the same gay, treacherous, volatile, pleasure-loving, laughing, dancing, perfidious people, that the Romans represented them. The Turks, detestable and bloody bigots, as they are, have, it is believed, much more honor, veracity and character, than their late subjects. They call them dogs; and when affronted with them, slice off their heads without ceremony, because they consider them enemies of God and their prophet. There cannot be a doubt, that the Greeks, equally bigoted and ignorant, would retaliate precisely the same measures, if the scale were reversed, and the Turks were slaves, and they their masters.

Meanwhile the Christian Austrians are strong for the infidel Turks, and direct prayers to be made for their success in the temples of Jesus Christ. The British government seems now inclined the same way in the scale. Nay more—we recently read the proclamation of the Greek patriarch, most solemnly invoking the benediction of the God of battles upon the Turkish arms, and confusion and rout for their brethren, the Russians of the Greek church. Such is the consistency of the general spectacle of our world; sending hundreds of thousands of dollars, to convert the heathens beyond the seas, under foreign, and even hostile governments; and crowded out of the way by heathens in our own streets, as they accompany the missionaries on board their ships. The gay and the rich are seen, hastening in their gaudiest to the Greek meeting, emulating the extent of each other's charity, and passing by a grated dungeon, regardless of the 'God bless your honor!—some tobacco, a little fire and a glass of rum. It is cold work in my stone room, your honor,' shouted in the hoarse voice of misery and despair from between bars of iron. It is not impossible, that the fair belle, tripping to the same show, stumbles over an exposed infant, or a dirty and forlorn Swiss pauper, without bestowing a thought or a sympathy on either. Alas! our grand, irresistible, triumphant march of reason, our millenial approximation, has left some few incongruities yet to be reconciled in our world. Show! show! display is the main spring. Thousands for show, and not a cent for principle and suffering humanity. It will be long, we fear, before people will *be*, instead of *seeming to be* good.

Meanwhile we would not be understood to doubt, that the poetry of the land of chivalry and song, the poetry of the descendants of Homer and Socrates, the poetry of Thermopylæ and Marathon, the poetry of the Greek Christians, the common brethren of the common five hundred sects, who bite, and devour, and denounce each other to perdition, has had its good effects. The actual existing world is as stale, flat and unprofitable a world, as we ever lived in. We should all perish of chills, if these reactions of fever did not occasionally reverse the paroxysm. The world is yet governed by names, *dogmata, ou pragmata*—'opinions, not things.' And Greece has helped many a fine young man into notice. It has given rich fortunes to hundreds of abandoned agents and speculators. It has occasionally warmed the dull and avaricious blood into a momentary glow of better feeling, as the orator has poured forth his mellifluous periods, talking of the glorious old country of Thucydides and Plato, and about the beautiful Greek language, the letters of whose alphabet he could not, perhaps, have read at the moment. Whatever carries the man for the time out of self—whatever inspires the warm impulse of enthusiasm, is good, be it based in romance, or in reality. Truth is, real, wise, enlightened charity is consistent, and begins at home; because one dollar will there relieve more misery, than fifty sent to Greece or India.

But this digression apart—this book is hasty in composition, sometimes rough and coarse in style, and wanting in clearness, as such annals must almost necessarily be. But there is eloquence, energy and interest, in no common degree, in the work. We found it to contain far more interest and information, than we expected. The notes abound in impressive narrative and reflection; and we know of no book of annals, more likely to chain the attention. An intelligent school boy, having commenced it, will not lay it down, until it is finished. We could easily fill out our whole pages with eloquent extracts, had not this article already exceeded our customary length. We should think, every reader would wish to possess Howe's Greek Revolution.

For the Oracles of God, four Orations: for Judgment to Come, an Argument, in nine parts. By the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A., *Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden.* New-York: 1825.—pp. 427, 8vo.

We know not, but these splendid discourses may have been sufficiently talked of in their day. We well remember to have read, in 'Paul's Letters to his friends,' about the celebrated colleague and friend of Chalmers, the Scotch preacher, Irving. We have, also, vague and imperfect recollections, of having heard of wonders wrought in Edinburgh and elsewhere by a new species of pulpit eloquence. But if he acquired his deserved notoriety and reputation, it fell not within the circle of our reading and hearing. We incline to the belief, that this is one of the books, that remain covered with the dust of obscurity, to convince unfortunate authors, that some of the best and noblest works in the language have fallen dead-born from the press; and that in an age of frivolity, when every thing in literature is as superficial as morning clouds, and as evanescent as early dew, the wise and good may think it no shame, nor strange occurrence, to have their works repose undisturbed upon the bookseller's shelves. It is a fact out of question, that the work before us is almost wholly unknown in our part of the country, although it is an American reprint. We have thought it possible, that its want of circulation may be owing, in some measure, to the circumstance, that it is too orthodox for the liberal, and too liberal for the orthodox; too energetic, eloquent and splendid for the dull; and though clear, simple and lucid in the style and manner, yet in the range of imagination, in the sweep of thought, in power and majesty of eloquence, moving above the common, dull, and every day routine of thinking and discoursing.

Be it so, or not, we hope it will not be an unacceptable service to our readers, to recommend to them a book, full of the most powerful incentives to the noblest of all pursuits; and to ministers especially a model, which will tend to break them out of the sleepy, frigid and methodical stamp of sermons, which has rendered them a narcotic of dignity and known efficacy for generations. There is at least as much talent in the ministry, as in any other profession. The giants, the strong men ought not to be pinioned up by an unchanging prescription of form. They ought not to have all peculiarity and diversity and originality extinguished in a mould, invented for the benefit of the *mediocre*, and the disciples of mere common place. But such has been the natural tendency of the ministry to produce this effect, to inspire a dread of violating *bienseance*, and incurring the charge of being *outre* and eccentric, that he, who should dare to depart from the beaten circle, would not only startle his hearers, but himself at his own temerity. The same monotonous key, the same somnolent divisions are garnished for the descendants, that were for their ancestors. We have no doubt, that at first a woe would be pronounced upon those, who should dare break out of the circle. They might be stigmatized, as eccentric, proud, vain, self-willed, schismatics, enemies to the craft, innovaters, proposers of a tax upon the invention, stirring the fountains, drawing upon the hidden and untouched treasures; all which would tend to make the composing of sermons a new, laborious and out of the way business.

In the present order of things such minds must arise, such spirits will be developed. They will, like Samson, take up the gates and bars of prescription. They will shake the castle of indolence over its slumbering tenants. A new era will dawn upon the pulpit. It will no longer be the ultimate ambition of a popular minister, to get up a revival, and draw tears from the weak and hysterical by idle rant and vague assertion, and terrific denunciation, and magnificent and turgid harangue, hollow, and harmless of every thing, but sound. Under the impulse of this new and better ambition, the object will be to be real, instead of seeming to be so; to be truly eloquent and impressive upon the most fruitful theme of eloquence, that ever entered the human mind. The pulpit, religion, living, accountable, dying, immortal man, God, eternity; and, to say all in one word, the Bible, itself a universe of sublimity, itself an exhaustless material of poetry, itself a reservoir of tenderness, pathos, hope, fear, love, every affection, that warms and stirs in the human bosom—as wide, and as fathomless, as the great deep; these will be the grand theme of this new eloquence. What an illimitable mass of frigid and dead matter has been produced over this very theme! And yet the lawyer is vehement, and amuses the bar, the bench, and the crowd. The statesman harangues about the tariff, and a duty upon whiskey and molasses; and the grave, and the gay, and the fair crowd to the galleries to hear. The physician lectures about dyspepsia, and pills and emetics to full and pleased audiences. It is only on the theme of time, earth, life, death, the eternal on his throne of judgment, eternity, and final doom, the doom of the soul, that people fall asleep.

We regard these discourses, as a noble effort to break away from the prescription, and to raise a new sail, while launching forth upon this almost unexplored sea. It cannot be without its effect, to have ministers look into such models. If earnest itinerant ministers achieve such real triumphs of eloquence, as they certainly do, in the camp meeting, in the wide prairie, in the remote log cabin, following only the untrained impulses of nature, what results would follow from giving the reins, where the mind was endowed, and disciplined, and filled, as that of Irving! The fact would soon be out of all question, that incomparably the most fertile and important of all themes of eloquence, so treated, would become in truth the most interesting.

The grand principle of the book before us seems to be, to apply the Ciceronian style and manner to discourses from the pulpit, rendering them, what the author has chosen to phrase orations. We may apply to them the ancient compliment, *omnia vivida*. Every thing has life. Nature has a voice. The passions and affections are personified. Eternity is shown in its unveiled solemnity, and destruction appears without a covering. It is Pollok's 'Course of Time' in prose, with little of its weak and common place matter. We are well aware, that critics may find false figures, strained thoughts, turgid passages, and coarse expressions. But that mind would rather merit pity, for its littleness and sterility, than a tribute for its acuteness, that would not prefer the glorious extravagancies of Irving to the tame common place of more correct writers. Some allowance must be made, too, for the peculiar manner of these popular harangues; and for the inexperience of him, who first threw away chart and compass, and ventured into such an unexplored sea. It is probably a defect, also, in these orations, that the author sometimes displays an affectation of singularity; that he takes a certain pride in letting us see how widely he can differ from the common mode of expressing a common thing. In sentiment he seems to us to be a disciple of Baxter and Doddridge; and the religious strain is modelled on the basis of 'The Saints' Rest,' and the 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' That his orthodoxy is enlarged and generous need not be shown. A mind of such compass could not be other than liberal. We might make the same remark of the orthodoxy of his great friend and colleague, Chalmers, to whom these orations are inscribed. There are, it is true, touches of the old Scotch Presbyterian spirit, hits at the cavaliers and high church people, and especially the Roman Catholics, which might have been spared; and which certainly are not in keeping with the general spirit of the work. But when we remember from whom he was descended, and where he was reared, and the mantle, that may be supposed to have fallen upon him, these faults must be forgiven, as the necessary concomitants of poor human nature.

The book is divided into two parts. The first contains four orations upon the 'oracles of God.' The heads are, *preparation for consulting the oracles of God*, and *obeying the oracles of God*. The second part treats of a *judgment to come*, in nine parts. We know of no other theological discussion of this awful subject, at once so ample, impressive and eloquent. It is rather in the hope of drawing attention to these original orations, so little known, than any other purpose, that we have made mention of this book. We think them admirably fitted, to be read as exercises on the Sabbath in serious families, when it is not convenient to attend divine worship. We could easily make a long and diffuse article upon the thought, language and manner of the book. But we have preferred to do this by making extracts; and after all, we shall in this way convey much more clear and distinct views of the peculiarities of the author, than by discussions of whatever length.

Hear him personifying the Bible, and making it testify to its neglect.

'Oh! if books had but tongues to speak their wrongs, then might this book well exclaim—Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! I came from the love and embrace of God, and mute Nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me rightful homage. To man I came, and my words were to the children of men. I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, hitherto unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition; and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of divine providence and consolation. But ye requited me with no welcome, ye held no festivity on my arrival: ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closeting me with sickness and infirmity; ye make not of me, nor use me for your guide to wisdom and prudence, but press me into a place in your last of duties, and withdraw me to a mere corner of your time; and most of ye set me at nought, and utterly disregard me. I came, the fulness of the knowledge of God; angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye, mortals, place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and to your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the hearts of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God; no residence will I have, but the soul of an immortal; and if you had entertained me, I should have possessed you of the peace which I had with God, "when I was with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him. Because I have called and you refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they cry upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me." '

The preparation for the announcement of the Bible.

'When God uttereth his voice, says the Psalmist, coals of fire are kindled; the hills melt down like wax, the earth quakes, and deep proclaims it unto hollow deep. This same voice, which the stubborn elements cannot withstand, the children of Israel having heard but once, prayed that it might not be spoken to them any more. These sensible images of the Creator have now vanished, and we are left alone, in the deep recesses of the meditative mind, to discern his comings forth. No trump of heaven now speaketh in the world's ear. No angelic conveyancer of Heaven's will taketh shape from the vacant air, and having done his errand, retireth into his airy habitation. No human messenger putteth forth his miraculous hand to heal Nature's immedicable wounds, winning for his words a silent and astonished audience. Majesty and might no longer precede the oracles of Heaven. They lie silent and unobtrusive, wrapped up in their little compass—one volume, amongst many, innocently handed to and fro, having no distinction, but that in which our mustered thoughts are enabled to invest them. The want of solemn preparation and circumstantial pomp, the imagination of the mind hath now to supply. The presence of the Deity, and the authority of his voice, our thoughtful spirits must discern. Conscience must supply the terrors that were wont to go before him; and the brightness of his coming, which the sense can no longer behold, the heart, ravished with his word, must feel.'

The orthodox will be pleased with certain phrases at the close of the following paragraph.

'Far and foreign from such an opened and awakened bosom, is that cold and formal hand which is generally laid upon the sacred volume; that unfeeling and unimpressive tone with which its accents are pronounced; and that listless and incurious ear into which its blessed sounds are received. How can you, thus unimpassioned, hold communion with themes in which every thing awful, vital, and endearing, do meet together? Why is not curiosity, curiosity ever hungry, on edge to know the doings and intentions of Jehovah, King of kings? Why is not interest, interest ever awake, on tiptoe to hear the future destiny of itself? Why is not the heart, that panteth over the world after love and friendship, overpowered with the full tide of the divine acts and expressions of love? Where is

Nature gone, when she is not moved with the tender mercy of Christ? Methinks the affections of man are fallen into the yellow leaf. Of your poets which charm the world's ear, who is he that inditeth a song unto his God? Some will tune their harps to sensual pleasures, and by the enchantment of their genius well nigh commend their unholy themes to the imagination of saints. Others, to the high and noble sentiments of the heart, will sing of domestic joys and happy unions, casting around sorrow the radiancy of virtue, and bodying forth, in undying forms, the short-lived visions of joy! Others have enrolled themselves the high priests of mute Nature's charms, enchanting her echoes with their minstrelsy, and peopling her solitudes with the bright creatures of their fancy. But when, since the days of the blind master of English song, hath any one poured a lay worthy of the Christian theme? Nor in philosophy, "the palace of the soul," have men been more mindful of their Maker. The flowers of the garden and the herbs of the field have their unwearied devotees, crossing the ocean, wayfaring in the desert, and making devout pilgrimages to every region of Nature, for offerings to their patron muse. The rocks, from their residences among the clouds to their deep rests in the dark bowels of the earth, have a most bold and venturous priesthood; who see in their rough and flinty faces a more delectable image to adore, than in the revealed countenance of God. And the political welfare of the world is a very Moloch, who can at any time command his hecatomb of human victims. But the revealed sapience of God, to which the harp of David and the prophetic lyre of Isaiah were strung; the prudence of God, which the wisest of men coveted after, preferring it to every gift which Heaven could confer; and the Eternal Intelligence himself in human form, and the unction of the Holy One which abideth—these the common heart of man hath forsaken, and refused to be charmed withal.'

We quote his view of the objects of Christ's mission.

'Nay, the closer to bring you into fellowship, he hath despatched from his highest sphere the image of himself, to act the divine part among earthly scenes; and seeing we had fallen from his neighborhood, and could not regain our lost estate, hath he sent forth his own Son, made of a woman, made under the law, down to our sphere, to bind the link between heaven and earth, which seemed for ever broken. He clothes himself in the raiment of flesh; he puts on like passions and affections, and presents himself to be beheld, talked with, and handled of the sons of men. He opens up the heart of God, and shows it wonderous tender to his fallen creatures. He opens up his own heart, and shows it devoted to death for their restoration. He stretches out his hand, and disease and death flee away. He opens his lips, and loving kindness drops upon the most sinful of men. He opens a school of discipline for heaven, and none are hindered. Whosoever comes he cherishes with food, fetched from the storehouse of his creating word. The elements he stilleth over their heads, and maketh a calm. He brings Hope from beyond the dark grave, where she lay shrouded in mortality. Peace he conjures from the troubles of the most guilty breast. The mourner he anoints with the oil of joy. The mourner in sackcloth and ashes he clothes with the garment of praise. He comforts all that mourn. And what more can we say? but that, if the knowledge of death averted from your heads be joy, and the knowledge of offences forgiven be contentment, and the knowledge of God reconciled be peace, and of heaven offered be glory, and the fountain of wisdom streaming forth be light, and strength ministered be life to the soul,—then, verily, this peace, contentment, honor and life is yours, Christian believers, through the revelation of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God.'

We quote the following impressive paragraph, the last but one in the first part.

'Many will think it an unchristian thing to reason thus violently; and many will think it altogether unintelligible; and to ourselves it would feel unseemly, did we not reassure ourselves by looking around. They are ruling and they are ruled; but God's oracles rule them not. They are studying every record of antiquity in their seats of learning; but the record of God, and of him whom he hath sent, is almost unheeded. They enjoy every communion of society, of pleasure, of enterprise, this world affords; but little communion with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. They carry on commerce with all lands, the bustle and noise of their traffic fill the whole earth,—they go to and fro, and knowledge is increased; but how few in the hasting crowd are hasting after the kingdom of God. Meanwhile Death, sweeping on with his chilling blast, freezing up the blood of generations, catching their spirits unblessed with any preparation of peace, quenching hope and binding destiny for ever more. Their graves are dressed, and their tombs are adorned. But their spirits, where are they? How oft hath this city, where I now write these lamentations over a thoughtless age, been filled and emptied of her people, since first she reared her imperial head! How many generations of her revellers have gone to another kind of revelry; how many generations of her gay courtiers to a royal residence, where courtier arts are not; how many generations of her toilsome tradesmen to the place of silence, whither no gain can follow them. How time hath swept over her, age after age, with its consuming wave, swallowing every living thing, and bearing it away unto the shores of eternity! The sight and thought of all which is our assurance, that we have not in the heat of our feelings surpassed the merit of the case. The theme is fitter for an indignant prophet, than an uninspired, sinful man.'

His account of the condition of the disembodied spirit is thrilling.

'Now you are prepared to understand how it will be with man, when he is disembodied. The body which containeth the senses lies mouldering in the grave; the hollow places where the ball of the eye did roll in its beauty, and the ear sat pleased in her vocal chambers, are passages for the worms to creep in and out, to their feast upon the finer organs of the brain, where the soul had her council chamber; and the finely woven nerves of taste and smell, which called upon every clime of the earth for entertainment, with all the beauty which Nature pencilled with her cunning hand upon the outward form of man, are now overspread with the clammy and contagious fingers of Corruption, and some feet of earth hide their unsightly dissolution from the view and knowledge of mankind. The link is broken and rusted away, which joined the soul to the enjoyments or the troubles of the present world. No new material investments are given to her, whereby to move again in the midst of these material things; no eye, nor ear, nor wakeful sense, by which intrusion may come as heretofore into the chambers of her consciousness. Till the resurrection she shall be disunited; and then, being rejoined by her former companions, they shall be submitted to material scenes, again to suffer and enjoy. What is there now to occupy the soul? There is no world, for with the world she hath no means of conversing; she is separate, she is alone; she dwelleth evermore within herself. There are no sensations nor pursuits to take her off from self-knowledge and self-examination. In Peter's emphatical language, she is in prison—("Jesus went and preached to the spirits in prison")—that is, she hath no power of travelling out amongst things, but is shut up in her own remembrances, thoughts and anticipations.'

There are just and affecting thoughts in the following paragraph.

'Now, let religious people blame me or not, I will declare—for I have set down to express all my thoughts freely and fearlessly upon judgment to come—that if intellect, foregoing these worldly prizes, will for itself cultivate itself, and guard against self-idolatry, it will come by a natural course to speculate upon the invisible God, like Plato and Socrates in the days of old, and the Bible will come to its hungering and thirsting after divine knowledge, like a stream of water to the thirsty hart in a parched land; and it will rear its house by the clear margent of the waters of life, and therein dwell till God do separate it into his nearer and closer fellowship. Such intellectual examinations brought Locke and Newton, after they had exhausted the faculties of the mind in research, to lay them down at length, and drink refreshment from the river of the Lord's revelations, and there to devote the whole enjoyment of their souls. But such intellectual creatures as find their beloved field in mere physical research, contented with any new thing in nature or in art,—that is, your mere naturalists, often the weakest and idlest of men; such others as are satisfied with the speculations of politics, and have their feast in the triumphs of a party, or in being themselves the leaders of a party; or such others who gape with open mouth for whatever the daily press may serve them withal, devouring with equal relish novels, poems, news and criticism, and so they can hold discourse about such wrecks, which ever float upon the edge of oblivion's gulf, think they have purchased to themselves a good degree in intellect. O! what shall I say to such? Why should it have fallen to my lot to rebuke such a generation? or to what shall I liken them? They are like the spectators in a theatre, who look upon the stage, and behold its changing aspect, and listen to its various speeches, who have as good a right to claim the merit of being good players because they look upon the players, or to understand the mystery of the scenery because they see the changes of the scene, or to be men of genius because they listen to a drama of genius, as have that reading and talking generation to claim any place or degree in the world of intellect, because they read and retail to each other what is constantly teeming from the press. Not that I would undervalue such an employment as perusing what the mind of man is continually producing, but that I would estimate the value and duration of that sentimental life in which so many pride themselves. And I estimate it as a mere game or pastime of the faculties, a dissipation of the eye of the mind, producing upon the intellectual man the same effects, which are produced upon the sensual man by the dissipation of his eye among the various scenes and curiosities of the world. This sort of life must also pass away at death, for its food will then be at an end, and its excitement at an end; and in the spiritual and eternal world, with which it held no communion, it can expect to find no enjoyment, unless God, for the sake of those who never cried him mercy or obeyed any word, should make himself an egregious liar.'

We have space but for one quotation more. It touches with great force and feeling upon the manner, in which condemned convicts view the approach of death. But we trust, that enough has been quoted, to induce orthodox readers, if any such we have, to repair to the book itself.

'Perhaps the best way of making this experiment is to look upon the last hours of the condemned. There are no practical despisers of death like those who touch, taste, and handle death daily, by daily committing capital offences. They make a jest of death: all its forms, and all its terrors, are in their mouths a scorn. Now, it hath been my lot to attend on the condemned cells of prisoners, and to note the effects when they were kept cool in body and in mind, and saw that enemy at hand, whom they affected to despise when at a distance. And in the North we have a better opportunity of making this painful observation, seeing weeks, and days, intervene between sentence and execution. Now this is the fact,—that first of all, Death in sight hath such a terrible aspect, that they make every effort to escape him. If there be one ray of hope, it is entertained with the whole soul. All friends are importuned; every channel of interest is beset; and a reprieve is besought by every argument and entreaty. Some have lived such a life of enormity, and are enveloped in such a cloud of brutal ignorance, that they die without care, and run the risk of another world, if there be one. But this is not frequent. The greater number abandon their untenable position of hardihood, and seek a shelter when the terrible storm hurleth in the heavens, and they see its dismal preparation. I know how it is, for I have watched all the night and all the morning in their cells, and walked with them to the drop; and one only I have found, whose heart would not yield: and when I took his hand, it was cold and clammy, and ever and anon there shot a shiver through his frame, and again resolution braced him up—and again the convulsive throb of nature shot thrilling to his extremities, which testified the strife of nature within.'

Letter from James Mease, *transmitting a Treatise on the Rearing of Silk-Worms, by Mr.* De Hazzi, *of Munich. With Plates, &c. &c. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States.* Washington: 1828.—pp. 106, 8vo.

This is the second pamphlet published by the U. S. Senate, on the subject of silk raising. These efforts of the government, to introduce this most important branch of industry into our country, are worthy of all praise. It is thus, by easy and unostentatious acts of beneficence, that a government becomes the real benefactor of the people. The introduction of silk making among us would not only save a certain number of millions of dollars, that are sent abroad for silk, but it would furnish employment, subsistence and hope to hundreds of thousands of people. By furnishing them with employment, not only so much would be added to the aggregate avails of our industry; but employment is the friend of morals, and in the same proportion the enemy of vice. Employment furnishes motive and excitement. The natural desire of finery would in this evaporate in the right channel, by stimulating to industry in the direction of gratifying that appetite. Just in the proportion, in which mulberry groves and silk establishments were multiplied, and diffused over the land, would be multiplied excitement, animation, and encouragement usefully to appropriate time, that would otherwise be thrown away, or worse than lost. Instead of the farmer seeing, in the finery of his wife and daughters, a standing memento of his own extravagance, and beholding in it a perpetual memorial of improvident wastefulness, he would proudly view their splendor, as marking the graduated scale of the success of their diligence and assiduity. The mulberry groves in themselves are among the most beautiful objects in a landscape. Every one knows the tasteless, and more than Gothic folly, with which beginners every where in the United States cut down and destroy trees and timber. How charming would have been our road sides, how comfortable to travellers, during the high heats of our fierce summer, if the trees, that skirted their original direction, had been left standing for shade. But wherever our farmers begin, they cut down every thing, as though they thought, that nature's beautiful green trees were enemies, that they were bound to root up and destroy. The physician knows, that trees, by absorbing the noxious air, are not less salutary to health, than they are beautiful to the eye.

The introduction of silk raising would tend to repair these Gothic perpetrations of bad calculation and bad taste. Beautiful, and cool, and ornamental groves would arise around the naked and unsheltered farm houses, harbingers of taste, industry, honest employment and improved morals. No one great result of this sort can stand alone. A thousand collateral and connected issues of happiness and morality would attach to the general influence. If pride of dress should still remain a sin in the court of conscience, the neutralizing influence of excitement, hope, industry and cheerfulness would, in our opinion, not only counterbalance the evil, but leave a positive preponderance of good. We lived in a village in

New-England, where making straw bonnets commenced. We saw the first coarse essays. We remarked the gradual increase of the industry, until one merchant sold, from the avails of the manufacture of a town containing fifteen hundred people, $12,000 worth of straw manufacture in one year. Into whatever house we entered, the children, from five to fifteen years, were all busily employed; and while their slender fingers were occupied, and their minds cheered with excitement and hope, and the certainty of the reward of industry, came honorable emulation, improvement in appearance, a full supply of school books, comfortable furniture; in short, in a few years a complete metamorphosis in the appearance of the town, external and internal. No where was this change so visible, as in the church on the Sabbath. True, there was a great amount of gaudy finery, not always in the best taste. Who would carp at it, when every one knew, it was the result of the individual industry of the wearer? Every one remarked so complete and obvious a change. The industry spread in every direction; and in the course of ten years, this humble business of plaiting straw hats was recognized as no humble or unimportant element in the manufactures of by far the greatest manufacturing state in the Union, Massachusetts. Every one admitted, too, that, along with the change introduced by this species of industry, though some ill effects evidently mingled with the general result, the balance being struck, the change was very obviously and decidedly in favor of good morals, self-respect, comfort and improvement of every sort. This species of industry was, however, limited to furnishing ornaments chiefly for the female head. Such a number of hands were plied in the direction of supplying this demand, that the market was soon overstocked with the article; and competition reduced the avails of the manufacture. It still remains no unimportant one down to this time. But this manufacture is for a demand, in the nature of things unlimited. The consumption would increase in the exact ratio of the supply; and no country, not even China, has ever experienced, or is in any danger of experiencing, a glut of the article of silk.

Not only so; but we have long entertained an opinion, in common with many others, that another most important species of production, perhaps still more so than that of silk, to wit, wine, would, in the natural order of things, connect itself with the culture of mulberry groves. Those, who have at all attended to the subject, know, that this is no new idea. Mr. Dufour, of Vevay, has already treated upon the subject, in an important essay, that ought to be generally known. We have no present space or purpose for the details. The project is, to train the vine of the wine grape to the cultivated mulberry tree, and thus furnish at the same time the material for the most splendid fabric of dress, and the only cordial, which cheers and invigorates, tending the while to diminish the brutal appetite for intoxication.

There seems to be a clear conviction in the public opinion, that our best and most abundant wines will be from our native grapes. Every one has seen how the vines naturally attach themselves to trees in the untouched forest. One of the most delightful associations in the mind of a traveller in our western world, is the innumerable canopies of verdure, from the wild grape vines, sometimes nearly of the size of the human body. The Scuppernong, which promises to take place of all others in our vineyards, was originally found wild in the umbrageous tangle of a North Carolina swamp. We have recently seen a document of undisputed authenticity, which affirms, that a single vine had yielded two barrels of wine, of a quality, which with proper ripeness and age, is scarcely distinguishable from Madeira. We have scarcely a doubt, that the Muscadine of the south will prove equally valuable. Every one knows, who has seen it, that it is found climbing the trees in the deepest groves of the southern swamps.

We believe, it is generally understood, that the brilliance and fierceness of our summer and early autumnal suns are unfavorable, in our dry atmosphere, to the quantity and quality of the grapes of imported vines.

It is well known, too, that our indigenous grapes do not succeed well in the very deeply shaded forests. Something between that condition, and the unprotected and full blaze of the 'gaiish eye' of day is found to be the condition, in which the muscadine, and summer grape of the west and the south come to their utmost abundance and perfection. We have always conjectured, that the want of full success, in cultivating the foreign grape in our country, was derived from this very source. The espaliers are laid fully bare to the blaze of day; and accustomed to much higher heats, and clearer suns, than they felt in the climes, where they were indigenous. Vines, then, trained to the mulberry, would furnish the exact medium between too much, and too little exposure to the sun; and, probably, would furnish the very condition, requisite for the complete success of the Scuppernong, the Muscadine, the Pine Woods, and other indigenous grapes. Plucking the leaves from the mulberry would still further prevent the closeness and depth of shade of the foliage, and would occasionally let in the full sun upon the growing clusters. The distance, at which these trees would require to be planted, the necessary freedom of a mulberry grove from underbrush and every species of redundant growth and foliage would concur to the same result—and there is little doubt in our mind, that the two most pleasant and profitable species of cultivation, silk and wine, would naturally advance in the same ratio, under the same auspices, and from the same concurrent causes.

We hope the reader will not view a discussion, growing out of our peculiar propensities an altogether useless episode. But to return to the book before us.

Ho-ang-ti, emperor of China, 700 years before Abraham, and 2700 before the Christian era, first ordered the artificial manufacture of silk in his empire. He, moreover, persuaded his first legitimate consort Si-hing-chi, with her own imperial fingers, to take care of the worms, and gather the leaves. From thus preparing the cocoons, the fair sovereign proceeded to encouraging the carding, weaving, and converting the beautiful material into fabrics for clothing. The higher classes at first were the only persons, privileged to appropriate to their use silken garments.

Subsequently, it became an article of immense exportation, and one of the elements of the exhaustless wealth of that country. Amidst all the splendor of that empire, that had conquered, and robbed the world, silk was still an interdicted luxury, for a century after Christ. In the year 270 it sold at Rome for its weight in gold. Justinian made great efforts to appropriate the silk trade—but entirely failed. Two monks were fortunate enough to introduce the knowledge of the production into the Roman empire, under his reign. They had seen the manufacture in China; but the exportation of eggs of the worm was forbidden on pain of death. They journeyed from Rome to that country, brought off the eggs concealed in the hollow of their staves, and the production was commenced at Constantinople A. D. 555. Henry fourth introduced it into France in 1600. At the last accounts, the value of silk, grown in that kingdom, annually, was 23,560,000 francs; and the fabrication 84,000,000. Consequently, the annual value of the growth and manufacture of silk is 107,560,000 francs, or nearly 22,000,000 of dollars.

The introduction of the manufacture into Germany was in 1598. A company commenced the business on a large scale at Munich. The parties expended great sums on buildings, and failed; and with the failure the culture also went down. It was introduced a second time; and attempted to be raised, from the year 1744 to 1783. Plantations of mulberry trees adorned the country. Promenades, ramparts, streets, and public places were ornamented with them. But instead of manufacturing silk privately, and by the individual skill and foresight of farmers, women and children, it was done by companies, and incorporated bodies, and acts of government, appointing a general superintendency with extensive powers. This was handling the business entirely at the wrong end; and as might have been foreseen, it failed again. This was the more to be regretted, as while the culture ceased, the demand for the article was constantly on the increase. In the year 1820, there was imported into Bavaria alone, to the amount of 3,806,650 florins. But the real tax of that single country, for this article, amounted in the whole to 6,891,300 florins.

The third epoch of silk raising commenced in 1821. The author of this treatise was the efficient mover of the introduction. Three mulberry trees were discovered not far from Munich; and with these the production began. Whole groves of the trees had been wantonly cut down for fuel. But many trees were found to have been spared, in various parts of the country. A board of silk culture was created, in 1824. The grand motto of this board was, *to have no general superintendence;* but to leave the business, to be the incidental, and secondary employment of servants, children, paupers, and old people; but more than all to the fostering care, and the fair hands of the ladies. The whole of this report is an admirable text manual for silk-raisers. All such people will desire to see the book, from which we abstract; and therefore, instead of quoting it, we refer them to the article in the original, pp. 22—24.

The culture was undertaken, in good earnest, in Bavaria, in 1825. The board for the cultivation of silk distributed premiums for scarfs, ribbons, and other silk articles. They dispersed vast numbers of eggs and seedling mulberry trees; and paid a florin for each pound of faultless cocoons. The persons, concerned in the diffusion of the culture, were clergymen, schoolmasters, merchants, and agriculturists. A. W. Bolzani, a fruit-seller, has been the most fortunate in the production. The author remarks, that, as if this species of industry had been destined to undergo every species of discouragement, and trial, the year, in which he commenced his experiment, was exceedingly unfavorable, being unusually rainy. But, notwithstanding, he produced 1000 pounds of finely spun cocoons.

The culture has been adopted with great spirit in Prussia; has gradually spread over all Germany; and has extended even to Sweden. It has been there ascertained, that the silk, which grows near the polar circle equals in strength and fineness the species cultivated in more temperate climates. It requires, however, but moderate closeness of inspection, to see, that the milder and warmer regions have very great advantages over such countries, as Sweden, and Russia, to which country the culture also has reached.

A British company, with a capital of £1,000,000 sterling, has been formed in England, and the officers are composed of the first people in the realm, to introduce silk-making in the united kingdom. There had been 50,000 applications for shares; and the number of silk looms had increased from 10, to 30,000. In Austria, silk raising has grown into favor. The court gazette of Vienna, in 1825, contains the doings of the Royal Agricultural Society—awarding medals, granting bounties, and describing the process of pursuing the culture of silk in the open air. Details of these attempts, in different parts of Germany, and of the causes of the former failure of this kind of industry, are given in this book, from pp. 30 to 50. In the progress of these details, an important fact is disclosed; to wit; that this culture is esteemed preferable in Germany to that of hops or the vine.

At this point he commences his instructions, touching the proper modes of attempting this culture. The author considers the white mulberry the only tree, worth depending upon for silk; and this seems now to be a general fact, agreed upon by the most experienced writers upon the subject. But from Count Dandolo and other writers, it appears, that there is a considerable difference in the quality of the white mulberry trees. Generally speaking, the broad leaved trees are preferable to those, that have small and indented leaves. He advises planting the male mulberry, exclusively; as the glutinous substance of the berries in the female is apt to injure the health of the worms. He recommends, for the place of planting, sunny exposures, and declivities screened by woods and groves. The trees should not be planted in marshy grounds—because they will not be healthy in such situations—nor beside roads, where the leaves will become coated with dust; and of course unhealthy food to the worms. Trees planted along a canal have been observed, to suffer less by late frosts, than those remote from water. The trees may be cultivated from the seed, of which one pound will yield 300,000 trees; or 2d, from roots; 3d from layers; 4th from cuttings. The only use of grafting is, when some very fine kinds of trees are discovered for cocoons, that the quality may in this way be transferred to other stocks. Some have recommended trying engrafting on a species of prune; and others on the wild mulberry.

There are two modes of planting the mulberry; 1st, in hedges; 2d, as standard trees. The hedges yield leaves earliest. They should be planted from a foot and a half to three feet apart. The leaves are fit to pull the third year. Standard trees may be distributed, either in regular, or irregular forms, from eighteen to twenty-five feet asunder.

In the management of the trees, there are three things, to which attention must be paid: 1st, The quality and quantity of the leaves. 2d, The duration of the trees. 3d, The facility and the certainty of the gathering the leaves. The quality of the leaves is improved by a judicious pruning. Great care is necessary, in pulling the leaves. Contrary to the general impression, he asserts, that all the leaves ought to be pulled; otherwise the naked branches will be incompletely nourished. The stripping of the leaves should not be commenced, until after the disappearance of the morning dew; and ought to be concluded, before the setting of the sun. A plate is here given of a rolling ladder, proper to be used in gathering the leaves, without pressing upon the young and slender trees. The bags, in which the leaves are gathered, should be hooped, to keep them open. Leaves, covered with that viscous matter, called honey dew, are not healthy for the worms. From pp. 65 to 71 the author treats of the enemies of mulberry trees, and the protection against them; of the treatment of the silk worms, the developement of the eggs, the birth of the caterpillar, and the temperature proper to each. The people in Italy and France always have a thermometer in their silk rooms, by which to regulate the temperature. A plate of an instrument of this sort, called a 'Thermometrograph,' is here given, indicating the *maximum* and the *minimum* of the temperature of the rooms, where the worms are reared. There should, also, be a hygrometer, to measure the humidity of the atmosphere. Experience has proved, that nothing is so fatal to the worms, as high heat and excessive humidity. These are all very cheap and simple instruments. In default of a hygrometer, some common salt, spread on the table, will indicate, by its becoming damp, a degree of humidity, which is noxious to the worms. On pp. 72—73, plates are given of the apparatus, necessary for a silk room. They are few in number; and simple, and unexpensive in construction. Twenty thousand worms will require in a season 1000 pounds of leaves. The modes, times, and proportions of feeding them, are given pp. 74, 75, 76, and 77. In the notes, proofs are given, that the worms had sometimes been fed on the leaves of the white raspberry; and different statements, that they had been sustained, so as to make cocoons upon lettuce. In 1790 De Schrank, having no food for his worms, turned them loose in his garden. A few months afterwards, he found several cocoons on his garden gate; though with a very extensive knowledge in botany, he could not ascertain, upon what plant they had fed. When the air of the rooms, where they feed, becomes impure, it is purified by the cheap and common chemical process. But it is much better, to depend on the extreme cleanliness of the rooms; as all experience demonstrates, that, when the rooms are filthy, and much humidity, or fermenting gas is generated, the worms become sickly and die. From pp. 80 to 84, the book is occupied, in giving details of the manner, in which the worms should be tended and fed, during the several stages of their existence.

The details from this point to the end of the book, in describing the processes of the developement of the cocoon, the preparations for the raising of the silk-worms, completion of the cocoon, management of it—the state of the cocoon with grubs in it, the cocoon from which the butterfly is near emerging, the cocoon, from which the butterfly has escaped—the coupling of the butterflies, the female moths laying their eggs, are all of interest, and ought to be well understood by silk raisers. But they do not materially differ from accounts, in former treatises, except, that, it seems to us, the information is more exact. On p. 76, the diseases of silk-worms are described; and on p. 77, the objection is answered, that this species of industry is in itself unhealthy. He meets this objection only with ridicule.

The author proceeds to speak of the silk-worms, that have but three moultings; and spin silk at the end of the third age. Count Dandolo recommends, for various reasons given, the rearing of this kind of silk-worms. There is, besides, a species of silk-worms, which invariably furnishes white cocoons. In a note appended, it is remarked, that our agricultural society has this species, and is willing to distribute them.

The remainder of this precise and satisfactory treatise is occupied, in detailing the means, within the power of the government, to encourage the culture of silk. It would be of little use, to enumerate them here. The government of the United States and of Bavaria are so different, that, what might be suited to the genius of the one, might be utterly incompatible with the spirit of the other. Our government has already adopted most of the means recommended, except that of granting medals. Surely, if our government may not do this, it ought to be one of the first objects of our agricultural societies. The planting of mulberry trees might be commenced in all places of public resort, in the gardens of hospitals, schools, and other national institutions. It is recommended to clergymen and schoolmasters, to become public teachers of the art of cultivating silk. The fair ought also to lead in this species of industry, following the example of the Chinese, Greeks, Italians, and French. At the commencement of the book is a beautiful, coloured engraving, representing the different ages of the silk-worm, feeding on the leaves; and at the close a tabular summary of the daily proceedings, in the culture of silk, or the tending 20,000 silk-worms, from the time of their forth-coming, until the completion of their cocoons.

The only requisites in the style and manner of such a book must be truth, conciseness, clearness, precision, and simplicity. This book, we think, possesses these attributes in an uncommon degree. It contains no Germanisms, that we discovered; and it seems to us to be admirably translated. We deem it superior to any other treatise, that we have seen, in point of clearness and precision. Although the language is sufficiently scientific, the common reader can clearly apprehend the author's ideas. It possesses another advantage. The information is definite, and does not tend to waste the efforts of the beginner in theory and experiment. He recommends decidedly the white mulberry—and the common worms; and the practice, which has most generally been followed from the commencement of the art of silk making.

Thoughts on the Changes and their Causes, which are perpetually occurring in Material Creation. By Charles Caldwell, M. D. *Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and Clinical Practice, in Transylvania University. Read in the Lexington Medical Society.*

Having frequently spoken of the style and manner of this gentleman in this journal, we need only remark in this place, that this long dissertation bears the distinct impress and identity of his writing. We have read no writings, the filiation of which may be so immediately traced. We may add, that amidst all the numerous productions of his pen, historical, biographical, physiological, phrenological, and militant, we have read nothing, which, on the whole, seemed so eloquent and original, or on which he might so safely base his reputation, as a writer, as on this physiological paper. We repeat, what we have said before, that we would not pause for a moment, to debate the point with those, who would be disposed to deny originality—acuteness—a brilliant imagination, and generally the powers of a talented writer to the person, who was able to produce such a paper.

It commences with an impressive and eloquent outline of the history of the changes, which are going on in our universe. As specimens of the character of this outline, we quote the following.

'In the airy ocean by which our globe is surrounded, mutation is perpetual; for the most part beautiful, delightful and salutary, but, at times, indescribable in grandeur and terror, and overwhelming in the temporary ruin it produces. It varies from the gentle fanning of the breeze, to the headlong and desolating sweep of the tempest; and from the fleecy rack, which flits across the sky, scarcely specking its cerulean brightness, or intercepting a sunbeam, to the deep gloom and appalling bursts and movements of the thunder cloud. Nor must I forget the igneous meteors, of every description, at times most playfully brilliant and beautiful, and at other times sublime and threatening in aspect, which kindle their fires in upper air; the bow which suspends from the raindrops its celestial drapery; and the still more rich and radiant glories, with which the sun adorns the morning and evening clouds, as he emerges in the east, or tempers his fervors in the western wave. Such are a few of the atmospherical changes which are constantly presented to us; to which may be added, vicissitudes of temperature, whether sudden or gradual, with mists and rains, hoar-frost, hail and snow, and various others which time will not permit me to enumerate.

'On the immediate surface, and to a moderate depth in the exterior covering of the earth, changes are perpetual, some of them slow, and innocent or useful, and others rapid, fierce and destructive. Tempest-beaten cliffs are tumbling into gulfs or valleys at their bases; time-worn rocks are crumbling into sand and dust; and the very hills and mountains are gradually passing, with the torrents that wash them, into the narrow depths and humbler levels by which they are skirted. Nor is this all. Setting restraint at defiance, and outstripping time, in the march of their operations, the convulsions of the earthquake and the eruptions of the volcano effect, in an hour, mutations that might well be the product of ages. As if omnipotence were, for a time, consigned to their keeping, mountains sink and spring up, at their bidding, rivers forsake their long-worn channels, and fathomless lakes usurp the places where hills and plains, and other modifications of dry land had reposed.'

These changes are *mechanical*, *chemical*, and *vital*. The atmospheric changes of temperature are chiefly chemical—and *caloric* is the grand moving agent. But the changes, which constitute the chief theme of the orator's discussion, are those, which occur in the organized and living subject. These commence with the birth, and traverse the scale, till they consummate their work in death. The means of these changes are *digestion* and *nutrition*, *secretion* and *excretion*, *absorption* and *intellection*.

The changes in digestion and nutrition are specific—almost creative. They convert the common masses of dead alimentary matter into symmetry and beauty; and in some unknown way render it subservient to mental operations, *but a little lower, than those of the angels.* It matters little of what description this aliment is. All the multiplex forms, and all the changes, which it receives from the culinary art vary not at all the process, by which it is converted into the curious being called man. The white, the crimson, the rosy red, all of attraction, and all of repulsion, all that is held forth in display, and all that is concealed in the microcosm, are the result of this metamorphosis, which does not show, as a miracle, only because it is so familiar. The author has his own original way of expounding this metamorphosis.

'To spread on a festive board a course of common alimentary fare, and seat at the head of it a living Venus de Medici, in the vivacity of youth, the bloom of health, and the pride of beauty, and assert that the former could be converted into the latter, would be pronounced a fiction of the wildest character, had not the experience of all time established its truth. And yet, as will appear hereafter, some pseudo-philosophers have the folly and hardihood to pronounce this chemistry.'

Without making any pretensions to have sounded the depths of physiology, having tried abundantly the experiments of an invalid, we have came to our own individual conclusion, from our own experience, that, those physicians, who considered the human stomach, as a chemical laboratory, knew very little about the matter. There must always remain the arcana of the Creator, to humble the pride of the reaching insect. Life—the great secret of life—remains and will remain *opprobrium scientiæ*. The causes of the specific changes, which the living power produces upon the nutriment, submitted to its action, are as well known to the wild Indian of our woods, as to the profoundest physiologist. Some of the wonders of this mystery follow.

Animals, that subsist wholly on liquids have much solid matter; and those that subsist on solid and dry food their full proportion of liquids. The humming bird, from the saccharine nectar of flowers, forms bone, sinew, muscle—a motion of wings too swift for the eye to catch, and tints of beauty, which set at defiance the imitation of the pencil. The moth subsists on hair and wool; the Annobium maculatum on seasoned wood. Of two species of terebrella, one subsists on marble, and the other on stone. But the substance of the animals, changed by assimilation, bears no analogy to the matter, on which they fed.

Of plants, some feed wholly on water; others on air; and others on the soil. Yet, however diversified in condition, resulting from soil, climate, or position, they yield nearly the same results to chemical analysis. The Solandra grandiflora opens its beautiful flowers in a parched tropical soil, subsists on air, and is injured by supply of water. So of many species of the genus Cactus. So of the Javanese *Epidendrium arium*, a beautiful plant of exquisite fragrance. It is suspended from the ceilings by silken cords, unmoistened with water. In this strange position it flourishes in health and vigor for years, periodically renewing its leaves and flowers, and pouring forth unremitting effusions of its delightful fragrance. Half the family of the Fuci are vegetables without roots. The splendid Loti of the Nile, and, he might have added the equally splendid Nymphea Nelumbo of our lakes, subsist on water. It is impossible to compress the interesting information, which follows. We give it in the words of the orator.

'As the blood of animals is a fluid very strikingly different from the alimentary articles out of which it is formed, so are the secreted fluids, derived from it, no less different from the fountain that yields them.

'They are, in the higher orders of animals, the gastric and pancreatic juices, bile, mucus, saliva, tears, oil, fat, semen masculinum. cerumen, perspirable and menstrual matter, the synovial fluid, the humors of the eye, the black pigment which imparts color to the skin of the African, and the nervous fluid, supposing it to have an existence. To these may be added musk, castor, the offensive fluid emitted by the polecat, and a few other odorous matters which need not be recited.

'Descending to the inferior orders of animal existence, we find there the inky fluid of the cuttlefish, the electricity of the torpedo and the gymnotus electricus, the various poisons of the serpent tribe, and those of the scorpion, the tarantula, the asp, and other kinds of venomous insects and reptiles. All these are secreted matters, the result of changes produced by vital action on the blood. A fluid *sui generis*, perfectly dissimilar to all others, is thus, by secretory economy, converted into numerous other fluids, neither possessing between themselves the slightest mutual family likeness, nor any likeness to their parent source. In each of these secreted liquors are ingredients found, which no analysis can detect in the blood.

'Out of the blood, moreover, is prepared, by what may be correctly denominated a secretory process, the matter of bone, cartilage, tendon, muscle, nerve, brain, skin, hair, nail, and every other solid substance of which the body consists. This is another very striking instance of the multifarious product of vital action from a single fluid.

'From the blood or sap-juice of vegetables, which, like the blood of animals, is a specific fluid, is also generated, by secretory action, a great variety of compound substances, equally different from each other, and from their parental source. These are gums, resins, balsams and oils, both bland and essential, camphor, asafœtida and gum elastic, each of them a substance peculiar in character;

all matters of color and odor, as the green of leaves, and the innumerable hues and fragrance of flowers; bitter, acid, acrid and saccharine juices; and the entire catalogue of vegetable poisons. Among poisonous juices may be mentioned those of the poppy, the tobacco plant, the datura stramonium, the nightshade, the henbane, the hellebore, the kalmias, the rhuses, the manicella, the upas, and many others, some of them natives of our own, and some of foreign countries.

'All these are secreted substances, formed, by vital action, from the sap-juice of vegetables, and as different from *it* as they are from each other. As far as its character is known, the real blood or nutritious liquor of every plant, like the blood of every animal, is bland and innocuous; and exhibits none of the peculiar and deleterious qualities, which belong to many of the substances formed from it by secretion. The real sap-juice of the poppy has in it no opium; that of the sugar-cane and sugar-maple no saccharine matter; nor has that of the mimosa nilotica any gum arabic. The same is true of our muskmelon and watermelon vines. In the latter there is nothing sweet and in the former nothing fragrant. It is secretion alone, that gives those delicious qualities to the fruit which they produce.

'A more complete and delightful metamorphosis the poet has never *imagined*, in his moments of inspiration, than that which the lotus, the jessamine, the magnolia and the rose actually *effect*, when they take up matter, which, far from being attractive to either of the senses, is indifferent or offensive, and convert it, by their peculiar action, into the surpassing beauty and fragrance of their blossoms. I repeat what I have heretofore uttered, that did not observation assure us of the reality of this change, we would regard it as a fable. The conversion of Daphne into laurel, or Progne into a swallow, would seem scarcely less credible.'

To account for these astonishing changes, there have been different hypotheses. The first resolves them into chemical agency; and views every living body, as a chemical laboratory. The second refers them to the exclusive control of vitality. The third is a neutral compound of the two, denominated *chemico-physiology*. The orator appears to consider these phenomena, as simply the result of inexplicable, vital action,—and with no sparing hand—as is his wont, lays about him, in pulling down the air castles of the other hypotheses. On p. 17 he enters, as a strong man, with offensive war in his pen, into their dominions. He leaves no weapons of reason or ridicule unemployed, in combatting the suppositions of those, who imagine, that the changes of living bodies are compounded of vital and chemical agency. He supposes them completely the work of the former. He assures the '*animo, vegeto chemical!*' philosophers that, 'without pretending either to prophecy or uncommon sagacity, their hypothesis will be dissipated by the increasing lights of science, as the shadows of night retreat before the sun.'

So far from co-operating in these changes, he considers chemistry and vitality, as opposites, antagonizing agents; and that the province of the one is to build up the world of living matter; and the other to demolish, and change, and prepare it to be re-organized under the plastic power of its antagonist. In spring and summer the grand, splendid, and multiform operations of vitality are put forth, in the fields, woods, and waters. With the killing frosts of autumn commences the reign of chemical disorganization, to prepare new materials for the periodical return of the empire of vitality. Thus these mysterious agents in the great process of nature alternate, and antagonize each other. When, and where vitality works, chemistry is idle. When the reign of the latter commences, that of the former determines.

The oak and Adansonia live a thousand years, and chemistry touches them not. They fall before the tempest, come under the domain of chemistry, and are resolved back to masses of vegetable mould. The elephant lives centuries; and some of the cetaceous tribes perhaps as long, as the oak and the Adansonia. During this period, they are above the reach of chemistry. They die. Assimilation, nutrition, and secretion cease, and putrefaction is the only process, they manifest. Warm blooded animals, in whom vitality is strongest, longest resist this process. In sphacelation, the parts only putrefy, when their vitality is completely extinct. A vulture, a hyena, a wolf feast on putrid animal matter. As soon, as digestion operates in their stomachs upon this animal matter, its putrid taint is gone. The same fact is exemplified in the throat and stomach of a snake, that has swallowed an animal of a size, that it cannot at once digest.

The orator handles with still less ceremony those writers and teachers, who inculcate, that these functions of the animal economy are carried on by chemistry alone. He invites them to perform some of these functions in their laboratory; to convert, for instance, aliment into chyme and chyle; and these into blood; and blood into muscle and bone; to reunite a severed muscle; out of the sap of the rose-bush to produce its fragrance and its flower; or from the life blood of the peach tree even to produce the gum, that oozes from its puncture. The chemist shrinks from these simplest operations of vitality.

In reply to the chemical physiologists, who retort the puzzle, and ask him, what he understands by vitality? he answers, that his limits are not sufficiently ample, to give a full answer. All, that can be said, is, that the changes and the phenomena of vitality, in the proper province of its action, are as well understood, as those of chemistry on the bodies, where it is acknowledged to operate.

On p. 24 commences a disquisition of great interest. We have no where seen it managed with so much talent and ingenuity. It is a discussion of the doctrine of the chymists, that no substance, simple or compound, can be extracted from a mass of matter, that did not exist in it, formally, before. For example, iron and sulphur can be extracted from the human blood. Say they, iron and sulphur with their specific properties, as such, must have existed in the blood before. After combustion, potash can be extracted from the ashes of hickory and maple. Therefore, potash must have existed formally in the log. He replies, that, before decomposition and recomposition, no chemical ingenuity can separate iron and sulphur from blood; or potash from the hickory log. He asks, who will procure the fragrance and blossom of the Loti, by any chemical process, from the turbid water and the slimy sediment of the Nile? And so of the Epidendrium, the sugar-cane, Champaigne, and Burgundy? Do hydrogen and oxygen exist with their properties in the compound, water? He considers it the extreme of folly, to answer in the affirmative. So of quinine, cornine, and other medical substances. Their sanative properties, thus extracted, he considers mere chemical compositions, not native products. He exemplifies the same principles in the effects on the human constitution of various medical preparations. For instance, after a long course of chalybeate medicines, no iron is found formally in the blood. In the milk of females, and in the perspiration of those, who have swallowed large quantities of garlic, assafœtida, or spirits of turpentine, the odour of these articles becomes strongly perceptible. But in their blood not the slightest degree of odour exists. Equally absurd he considers the opinions of those, who affirm, that ice is water in its natural state.

> 'So is rich vegetable mould convertible into a cabbage stalk, and a cabbage stalk reconvertible into mould. A pig, by digestion, assimilation and nutrition, may be converted into a man, and a man, by the same process, into a pig. Yet they are not the same. Vegetable mould is neither the natural state of cabbage, nor cabbage of vegetable mould. Nor, although there are men as stupid as pigs, is a pig the natural state of a man. Yet as well may identity be predicated of them, as of ice and water.'

The orator proceeds to show at length, and in the example of various other substances, that by varying the proportions of elementary substances, you change essentially the nature of the compounds, into which they enter. The following illustrations, on the supposition of its being otherwise, are sufficiently amusing.

> 'We, the inhabitants of the West and South, would be but masses of pork, hommany and cabbage; our fellow citizens, of eastern and middle states, compounds of beef, flour, butter and buckwheat cakes; while the hardy and intrepid sons of New-England would be chemical compositions of codfish and molasses. The Englishman would be roast-beef and strong beer, the Irishman a huge and sound hearted potatoe suitably garnished with curds and whey, the Frenchman a mixture of bread and *soupe-maigre*, the Spaniard and the Portuguese an overgrown onion swimming in olive oil, and the Chinese and the Hindoo an aggregate of rice. Under such circumstances, ancient fable would be perfectly beggared by existing reality.'

To the question of his antagonists, how it happens, that productions can be extracted, so exceedingly different from the substances, out of which they are drawn? he answers properly, 'I do not know.' Science gains much more by understanding the limits of knowledge, and respecting them, than by arrogantly venturing beyond those bounds, to 'darken counsel by words without knowledge.' But he does know, that two processes, in perpetual operation, *composition* and *decomposition*, do essentially change the character of substances; and he produces a great number of learned and ingenious chemical illustrations. For instance, sulphur and oxygen, in joining to form sulphuric acid each lose their specific characters. Iron with oxygen forms an oxide, which proves the same fact. The iron is no longer metallic, lustrous, malleable, nor retains its original specific gravity. 'In the oxide of iron no real iron exists.' Decompose the oxides, and the properties of the elementary ingredients are resumed. The same of soda and sulphuric acid, and of all those salts, which, in reference to this change, are called *neutral*—as implying, that they are neither the one nor the other of the substances, out of which they were compounded. In confirmation of this principle, he quotes Dr. Good, who, after illustrating it, in reference to the living subject, says, that it is most rational to conclude, 'that they' (these principles) 'are generated in the laboratory of the animal system itself, by the all-controlling influence of the living principle.'

He proceeds to disprove the idea, that we know, that iron, sulphur, phosphorus and chlorine are simple substances. Alkalis, which have been decomposed, were for a long time thought such. In short, we know nothing of simple substances. Ærolites are now believed to be ejected neither from volcanoes, or to fall from the moon; but to be concretions, formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But chemists have never detected any of these substances in the analysis of the atmosphere.

He proceeds to advert to the chemical hypothesis, which explains the formation of lime, found in the bones of animals; particularly of that class that have a gizzard; as fowls. If these animals are not supplied with gravel, they become sickly; their egg shells lose their firmness. Their bones deteriorate. They die of a malady, called the *mopes.* The chemists say, that the animals swallow pebbles, out of their calcareous matter, to form the lime of their bones and egg shells. But he says, that these pebbles are as often siliceous and argillaceous as calcareous. In the Atlantic states, for example, these pebbles are siliceous; and yet they answer the purpose quite as well, as the calcareous pebbles of the Mississippi valley. Still further, to expose these visionary suppositions, he observes, as before, that the Terebrellum marmoreum, which feeds entirely on marble, yields no calcareous matter to analysis. To prove, that the pebbles operate in the gizzards of the animals, only as little mill stones for trituration, he observes, that if you feed one chicken on siliceous gravel, and another on argillaceous, and a third on pulverized lime, the two first will thrive, while the other will sicken, and die. So vegetables, that grow in a calcareous, siliceous, or chalybeate soil yield no more lime, silex or iron—than vegetables, that grow in a soil of the most opposite character.

The close of the discourse turns upon the practical results of the chemical pathology. When the disorders are supposed to tend to putrefaction, this practice teaches to administer medicines, called antiseptics. So, when the fluids of the patient were supposed to be alkalescent, he was obliged to swallow acids; and again, when his disease arose from what was called acidity, he was dosed with alkalis. The morbific matter, received by infection, or miasm or poison, was to be expelled by alexipharmics and sudorifics. When the maladies proceeded from a dysoxygenated condition of the system, the patient was obliged to swallow nitre, as containing abundant oxygen. Again, when the blood was hyperoxygenated, as was supposed in phthisis pulmonalis, the patient was compelled to reek over a cow-house, to inhale the filthy and deoxygenated atmosphere. Disorders, supposed to arise from thinness of the fluids, were to be cured by inspissants; and those from laxness of the solids by astringents and tonics. In France, not long since, the physicians took the monstrous notion, that fevers resulted from a deficiency of gelatine. The patients were put up to what Dr. Hunn would call 'analeptic equalizers;' or calves' foot jelly. It was to no purpose, that the morbid stomach rejected it. Down went the gelatine again; and instead of sending the disorder packing, the patient was started on his last journey. The orator thinks no better of lithontriptics, for calculus in the kidney or bladder, or for an antiseptic poultice to a gangrenous wound.

He concludes by explaining, that he has the highest respect for chemistry, in its proper department and sphere; and that he wishes to see it cultivated. He desires only to see it excluded from physiology, pathology and practice. He admits, too, that many of the functions and processes of the human body are conducted on processes purely mechanical. This idea he explains in the following paragraph.

> 'But in all these instances, and in every other that can be adduced, the mechanical process, although subservient to the vital, is entirely distinct from it. They do not, in the slightest degree, interfere with each other. The one simply commands, and the other, during health, implicitly obeys, each occupying its own rank and station. Vitality furnishes the spring of action, and mechanics the apparatus. But mechanics can have no agency in giving the spring, nor vitality in the form and arrangement of the instruments. Although, therefore, the two sets of principles are essentially distinct from each other, there is no such incompatibility between them, as to prevent them from being concerned in the same function, as principal and subordinate. Perhaps the chief reason of this may be found in the fact, that mechanics are concerned with *masses* of compound matter, and vitality with its *elements*.'

We have understood, that the attainments of this gentleman in physiology are pre-eminent. This paper, we think, well calculated to confirm the impression. It is written, too, with unusual simplicity, eloquence and force. We deem, that he pushes some of his positions to an inordinate extent. But the main doctrine is, in our view, both true and important. We think it of immense value to science, to set up clear and well defined limits between the empire of chemical and mechanical action in the human system, and the unexplored *terra incognita*—the mysterious and fearful secret of vitality.

NOTICES OF PERIODICAL WORKS.

Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine.* We take great pleasure in adding our testimony in favor of this sound, sensible and judicious monthly journal. She says, that if it has had success, it is the parental impulse of the mother, that has wrought it. We admit, that no spectacle more calculated to disarm criticism of its bitterness, can be imagined, than that of a widow fearlessly entering this thorny region, to glean from it the means of the nurture and education of a family. Mrs. Hale need not rest her claims at all on that ground. She carries to her warfare sound sense, a discriminating mind, good taste, and occasionally she furnishes beautiful verses. We wish the ladies of our region would patronize her work.

We greet our brother monthly, ***The Transylvanian, or Lexington Literary Journal***, No. I. This is a monthly literary journal, of very respectable appearance; and from the aspect of this number, and from the literary estimation of the contributors, we may promise ourselves, that it will lend efficient aid to the cause of good learning, science and true taste.

The Sâbbath School Visitant and Juvenile Magazine: Third Series. Utica, New-York. This publication is orthodox, without being bigoted; and deeply serious, without deeming it necessary to be uninteresting and dull. The matter is striking and impressive; and we have seen no cheap publication of the kind, that promises to be more acceptable, or more useful for Sunday schools. It is a neat 12mo.; is published semi-monthly, and costs one dollar per annum, payable in advance.

The Christian Examiner and Theological Review. Boston. This is a very handsome religious publication, of the liberal cast, published every two months. In size, as in the time of its publication, it holds a place between the monthlies and quarterlies. We see no periodical so beautiful in point of appearance. The writing, too, is generally of a grave and high character. Some of the articles have been republished with great applause in England. It is understood, that Dr. Channing contributes to it; which alone is ample testimonial to the character of the work.

The Unitarian Advocate. Bowles & Dearborn: Boston. It is a very neat monthly publication, each number containing 56 pages. The contributors are men of well known talent, and high respectability of character. The object of this publication is very explicitly and fully set forth in its title. Like the former publication, it advocates liberal Christianity; and is of a more popular cast, than the Christian Examiner. The articles are generally short, pithy, remarkably clear, independent and unequivocal; and yet calm and dignified. It holds controversy with the orthodox theological journals; but we have seen no instance, in which the language has been other than mild and gentle. To those, who wish to know what unitarianism is, and the spirit of its writings, and how its principles are defended, we recommend this journal, as eminently calculated to answer those views.

We are pleased to see the Boston ***Journal of Education*** sustaining its ground, and making progress in public favor. We are told, that its circulation is increasing. Every publication, that tends to promote good learning, has our best wishes. We should be glad to see this very useful work more known in our section of the country.

THE
WESTERN
MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1829.

Historia de la Revolucion de la Republica de Colombia. Par JOSE MANUEL RESTREPO, *Secretario del Poder Ejecutivo de la Misma Republica.* Paris: 1827. Tom. 1—10.

THE last number of the North American Review, besides a number of reviews, which evidence great learning and research, more especially designed for learned readers, and men of pursuits exclusively literary, contains two or three articles of great interest to common readers. Among them is a review of Restrepo's History of the Revolution of the Republic of Colombia. It is perfectly natural, that the political events, which are transpiring in that portion of our hemisphere, should become themes of deep interest to the people of the United States. The fate of all republics, except our own, for a length of years, seems suspended on the issue of the experiment, making in our sister southern republics, touching their capability of self-government. If their experiment fails, through their manifest incompetency to this great task, what a fearful omen will the tyrants of this age draw from the circumstance, against all attempts at popular and republican movements in every country!

Among the distinguished names of individuals, who have signalized themselves in the great Spanish American struggle, no one is more conspicuous than SIMON BOLIVAR. Diametrically opposite views of him have prevailed among us; and the general impression is yet a doubtful one, whether he is to be estimated the Washington, or the Napoleon of Colombia. The review embodies, from the history in question, a clear and interesting sketch of the biography of this celebrated man. It is our purpose to present to our readers a very abbreviated abstract of this sketch.

Simon Bolivar was born in the city of Caraccas, the capital of Venezuela, July 24, 1783. He was nobly descended on his father's and mother's side. Left an orphan at an early age, he embarked for Europe, to obtain the advantages of an education superior to that, which he could be expected to acquire at home. He took Mexico and Havanna in his route to Spain. After completing his studies at Madrid, he visited Paris, and witnessed many of the important incidents of the French revolution. Here he conceived the project of rescuing his country from its bondage to Spain.

On his return to Madrid, he married an amiable and highly educated lady of one of the first families in Spanish America.

He embarked with his fair lady for his patrimonial estates in his own beautiful country. The first office he bore, was that of captain of militia in the valleys of Aragua. His wife died suddenly of yellow fever, leaving him inconsolable. To divert his gloom, he repaired to Paris at the singular juncture of the assumption of the imperial diadem by Napoleon. He looked up to the star of the emperor, as its radiance culminated in the zenith. Whether he was most dazzled with this deceitful glare, or impressed with its lonely set in the wave of the mid ocean of St. Helena, time will show.

On his return to his country, he took the United States in his way. Emparan, his friend, arrived at the same time captain general of Venezuela. A certain feeling of personal loyalty existed there towards '*el amado Fernando;*' but, April 19, 1810, the patriots of Caraccas seized the reins of government, formed a supreme junta, and sent Emparan and the members of the *audiencia* to the United States. This commenced the revolution in Venezuela. In this transaction Bolivar was a chief actor; and his life henceforward is identified with the history of his country. The junta commissioned him colonel; and, along with don Mendez, to repair to London, to solicit the protection of the English cabinet for the revolutionary government. That cabinet declared a perfect neutrality. Bolivar returned to Caraccas; and appears to have lived awhile in comparative retirement. The declaration of independence took place July 15, 1811; in which event he had a conspicuous agency, and by which he was again summoned to his appropriate sphere. The Spanish government despatched Corto Barria to Puerto Rico, to reduce Venezuela. He rallied as many as practicable about his standard, and raised it in revolt against the patriot authority. General Miranda was despatched with 3,000 patriots to chastise the royalist insurgents. Bolivar entered the ranks, as a volunteer. A great man will show himself such in any capacity. He manifested decidedly military talents. The rebels in Valencia were dispersed by the patriots.

A tremendous earthquake, in March, 1812, filled Venezuela with ruins and mourning. The clergy were generally royalists, and exercised their bad influence over the stupid and bigoted people, just as a dominant clergy would wish to do it here. The pulpits rung with ascribing the awful catastrophe to the vengeance of Heaven, thus manifested indignantly towards patriot disloyalty. This representation had a fatal effect, in awing and repressing revolutionary movements. The royalist captain, general Monteverde, assumed the offensive, and rapidly marched from Coro against the west of Venezuela. The patriots were called to struggle for existence. They constituted general Miranda dictator. He appointed Bolivar to the important post of Puerto Cabello. The Spanish prisoners, confined in the castle San Felipe, which commanded Puerto Cabello, bribed the patriot officer on guard to give them possession of the castle. Bolivar suffered the mortification, July 1, 1812, to be obliged to evacuate the place. This turned the scale decidedly in favor of the royalists. Miranda was compelled to capitulate with Monteverde. Venezuela was restored to the Spanish regime. The patriots obtained immunity of person and property; and the allowance of three months to such, as chose to quit the country. General Miranda, Bolivar, and the leading patriots retired to La Guayra, with a view to join the patriots in New Granada. La Guayra was commanded by colonel M. M. Casas, the base Arnold of South America. To gain favor with the royalists, he consigned Miranda, and more than a thousand other patriots to their power; and they plunged them in the dungeons of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. The friends and enemies of Bolivar present opposite views of the means, which he took, to regain his liberty. Certain it is, that he obtained a passport from Monteverde, and joined the patriots of Carthagena.

In New Granada the royalists had the occupation of Santa Martha and Rio de la Hacha. The possession of these places was all important to the patriots. They employed La Battut, a French officer, ineffectually for the purpose of obtaining them. Bolivar, on his own authority, conceived and executed the bold and vigorous measures, which obtained the desired result. He drew together such scanty materials for an expedition, as his limited means allowed; attacked the Spaniards in Teneriffe, which commanded the navigation of Upper Magdalena; swept them from his victorious course; and, receiving the accessions, that fail not to attach themselves to a conquering force, he cleared the eastern bank of the Magdalena of all the royalist positions. The envious jealousy of La Battut was roused. He demanded, that he should be tried by a court martial, for these unauthorized victories. But conquerors, in such cases, are sure to gain their cause with the people. Instead of censure, the patriot government of Carthagena gave him the command of the district of Mompox. With the necessary military appointments, and a force of 500 men, he ascended the Magdalena, and penetrated into the interior of the province. The royalists, who in their pride, had declared, that they would not respect a flag of truce, fled before him to Chiriguana, where they were overtaken, and routed. The city Ocana was delivered; and Bolivar entered it in triumph, amidst *vivas* and exclamations. He rapidly traversed the whole line of the Magdalena to Mompox, gathering strength and information, as he advanced. He immediately meditated the project of reconquering Venezuela. He soon inspired 400 followers with the same noble enthusiasm. He scaled the lofty cordilleras of Santa Martha. Purposely exaggerating his strength, he caused the alarmed enemy to abandon the impregnable heights of La Aguada, and to retreat before him to San Cayetano. Correa, the royalist general, halted in Cuenta. Notwithstanding the odds of numbers, Bolivar attacked him. The patriot bayonets decided the obstinately contested battle. The rout of the Spanish troops was complete. Every thing fell into the hands of the conquerors. Correa, severely wounded, escaped. An immense booty of merchandize, brought there for sale, fell into the hands of the conquerors. This victory, achieved, February 28, 1813, produced incalculable results for the patriot army. This brilliant success attracted all eyes to the fortunate commander.

He was appointed to the rank of brigadier, and proposed to march upon Venezuela. As usually happens in the affairs of men, a series of reverses succeeded this tide of victory. Castillo, a man of weak capacity, unfortunately had co-ordinate authority in the same district. He undertook to question, and criminate all Bolivar's movements. The latter strove to appease him in vain. An irreconcilable hatred grew up between them. Bolivar's projects were accounted rash; and his means of executing them inadequate, only because his intellect was in advance of his associates. In outline of plan, and in promptitude and vigor of execution, there was a striking similitude between his military talents and those of Napoleon. He burst from the shackles of the prescription of precedent. Rapid marches over roads deemed impracticable, concentration of attack upon an unexpected point, striking and brilliant evolutions, were substituted for the slow caution of his predecessors. Such a character must be as outrageous, as incomprehensible to a limited mind, so much the slave of habit and form, as Castillo. Nevertheless Castillo co-operated with him to a certain extent, in his advance upon Venezuela. But at length, declaring the expedition hopelessly wild, he marched off with his detachment, leaving the adventurous officer scarcely 500 men. The government sent commissioners to watch him; but they could not reach the celerity of his movements. A variety of unpleasant circumstances and embarrassments attended his march to San Cristovar. The army, with which he marched from that place, was small; but commanded by such officers, as Rivas, Jirardot, Urdaneta, D'Eleazar, and other adequate associates. With entire success Merida and Trujillo were forced from the enemy; and Bolivar became convinced, that celerity and decision would produce the same results in Venezuela. We pause here, to remark upon the charges of cruelty, brought against Bolivar on account of his declaration, of '*guerra a muerte*,' in other words, 'no quarter.' The Spanish government seem to have considered the insurgents, from various considerations, as out of the pale of mercy. Monteverde had gone far beyond the letter of his instructions, and emulated the character of a fiend. The same atrocities were practised upon the conquered, that have recently been recited of the Turks in the Greek revolution. These enormous cruelties inspired vengeance in the bosoms of the Venezuelans. The story of these atrocities was related to Bolivar, as he entered Venezuela. In the state of consequent extreme exasperation, he issued the famous proclamation of Merida, July 15, 1813. Outraged feelings, vindictive resentment, inspired by unprecedented wrongs, breathe through it. After enumerating these enormous cruelties, the proclamation terminates in these words: 'But these victims shall be avenged; these executioners shall be exterminated. Our gentleness is already exhausted; and since our oppressors force us to a mortal struggle, they shall disappear from America, and our soil shall be purged of the monsters that infest it. Our hatred shall be implacable, and the war unto death.' We forbear to notice the different views, which have been taken of this proclamation; some lauding it to the skies; and others denouncing it, as an act of barbarism and desperation. The reviewer seems to consider this emergency, as one of the extreme cases, which justify such a resort, if any degree of cruelty can call for such a retaliation.

Bolivar marched upon the province of Barinas, defended by 2000 Spanish under Don Tiscar. The cordillera of the Andes separated between them. Tiscar determined to cross the mountain in two points, and intercept Bolivar's communication with Cuenta. Bolivar anticipated his plan; and by different daring evolutions intercepted Tiscar's communication with Caraccas. Complete success crowned his manœuvres. A detachment of his troops under Rivas engaged, and overthrew that of Marti on the heights of Niquitao; and Bolivar surprised Guanare with a large and rich booty; while his van, under Jirardot, pushed Tiscar in confusion before him. New Granada, freed from invasion, tardily admitted the wisdom of Bolivar's views, and Torres, the president of the congress, who had sustained him against his calumniators, acquired the credit of having rightly divined him.

Bolivar's army, considerably augmented, directed its march in two divisions upon Caraccas. Several partial engagements occurred between his forces, and those of Monteverde. At length Monteverde put forth his efforts with his best troops at Lastoguanes, and was totally routed, and obliged to fly to Puerto Cabello. Bolivar obtained possession of Caraccas by capitulation. Such was his career of success, that, in August 1813, Puerto Cabello was the only place remaining to the Spaniards in Venezuela; and he now acquired the name of 'Liberator.' Monteverde was reinforced from Spain; and he continued his career of unprecedented desperation and cruelty; but a series of victories still crowned the patriot arms. Bolivar, during all this year, from the necessity of circumstances acted as dictator; and though complaints of abuse of authority existed against him, he does not appear to have exercised his high powers, other than with general moderation and justice. The Spaniards determined to retaliate upon the insurgent country, by laying it waste. To accomplish this, they turned loose a number of reckless and abandoned royal partizans, such as Boves, Yaney, Rosette, Puy, Palomo, whose names figured in the newspapers at the time; and all the base and unprincipled miscreants, that are brought forward by such scenes of confusion, rallied around their standard. Such were the foes, with whom Bolivar and the country had to contend. They were often defeated by Bolivar, and his sub-officers; but, augmented by other bands of desperadoes, they still rallied. Boves at last defeated him, after an obstinate contest, at La Puerta, attacking him in an unfavorable position. Flushed by this signal success, the Spanish wrested from the patriots all the results of a year of desperate, incessant and victorious struggle. Boves entered Caraccas. Bolivar was defeated again at Aragua, August 17, 1814. Anarchy, division and dismay prevailed. Bolivar abandoned the hopeless scene of blood and desolation, carrying with him nothing, but his glory. Arrived at Carthagena, he found his old enemy, Castillo, in power there, and no ways indisposed to attribute all these reverses to his mismanagement. He was, notwithstanding, received with every mark of consideration, as a great man, though an unfortunate general. All the provinces of New Granada, except Cundinamarca, formed a confederacy of states in general congress. This, the most opulent and powerful of all the states, including Bogota, refused to join the federal league. It was deemed necessary, not only to fight the Spanish, but to compel this state to become an integral part of the union.

The troops and command necessary to effectuate this difficult enterprise were entrusted to Bolivar. All efforts to bring about the union by negotiation failed; and Bolivar laid siege to Bogota. Alvarez with his Cundinamarcans resolutely defended the city; and Bolivar made his way, inch by inch, by dint of the bayonet. Wearied with the horrors of the last assault, the city finally yielded by capitulation. Part of it was sacked.

Manuscripts, books, collections and instruments, which Dr. Mutiz and the astronomer Caldas had accumulated in the observatory were all destroyed, an irreparable loss to science. At the commencement of this expedition, he had been severely censured by the inhabitants; and the priests fulminated upon him the thunders of excommunication. But after the capture of the city, their note was entirely changed. Thanks and honors were showered upon him; and he received the commission of captain-general of the armies of the republics. The reviewer here institutes a parallel between the fortunes of Bolivar and Napoleon. It was now resolved, to attempt the capture of Santa Martha, in possession of the royalists; and afterwards Rio Hacha and Maracaybo. His army consisted of 2000 veterans, well supplied with every thing, but munitions of war. The brilliant promise of the campaign was destined to be destroyed by the insane folly of the authorities of Carthagena, headed by Amador, the governor, and his old enemy, Manuel Castillo. The rancorous enmity of Castillo had now full scope. Crimination and recrimination passed between him and Bolivar. Efforts were made to bring him to conciliation by the offer of office. His enmity to the Liberator was too inveterate to be thus appeased. The government of Carthagena took part in it; and Castillo went so far, as to order resistance to Bolivar in his march up the Magdalena. The disastrous consequences to Carthagena and New Granada were such, as might have been expected. Nothing would induce Castillo to desist from his hostile purpose, although the congress despatched one of its members to reconcile him to Bolivar. The latter, perceiving, that his troops were sickening, and dying in the pestilential climate of Mompox, determined to march upon Carthagena. The reviewer considers this the first questionable act of his political life; 'for great,' says he, 'as the provocation was, it would have been more worthy of Bolivar, to have abstained from commencing hostilities.'

Bolivar was generous in his operations against the city, maintaining a defensive blockade, and courting compliance with the views of congress. On the other hand, the city authorities poisoned the waters of his camp, fired upon his flags of truce, and set at defiance all the rules of honorable warfare. When the siege had continued near a month, the news arrived, that Morillo from Spain had landed with an army of 10,000 men, accompanied by a powerful fleet, intended for the reduction of New Granada. This news filled both parties with consternation; and produced a mutual renunciation of hostilities. Bolivar once more earnestly urged the sacrifice of all personal differences to the great cause. Finding it useless to contend with the blind and inveterate faction, which governed Carthagena, he came to the resolution, to resign his command, and leave a country, which entertained such unconquerable prejudices against him. He settled a treaty with Carthagena, transferred his command to general Palacios, and accompanied by a few friends, embarked for Jamaica. It must have been a bitter moment to him, when he thus turned his back upon his country. In his last letter to the government, he gives most impressive utterance to his sentiments. 'To sacrifice his command, his fortune, his future glory, he said, cost him no exertion. It was necessary, to give peace to a distracted country. In separating himself from his friends, his comrades in victory and honor, he lamented only, that he could no longer hazard his life in the cause of his bleeding country, which was dearer to him, than any thing upon earth.' Yet this seeming eclipse was the mean of saving him for the emblazoning of his future glory. Had he remained in his country, there is little doubt, that he would have fallen a victim to the bloody reign of Morillo. Bolivar received in Jamaica all the consideration, due to his character. While residing there, his pen was employed in self defence, and in the defence of his country. A circumstance proves how much he was dreaded by his enemies. A royalist chief on the main took measures to effect his assassination. A negro slave was bribed to become the instrument. Fortunately, Bolivar was absent from his lodgings at an evening party. A poor emigrant, who occupied his bed, suffered in his stead. The slave was punished with death. Bolivar spent the year in Jamaica. At the commencement of the next year, he departed for Aux Cayes, to re-enter upon the theatre of his subsequent glory.

Here the article of the reviewer breaks off. Every one has in his mind a general outline of what Bolivar has since become. We shall resume the subjéct, when authentic materials offer.

The Keys; a Vision of SAMARITANUS: *in the year of the Christian era,* 1820. *Chillicothe,* 1825.

VERY few readers in the western country have any adequate idea of the amount of well written and sensible publications, that have appeared from the press in this division of the union, and have disappeared, as though they had not been. Some of our western editors feel, as well as understand their duty; and show some little disposition to exercise fair and manly criticism, in calling the attention of the reading community to these publications. But the fact cannot be denied, that far the greater portion of the western journals mechanically copy, and retail only the remarks of the eastern papers upon eastern publications. That it is not owing to inability to notice, and discuss the passing western publications, is evident from the fact, that in political investigation, abuse and crimination, they are by no means behind the stoutest of their Atlantic brethren. These things ought not so to be. Western editors ought to let their labors of love and criticism begin at home.

In our vocation of drawing from the dust of obscurity meritorious western writings, that have gone by, we often stumble on strange and astonishing productions. The natural question is, why has no one ever heard of these things? Many elements have concurred to this result. We have no reading rooms of ample and adequate supply, where people, seeing all these things collected in a point, will naturally so think, and converse upon them, as to give them a certain degree of perpetuity in remembrance. There is no where any thing, in the slightest degree resembling the noble establishments of the Atlantic Atheneums. Lastly, the Atlantic literati still look over the sea from the mechanical impulse of ancient, and servile dependence, for their models. Our literary men, under a similar impulse, and from the same habit, look over the mountains to the Atlantic country.

The question, 'can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' had much more meaning and knowledge of human nature involved in it, than seems to be commonly understood. The prophet may not expect to be honored in his own country. Envy, who has much more to do in the affairs of our world, than is commonly supposed, is proverbially near sighted; which means, in plain Irish, that she can see nothing except at a great distance; being constitutionally purblind to all objects brought too near her microscopic lens of vision. To this we may add the sparse, remote and unconnected distribution of our settlements; and through the badness of the roads, the unfrequency of communication of one division with another. Steam boats and canal routes are rapidly removing these impediments. If our leading editors would set the example, the syphons of the other editors would be in motion. We should hear of respectable western works, when they came from the press; and our own people would begin to know, and consequently to value our own writers. These reflections arose in our mind, upon reading the very sensible pamphlet, whose title is at the head of this article. The printing and paper are of the coarse character and backwoods appearance, that mark the general aspect of our publications of the same period. But under this homespun garb there is much sound sense; a deep and thorough acquaintance with the spirit of our institutions, and just and unanswerable views of religious liberty.

So exactly similar are the sentiments, contained in this pamphlet, upon these subjects to those, which have been recently expressed in this journal, that it might naturally seem to those, who had read both, that the writers must have drawn the one from the other. For ourselves, we never heard of the existence of this sensible pamphlet, until we received it through the post-office. There is a striking coincidence, too, between the language and sentiments of this treatise, and the late admirable report of the committee of the national legislature, to whom were referred the several petitions, praying for the stopping of the transmission of the mail upon the sabbath. It is a consoling reflection, that, whatever spirit prevails in religious communities, bound together by *esprit du corps*, the true principles of religious liberty appear to be rightly apprehended by the law-makers. What an idea, to desire a law, to regulate the observance of the sabbath! As though a law, which can operate no farther than upon the external and overt act, could have any bearing upon conscience, or the mind, or that internal spirit, which is justly supposed to be the only point regarded by the omniscient eye. Compel people by law to keep the sabbath, which can only be kept in the sanctuary of the mind! Every ingredient, that goes to the observance of the sabbath, is stored in a place, where all the laws, that were ever passed, are utterly unavailing to operate, except to compel the hypocritical outward observance. Persuasion, example—these are the only Christian weapons. It would be tyranny, oppression, ecclesiastical domination, to think of any thing beyond. To protect the Christian in the quiet and undisturbed enjoyment of his own devotions, in his own way, is all the right, that any government has, or can have. Allow the slightest governmental regulation of any other sort—say but alpha, in this progress, and there is no stopping place between it and omega, or the spirit of the dark ages of persecution and burning, when it was held sound doctrine, that to compel the outward observance was all, that was necessary, to constitute a man religious. It was this horrid doctrine, that has rendered the annals of ecclesiastical history the most black and bloody page of the record of human follies and crimes.

The discussion in the treatise before us takes place under the semblance of a vision. The colloquy is maintained by different speakers; among whom Episcopus and Evangelicus are the most prominent. Episcopus, as might be inferred from his name, is a high church episcopalian. They meet in a beautiful secluded retreat, and discuss the best modes of building up the kingdom of Jesus Christ in these fertile forests, which are so soon to teem with men. Episcopus sees all other sects rising apace, churches building, sects multiplying, and gaining stability, while his own denomination has as yet hardly a name and a place among them. He is for putting forth a strong claim, for pitching a high key note, and starting attention to the venerable old Gothic foundation, by insisting upon the efficiency of the 'keys,' and the transmission of unbroken descent in the validity of Episcopal ordination. He is for apostolic sanction and no other; and it is gently, but firmly hinted, that ministers otherwise introduced to their functions, are schismatics, no good shepherds, but robbers, entering the fold by the window, instead of the door.

Evangelicus pleads for building up churches by moderation, persuasion, zeal with knowledge, good example, prayers, and the use of the legitimate weapons of the evangelical family. Zelotus and Marcus are strong with Episcopus; and Candidus and Philanthropos and others occasionally throw in a suggestion, to mitigate the asperity of the debate, when the zeal of the parties waxeth towards wrath. Episcopus is zealous for apostolic succession in the ministry, for personal dignity, and gradation of rank. Zelotus is for holy orders and canons, and good store of Greek and Latin. The church, according to him, needs temporalities and wealth, that her ministers may not be beggars; and power, that her censures may not be mere *brutum fulmen.* He and Episcopus are clearly for a state religion; as they assert in so many words, that there is no true church in any country, but those, where religion is established on this ground. We could do no justice to this discussion, unless we gave it entire. We shall, therefore, be obliged to limit ourselves to some of the more strong and prominent sentiments of the different speakers. The following seems to us to be well and truly said by Evangelicus.

> 'It is now too late for any community to announce any superiority of claims, in religious matters. The government of our country has placed all religious societies on an equal footing, and such they must in reality remain. The moderate among all of them, are willing "to live and let live;" but the moment any one society should announce its superiority over all the others, they would take fire, and unite in hostility against that one. In this event, we should soon become a little band of Ishmaelites, with our hand against every man, and every man's hand against us.'

Candidus seems to us to talk candidly in the following.

> 'This unanimity never existed in our mother church of England. There some of the bishops are high, and some low church men; some are Calvinists, and

others Arminians. This agrees with an old adage, that "those who think at all, are sure to think differently." And in our country, we already have a distinction between the evangelical and orthodox clergymen; a distinction, which is not likely to cease in a short time, if at all. That the subject under consideration is not very clearly expressed in the New Testament, is evident from this, that so great a variety of opinions have been entertained concerning it, by men equally learned, pious, and competent to form a correct opinion on any subject. This difference of opinion extends even to the episcopal form of church government itself. In a point of such ambiguity, and yet so important, it may not be amiss to appeal to facts which have occurred at different periods of the Christian era, which may serve to throw some light on the question, whether, admitting that the episcopal form of ecclesiastical government was that form intended by our Saviour and his apostles, cases have not occurred, which fairly warranted a departure from that form of government on the ground of imperious necessity.'

Philanthropos utters our sentiments exactly in the following.

'What power on earth has a right to interfere with conscience in matters of religion? Admit, then, that the rights of conscience are the inherent and unalienable rights of our nature, which cannot be infringed without crime on the part of him who makes the aggression; and then the frightful claim now under discussion is at an end. The dissenters, of whose separation we complain so much, have as much right to their liberty in religious matters as we have. This conclusion can be evaded only in one way, and that is the adoption of the canon law of a church much older than ours—that the interpretation of the scriptures belongs wholly to the church, and not to her individual members, the common priesthood themselves not excepted. If this canon be correct, what a pity that the Bible had not remained locked up in the Vatican to this day, instead of having been given to the world, to become, by the various interpretations bestowed upon it, a source of division in the protestant part of the Christian world, and which have cleft us into so many different denominations. But our forefathers, by giving the scriptures to the people, recognized their right of private interpretation, as well as that of conscience. I think myself right in this conclusion. The gift of the inspired writings, without the liberty of interpreting them, would have been a mere farce. It would have been worse. They would have been a Pandora's box, or like the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden. Under the influence of this prohibitory canon, the scriptures would have continually presented a temptation to a breach of duty on the part of the people, by attempting to make interpretations for themselves.

'With the sacred scriptures, and the liberty of interpreting them, the consequences which followed, as to different creeds and modes of worship, have been unavoidable. Who are in the fault? our forefathers, who translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues, or the people who have so differently interpreted them? Not the people, surely. The conclusions of the mind are not always under our control; they are shaped by the aspect in which their premises present themselves to our understandings. We are beings of imperfect and very limited capacities. Differences of opinion may, and often take place, without fault on either side.'

There is sound sense and good writing in the following quotation from Evangelicus.

> 'When I presented myself as a candidate for ordination in the Episcopal church, I was required to sign a declaration, "that I believed the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to contain every thing necessary, as to faith and practice, for salvation." By this declaration certainly I feel myself bound; and should I turn infidel to the holy scriptures, I should have the candor to renounce the ministry. But as it happens that I do not view the scriptures as containing the doctrine under consideration, what am I to do? Am I to be told, that I *must* and *shall* believe and teach it? I think not. No one has authority to exercise dominion over my faith. The truth is, we cannot command the faith of others, nor even our own, excepting on the ground of moral evidence. He, therefore, who asks me to believe this proposition, asks of me an impossibility. For want of a sufficient weight of evidence of its truth, presented to my mind, I cannot believe it. On the contrary, the very thought of it chills me with horror. I can no more believe that the Messiah has committed the keys of the kingdom of heaven to the hands of frail and sinful man, than that he has placed in the same hands the control of the laws of the physical world. Man has no more control over the streams of divine goodness, than he has over those of the mighty rivers, or the mountain-like waves of the sea. Is he the medium of the light of the Sun of Righteousness to the world? Just as much as the little focus, which he presents to the father of our days, is the medium of his light and heat to the whole earth. Does the small still voice of mercy whisper peace to the penitent exclusively through his ministration? Then let him govern the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar!'

We should be gratified to make much more copious extracts. But we can only remark, that this dispute terminates as theological disputes usually do. Each disputant claims the victory, sings *Te Deum*, and proves, that

> 'Convince a man against his will,
> He 's of the same opinion still.'

Episcopus, and Marcus and Zelotus have clearly the wrong side of the argument, as it seems to us. But Marcus 'sticks to his text.' He says at the close of the argument:

> 'I therefore move, that with one heart and voice we announce ourselves to the population of this country, as the true successors of the first embassadors of our faith; and that this succession is essential to the efficacy of the apostolic ministry and its holy ordinances, and that therefore all sectarians are in the wrong.'

Reise Seiner Hoheit des Herzogs Bernhard, *Zu Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, durch Nord-America, in den Jahren* 1825 *und* 1826. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Luden. Weimar: 1828.

Travels in North America, in 1825–6. *By the Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach.* 2 vols. Philadelphia: 1828.

Every one has heard, that this gentleman is son of the reigning duke of Saxe Weimar, that he is a near relative of the imperial family of Russia, that the death of the emperor Alexander occurred, while he was in this country; and that this illustrious stranger, while in New Orleans, wore mourning on the occasion. We of the United States very well know, that a prince takes physic, eats, drinks, and sleeps, and has sometimes a poorly furnished head, just like any other honest Dutcher. These volumes, no doubt, will sell well; for they are written by a man of good, plain common sense, candid, mild-tempered, and for his order of intellect, wonderfully free from bigotry. There is nothing abusive, nothing flippant, nothing intemperate. There is a great amount of what the Southern Review very properly calls twaddle. It is a wholesale collection of tame common place. Not a remark in the volumes above, or much below this standard. Had they been published by an anonymous author of our own country, we question, if enough of them would have been sold to pay for the ink, with which they were printed. But the circumstance of seeing a prince, moving, as we say in the west, like any other 'human,' broad shouldered, and somewhat addicted to good eating, swallowing bacon and greens with a Dutch appetite, albeit, when replenished with these substantial articles, describing them, as the barbarous fare of western members of congress, excited no little curiosity and wonder, at least in our portion of the country. We talk to the end of the chapter about our equality and republicanism; but every close observer of human nature sees, that in the roughest interior district of the west, silly internal homage for princes, lords, and titled personages, the transmitted heir loom of the vandalism, stupidity and darkness of the gone by days, still has a place. When we are really, what we profess to be, it will be universally perceived, that an unsophisticated prince, a nobleman divested of his ribbands, and a president, when his four years are gone by, unless something of the insolence, too naturally inspired by these extrinsic and adventitious circumstances remains, returns to his common level, and his birth day suit. Within a hundred years, every one will feel, that titles, show, appendage, prescriptive rank are nothing, and that there is no true nobility, but sense, sound learning, integrity, honor, truth and kindness.

But these reflections apart, more than one waggish drama was enacted in the western country, based on the innate reverence, still remaining among us for rank, wealth and title. We know at least one French gentleman of Louisiana, of personable dimensions, and ruddy complexion, who personated the duke of Saxe Weimar with great success, while travelling through Ohio and Indiana, enjoying the joke of the awful deference and the moonstruck gaze, with which the pseudo-duke of Saxe Weimar was honored.

But enough of this, and we return to the duke. He landed at Boston, July 26, 1825, 'upon a broad piece of granite,' and he talks, in the west country phrase, 'a good little bit' about it, and about it; and relates what he went to see, and who came to see him. We are right well pleased to find, that the duke likes Boston 'mightily.' From Boston he went, west about, by steamboat, stage and canal boat, by sea, river, canal and lake all the way to Lake Erie. He thinks the Erie canal a most respectable concern; though he holds the lock work very inferior; albeit, it answers our purposes passably well. At a military parade he is quite delighted with the number of titles, generals and epaulettes; indeed we are thinking, that the prince mounts a smile, of what Madam Slip-slop calls '*ironing*,' at the ridiculous frequency of martial titles. From Erie he descends the Niagara to Montreal and Quebec. Of the towns in Canada he justly remarks, that they bear no adequate comparison to those in the United States. He returns through the wild and grand scenery of the Green Mountains to New York. The most important discovery in Vermont is, the physiological fact, that the elderly women 'there smoke tobacco.' He is hugely taken with the very neat establishment of the Shakers at New Lebanon. 'It is a rare pleasure,' he says, 'to walk about in a shaker *pig-stye*.' He was 'spilled out' of the stage coach eight times, in his travels; but like a noble hearted Dutch prince, as he was, he shakes off the dust, finds no fault with American carriages or earth; and is ready to take another. He pays a compliment, as just, as it is discriminating, to the noble establishment at West Point. He says for substance of American officers, precisely what we have so often said in this journal; that they are in general an honor to their country. New York pleases him well; and Philadelphia is his 'dear Philadelphia.' He praises many things there; but holds West's famous picture of 'Christ healing the sick' a very poor daub. He supposes, that those, who admire it, do so, because they have had no chances of comparison. We question, if Germany can show a finer conception of the pencil, than the inimitable 'blind girl' in that painting. He speaks very respectfully of our late President, to whom he was introduced. The paintings in the Capitol are no more to his taste, than West's. In Virginia he is again disturbed with militia generals and epaulettes. His visit to Mr. Jefferson is described with brevity and pleasant simplicity. In Charlestown he eats 'corn cakes' instead of wheat bread; and in the interior of North Carolina pine torches were sometimes substituted for candles.—Through the apertures of the log houses, as he lay in his bed, the prince could count the stars. We have studied astronomy in the same charming way a thousand times. It is worth all the observatories in the world. The phlegm of the excellent German prince takes a touch of romanticity, in describing the splendid plants, shrubs and creepers, which he begins to discover in the vicinity of Charlestown. He treats Georgia, as the Oxford student treated Dr. Kennicott's fig. The erudite Dr. bagged a choice fig for ripening; and wrote upon it 'Dr. Kennicott's fig.' A waggish student ate out the fig, left a paper bag distended in the former dimensions, and labelled it 'a fig for Dr. Kennicott'—A fig for Georgia, says the duke of Saxe Weimar. 'All faces are haggard,' he remarks; 'and the people are great barbarians.' Here we see narrowness of mind, and the influence of petted and spoiled indulgence in a man, who makes his own experience and his own sensations sufficient basis for a general and sweeping delineation. Such a man goes through a country, and from a half a dozen contingent samples, perhaps every one exceptions, makes out a general rule, and designates a genus. Another man, with leisure and the right sort of introduction, would find, by the same kind of reasoning, Georgia the seat of hospitality and the home of refinement and honor.

In travelling through 'the nations,' the duke really does up the Indians in his best style. There is something quite delightful in the infantine simplicity and *naivette*, with which he enters into the minutiæ of the spectacle, seizing upon circumstances, which, from their familiarity, we are apt to overlook, but the fidelity of which one instantly recognizes, when thus presented. His account of the Indians is the best writing in the book. In travelling through Alabama in December, he was cheered by the warmth of a German spring; and is sufficiently delighted with a Southern climate. He has no good to say of Pensacola. In New Orleans he stays nine weeks; and gives us a great amount of gossip about that city. Thence he ascends the Mississippi and Ohio to New Harmony. His account of that place is rather interesting writing. Many of the remarks show a good degree of discrimination; and we believe, they are substantially just. The story of the pretty Miss Virginia, who was called from her piano to 'pail the cows,' is quite a neat little novelette, which with heaven's blessing and growing weather may one day reach the size of a full grown novel. Our Governor he found cutting a wagon pole, though otherwise he praises his noble hospitality. At Rapp's society he drank 'good Rhenish wine;' and, after travelling over more than 7,000 miles, embarked from New-York; no doubt carrying under the lock and key of his bosom, an interior impression, that this great, free and growing country is centuries in the rear of the populous despotism of Saxe-Weimar.

The English cockneys, whose hemisphere embraces the concave of a nut shell, will find this book a magazine, whence to draw stale jests, touching the ignorance and barbarism of the United States. Nevertheless, we affirm, that in our judgment, the duke is a right knowing duke, for a prince, an honest Dutchman, and a Frank.

The Life of Erasmus; with Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By CHARLES BUTLER, *Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, London.* John Murray: 1825. 8vo.

THE commencement of the fifteenth century is that of a new era in religion and literature; the termination of centuries of darkness, the dawn of that light, which has been shining more and more to the present time. Of this dawn Erasmus is the brightest star, the very *deliciæ musarum.* He had wit, when the rest of the world was cerulean and lead. A Catholic, he was enlarged and liberal in his sentiments, when Luther and Calvin broke away from the chains of papal thraldom, as it appeared, with sufficiently hearty purposes, to establish an equally persecuting hierarchy of their own. To say all in a word, he was profoundly learned, witty, polite, accomplished, the glory of his native Holland, and of his age.

Desiderius Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, October 19, 1467. His origin was illegitimate; his mother the young daughter of a physician. His father afterwards became a priest; but continued to provide for the erring mother and her offspring. At nine Erasmus went to a classical school at Deventer. As a proof of the power of his memory at this tender age, it is reported of him, that he could repeat every word of Terence and Horace. Swinthein, one of his teachers, delighted with a particular effort, kissed him, and declared, that he would reach the pinnacle of erudition. The praises of other great men of the age, as he tells us with great frankness, strongly concurred to elicit his powers. Latin verses of his, written at fourteen, are preserved. Other remembrances attached to this school, remained more permanently on his mind, to wit, the substantial, *fundamental*, and reiterated application of the birch.

Left an orphan at Deventer, worthless guardians squandered his fortune, and strove to compel him to become religious, in order to avoid the penalty of their own destitution of integrity and religion. He stubbornly resisted monastic life. Wearied with efforts to this effect, one of his guardians pronounced him a rascal, and devoid of the good spirit,—declaring, that he renounced him to his own resources. At this time, in the monastery of Steyne, he met his former school companion at Deventer, Cornelius. This young man drew such a delightful picture of the repose, books and society of the place, as, with the influence of persuasion, force and sickness, induced him to commence his noviciate. In after life, he recites some of the arts employed on this occasion. They recounted stories of noviciates, who had refused to profess. Some of these reprobates, they affirmed, had died of dreadful disorders; some had been thunder-struck, and others snake-bitten. At this place, he was so fortunate as to make an acquaintance with a studious and talented young man, William Herman. About this period, he wrote poems not devoid of poetic talent. His letters, also, manifest purity, ease and amenity. In 1505, he published Valla's Commentary on the New Testament. Erasmus caught the boldness of this author, who questioned some of the prevalent Catholic opinions of the time. Valla severely lashed the immorality of the clergy. It is reported, that he was obliged, for his boldness, to take a severe scourging in the convent of the Jacobins, as a commutation for the fires of the inquisition.

Anecdotes are related of Erasmus at this convent, from which we may infer, that young noviciates of convents are naturally addicted to the same species of waggery, with the students of our colleges. A charge of pear-pilfering brought down upon him the triple accusations of gluttony, theft and falsehood. Erasmus protested his innocence; and the authenticity of the anecdote is questioned. The laborious ceremonial and the frequent fastings of a convent were alike unfavorable to his health and inclinations. The smell of fish revolted his olfactories, and of course indicated the want of a catholic stomach. The bishop of Cambray, visiting Rome to make interest for a cardinal's hat, took Erasmus with him, as a secretary. The reviewer gives a beautiful Latin verse, by his companion, William Herman, from an ode, which was consecrated to his affliction at this separation.

The bishop sent him, 1495, to Paris, to finish his theological studies. His pension was poorly paid, and he suffered much from poverty, bad food, confined air and sickness. But he became acquainted with an English nobleman, lord Mountjoy, who became his pupil, and continued his friend and benefactor to the end of his life.

He soon acquired acquaintance and reputation with the French literati. In 1495, he began to give to the world his first light publications; and he declares at this time, that he had rather pawn his garments, than deny himself the pleasure of obtaining the newest Greek publications. All his enthusiasm, fortitude and mental elasticity were called into requisition, to sustain poverty and sickness. Pathetic and pressing appeals to the bishop, and his other patrons, for aid, seem to have been fruitless. But in really gifted minds, there always remains an exhaustless fund of cheerfulness and hope, under every pressure. Such minds can always repair to an internal world, as sunny and abundant in good things as heart can wish. One of his epistles, in this day of his humiliation, gives an infinitely merry delineation of a contest of pulling caps between his landlady and a maid servant of little person, but great soul. The plague of 1497 drove him from Paris; and he was employed in the Low Countries by the marchioness de Vere. She, too, settled an annuity upon him, which seems to have been as poorly paid as that of the bishop. Nevertheless, he always speaks of her with grateful kindness. In 1498, Erasmus first visited England, which was then a country much less literary than Italy, or even France. But he was at once fully estimated there. He was immediately on a familiar footing with all the profound English scholars. The most conspicuous among them was Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor, author of 'Utopia,' and others of the first men of the age. Erasmus always speaks highly of the English clergy, and describes England as the isle of Calypso. It seems, from a letter of his to a correspondent, that he was almost ravished with the ladies of England. The reviewer quotes his eulogy upon English kissing, written, as it seems, *con amore;* and by far the most amusing and *dillettante* description of this primitive invention, that we ever read. It concludes—'Oh! Faustus, did you taste but once, how soft, how fragrant they are, you would wish in truth, not, as Solon did, to pass ten years in England, but to sojourn there to your latest hour.'

In leaving England, he was shipwrecked, as he says, before he entered on shipboard. The laws of England forbade carrying coin out of the country. The custom house officers stripped Erasmus even of Charon's penny. In Paris he wrote supplicatory letters for money, to go to Italy to obtain a doctor's degree. His wants, he says, oblige him to be impudent; but even his impudence seems to have procured no money for him. About this time he published two treatises; one on rhetoric, entitled 'Copia Verborum,' &c. Numberless editions indicate the estimation of the latter. His great and important work, 'Adages,' or proverbs, is a kind of comment upon the delicate allusions of the Greek and Roman classics. It is a work of immense erudition, and acquaintance with the ancients. Humor in an easy dress seasons the judicious reflections. It abounds with that amiable morality, so strongly contrasting with the vices and errors of that age of bigotry and blindness. The vices and follies of kings; the insane and abhorred love of war; dictating sanguinary ambition; the pomp, ceremonial and corruption of religion, and the dissolute lives of the upper clergy; these are the themes, which his pen touches with generous but unsparing poignancy. The liberality and boldness of the sentiments elicited abundant envy and ill will from the monks. But it went by the acclamations of the public; and the growl of detraction was either drowned, or hushed. Not less than thirty editions of this voluminous work were published during his life. Pope Gregory XIII and the council of Trent ordered an edition of it to be published, expurgated of all the heretical savor, that offended the olfactories of orthodox sanctity.

The plague drove him from Paris to Louvain, where he published his 'Enchiridion Militis Christiani.' The great object was to inculcate real piety instead of ceremonial. It is said to have appeared at the request of a wife, whose husband used to correct her *manually;* and yet was externally very orthodox and exact. He gave Latin translations to portions of Euripides, Lucian, Plutarch and Libanius. In 1506, while crossing the Alps, he composed his beautiful poem 'On Old Age,' on horseback. He speaks of himself, as feeling the weight of years, and being feeble and sickly, while only forty years of age.

At Turin he received the title of doctor of divinity; and he was present at the triumphal entry of pope Julius II, at the head of an army, into Rome; thus most *happily* personating the Head of the church, the Prince of peace, and Him, who came to bring 'peace on earth and good will to men.' In some of his subsequent works, he does not spare the blood-stained pontiff. Wishing to obtain more perfect editions of his works, he wrote to Aldo, the celebrated founder and possessor of the Aldine establishment, so famous for its editions of the classics. That great man gave him a most flattering invitation to Venice. He was there treated with high consideration by the renowned literati of that city; though there were not wanting some, who, either from ignorance or envy, lampooned him.

Under Henry VIII, he was invited by his friend, Mountjoy, to England, and was received with a flood of promises, followed, as usual, by lean performances. In the midst of his golden expectations, followed by disappointments, he was made painfully to remember the literary treasures, the bright skies, and smiling landscapes of Italy. The amiable Warham gave him a pension, and remained a firm friend to the end of his life. They both loved a joke alike; and sometimes they were not over-scrupulous about the subject. The archbishop gave him a horse. Erasmus wrote back a letter of thanks; and among other things, says, 'that the horse, though not seemly, is good, and free from all mortal sins, but gluttony and sloth; and endowed with all the virtues of a good confessor—pious, prudent, humble, modest, sober, chaste and quiet. He biteth no one, and kicketh not.'

His first work, printed in England, is 'Encomium Moriæ,' or the Praise of Folly. This witty book is known, wherever his name is repeated. It is a general enumeration of the scenes of folly, that the world affords. It spares not the clergy; and affirms in the end, that folly is the chief good. All this while Erasmus was extremely poor, and obliged to beg from his friends in the most abject manner; complaining, that his fortune would not permit him to be modest. The reviewer explains, that Erasmus had not the gift of begging, in a very pleasing anecdote. Cardinal Ximenes set out on a pious expedition, accompanied by Ruyz. They had but a mule between them; and they looked for their fare to Him, 'who feeds the ravens.' Ximenes brought nothing to the wallet by begging, beg as zealously as he might. While they liberally dealt the bread of life to others, they often wanted bread to eat themselves. At length Ruyz said to Ximenes, 'My worthy father, God gives to every man a talent. You have a talent for preaching, and I for begging. Let us each profit by his peculiar gift. Do you take the pulpit, and give me the wallet.' It was done; and both preaching and begging succeeded to their wish.

In 1514, Erasmus returned to the continent. He embarked on one ship, and his clothes and papers were put on board another. The loss of the fruit of years of labor, drew from him most poignant lamentations, like 'Rachel weeping for her children.' His papers were, probably, regained afterwards; for the subject is never mentioned again. Charles of Austria, afterwards Charles V, appointed him one of his counsellors in 1515, with a good stipend. For some years he travelled much by land and sea. In 1516, he gave an edition of 'St. Jerome,' a work, which in former editions had been marred by a thousand errors and corruptions, which required immense labor to remove. He declares, that he had nearly interred himself, in disinterring St. Jerome. Besides various important editions of the classics, he published about this time, 'Querela Pacis,' the Complaint of Peace, an eloquent harangue upon the horrors of war; and 'Institutio Principis Christiani,' or Instruction of a Christian Prince, containing sentiments in politics, as bold and as liberal as he had formerly expressed upon the subject of religion. In particular, he omits no occasion to deprecate the rage and horrors of war. An abstract of a letter of his, in answer to one from the prior of the monastery of Steyne, is given by the reviewer. It is strikingly characteristic of the author. The amount of it is, a strong preference of the spirit and substance of religion over the ceremonies and forms. His edition of the Greek Testament crowned his fame. It contained a Latin translation, grammatical and critical difficulties, and the true meaning of the original; an immense work, displaying extensive scholarship, profound knowledge and genuine piety. In this he comments upon the attachment of the higher clergy to forms, instead of the spirit of religion—upon their vices and crimes, with his usual unsparing and witty severity.

The celebrity, which was the fruit of this work, drew upon him the most flattering notices of the most distinguished scholars in Europe. He makes frequent complaints, that he found himself unable to reply to the masses of letters, that were addressed him by the great scholars and men of the age. Human nature is the same in all time, and every where. Envy and malignity follow success, as a dark shadow inseparably attached to substance. A rabble of ignorant monks, headed by a man with the ominous name, Pipericornus—in German *Pfeffercorn*, in plain English *Peppercorn*—raised a clamor against him. He was a converted Levite, but a real knave. At this day, when the same pitiful spirit takes another form, the most bigoted will be as ready to laugh, as another, at the charges of these 'learned Thebans.' They were for burning every thing, but the Bible, that had been written in Hebrew. The manner, in which some witty men turned this project into ridicule, raised for Erasmus a laugh, so hearty and medicinal, that it broke an imposthume on his face, which would otherwise have required the surgeon's knife.

Luther commenced his attack upon the abuses of the church, in 1518; and the reviewer enters at some length into the circumstances, which brought about the reformation. The discussion is conducted with judgment. We have only space to remark, that Erasmus unhesitatingly wished success to the first movements of the Saxon reformer, but was averse to his rash and coarse personalities. At this time, it is hard to say, which was most intemperate and disgusting, the deportment of the reformer, or of the church, with the pope at its head. Luther calls the pope *Antichrist*, the church the *w——e of Babylon*, the schoolmen and monks *locusts*, *caterpillars*, *frogs* and *lice*. The pope answers him by a bull quite as coarse as the style of the reformer. Both parties wished to secure the literary name of Erasmus on their side; but it is easy to perceive, that a man, of a mind and spirit so much in advance of his age, would wish to stand equally aloof from both. He experienced the usual fate of neutrals, in such a kind of warfare. Each party treated him as an enemy. The Lutherans accused him of timidity and hypocrisy; and the Catholics with supine indifference to the ruin, 'wrought by the boar, who was ravaging the vineyard.' They called him, as usual in such cases, by divers names, intended to be equally witty and abusive. In particular, they said, that Erasmus had laid the egg of the reformation, and that Luther had only hatched it. The history of bigotry in all ages is precisely the same. We perceive our article unconsciously growing under our hand; and shall be obliged to pass over the great mass of literary history, collected by the learning and industry of the reviewer, and interwoven with his sketch of the life of Erasmus. We touch, in passing, upon some of the remaining points of interest in the article.

The great, amiable and liberal scholar had a thousand encomiasts, and a thousand revilers. He was generally mild; they always bitter: he intelligent; they stupid: and the wise combatant in this case always has the disadvantage. There is no feeling in the hoof of an ass; and there is no blushing in bell metal; and every one knows doctor Franklin's opinion of the wisdom of spitting against the wind. He was fond of a pun. One of his bitterest contests was with the bishop of St. Asaph. He calls him '*episcopus a Sancto Asino*,' the bishop of St. Ass. He continued to write books. In 1521, he was visited by his old nephritic complaint, which came near releasing him from his mortal coil. Nothing relieved and comforted him, like good Burgundy. He wishes heretics no worse punishment than bad wine; and though it does not appear, that he was other than temperate, it is sufficiently evident, that, in common with most literary men, he had quick sense to discern between good and evil, both in the article of wine and good living. His 'Familiar Colloquies' constitute a book, in which he laughs heartily at the prevalent ridiculous regard to the mummery of religion. One of his colloquies describes his visit to St. Thomas a Becket, where the well glazed handkerchief, on which the saint had blown his blessed nose, and the old shoes, which his holy feet had perfumed, were presented him to kiss. Perhaps no book, except the scriptures, has had more extensive circulation than the Colloquies of Erasmus.

We cannot forbear quoting one passage entire from the reviewer. It may serve as a sample of the thousand charges brought against Erasmus.

> 'Pirkheimer met with a theologian of the Mendicant order, who declaimed violently against Erasmus; and when pressed to tell the cause of his anger, the man, putting on a countenance of wonderful gravity, said, he had resolved to bury the matter in profound silence; but that as he was urged, he would tell what he knew, lest it should be thought he had spoken from sheer envy. This very Erasmus, said the theologian, that you vaunt so much, eats *fowls!* I have not got this story from second hand; for I myself saw him with my two eyes. Were they bought, or stolen? demanded Pirkheimer. Oh! bought, answered the other. Alas! Pirkheimer sighed, there is a certain fox, far more wicked, who daily robs me of fowls without ever thinking of payment; but do you consider eating fowls such a crying sin? Certainly, said the theologian; for it is the sin of gluttony, and still worse, when often done, and by churchmen. Perhaps, asked Pirkheimer, it was on a forbidden day? Not at all, the theologian answered; but we pious people should altogether abstain from high living. Ah, my worthy father, exclaimed Pirkheimer, it was not by dry bread and oatmeal cakes (*farre et hordeo*) that you have fattened that goodly paunch, (for the man was of great obesity;) and if all the fowls, with which you have stuffed your maw, (*ventrem,*) could now cackle, it would drown the uproar of the drums and trumpets of an army.'

We have no disposition to wade through his subsequent religious controversies. He seems to have been assailed with an equal degree of fierceness by the Catholics and the Lutherans. The scurrility of the press in that age certainly vied with that of the present. Luther, it is well known, maintained our inability to do any good works without the grace of God; in other words, he held to the ancient dogma of irresistible grace, the ground of the ridiculous contest of so many ages between those, who affirm, and deny the existence of free will. In reply to Luther's doctrine, Erasmus published his 'Diatribe de Libero Abitrio,' or Treatise on Free Will. It is, for substance, the same dispute, which exists between the Wesleyan Methodists and Calvinists of the present day; and, which, garnished with a seasoning corresponding to the changes of time, may serve as a standing dish of dispute till doomsday. Criticisms upon this admirable work of course corresponded in character to that of the critics. Fatalists pronounced it a poor concern; while the advocates of free will declared it unanswerable. Milner, in his Church History, exerts the keenness of a constant partiality in favor of Luther. His rudeness and passion are laid out of the question; while all the harshness of Erasmus is placed in the strongest light. The reformers, who had taken vows of celibacy, and among the rest Luther, found, that it was not good for man to be alone. He married a nun. Erasmus had termed the religious disturbance the Lutheran tragedy. 'Now,' he says, 'it should rather be called a comedy; for, like all dramas of the kind, it ends in a marriage.' He subsequently contradicts the scandalous reports, which the Catholics had circulated, touching the fruits of this marriage. He had supposed, that the sweets of matrimony would dulcify the acerbity of his stern rival's temper; but Luther soon showed him, by the rudeness and vigor of his publications, that he had not been in the arms of a Delilah. We are unable to follow the review, in the learned and interesting delineation of his quarrels with the literary dandies of those days, who called themselves Ciceronians. The review has happily and wittily given it. But it presents human nature in an unpleasant light, to contemplate the state of literature and religion at that time. Basle, the residence of his choice, became the seat of the reformation. To preserve consistency as a professed Catholic, he removed from that city. Indeed, the quarrels and extravagances of the reformers gave him but too little ground to be satisfied with them.

But time, which heeds neither religious nor literary quarrels, was rapidly accumulating the infirmities of age upon him. To his other maladies gout was added; but against the whole legion he continued to write on. Many editions of books have his name prefixed to them, of which, it is probable, he wrote no more than the preface, or dedication. Perhaps no other man, without rank, wealth, or place, ever exhibited such a galaxy of correspondents; among whom are kings, princes, popes and cardinals. His collected works amount to eleven ponderous folios. Good feeling, jocundity and humor are spread through them; and the same moderation and desire of Christian harmony, which were the object of his constant wishes and prayers. In his last days of residence at Fribourg, he complains of being dreadfully flea-bitten; but the bites of rabid theologians annoyed him still more.

In 1535, he went to Basle, to put the last hand to his works,—sensible, from the aggravated symptoms of his maladies, that dissolution could not be far off. In looking over the letters of his friends, the numerous deaths, which had occurred in their ranks, brought in view all at once, caused him to exclaim, 'Would I were with them, and at rest, if it be the will of God.' Two days before his death, Amerbach, Froben and Episcopius came to visit him. In his usual jocose manner, he compared them to Job's comforters; and asked, why they had not rent their clothes and covered their heads with ashes? He expired calmly at Basle, in the year 1536. As he died in a protestant city, and surrounded by protestant friends, without the last rites of his own church, a question has been instituted, as to his faith in his dying moments. It is of little consequence, in what faith such a man as Erasmus died. Christians in all countries and in all time belong to one sect. There is no reason to believe, that he changed his sentiments in dying.

> 'Beatus Rhenanus describes him, as rather below the middle stature, yet not short, compactly and elegantly made, with a fair complexion, flaxen hair, when young, blue eyes, a gay countenance, a slender voice, but pleasant and distinct, neat and decent in his dress, modest and agreeable, and an uncommonly constant friend.'

His character may thus be summed up. He was a placable enemy, and a permanent friend. He was a profound classical scholar and theologian. His wit and humor were inexhaustible; but amidst all his archness and sarcasm, he generally had a pleasantness; and the basis of a kind and benevolent heart were always discovered. His active exertions and powerful example added an impetus to good learning, wherever he resided.

His labors to diffuse a more correct morality were not more vigorous than unceasing. His ridicule and his wit were aimed at the follies and the vices of the church. His native city, Rotterdam, erected a bronze statue to his memory. The real principles of the reformation were, probably, quite as much indebted to Erasmus, and his influence upon that era seems to have been quite as benign, as that of the great reformer. Toward the close of this review, the reviewer takes notice of the prevalent charges, that were brought against Erasmus. They are stated by Milner, who seems at once, in this case, to have been accuser and historian. The first is, that he was too timid; that he approved of the first acts of Luther, and then receded; that his conduct exhibited continual double dealing; that he was too fond of the great, &c. Truth is, he was a man of no party; and possessed virtues so rare and out of keeping with the age, that it is very natural these virtues should have been counted defects, by people, who understood them not. On the whole, he was a great and good man, who, probably, had more bearing upon the age, than any other, who lived in it. He always wrote in Latin; and his Latinity possesses a variety and versatility, of which it was thought that stately and sonorous language was incapable. The reviewer speaks unfavorably of the book, from which he has compiled this long, learned and interesting article.

Dictionaire des Rimes. *Par* P. Richelet. A Paris: 1762.

This is the second of two articles in the Southern Review, upon the origin of rhyme, comprising the most full and complete history of that art, with which we have ever met. We shall only remark upon it, that the present article contains thirty-one pages; and manifests a prodigious amount of reading and industry in the collection of facts. Great part of the article consists of extracts from foreign languages. We shall just scoop up unceremoniously, and as it were in a gourd shell, a few *dicta* of the reviewer, and sentiments of the quoted authors, in our own translation.

The abbe Ginguene supposes rhyme to have been of Moorish origin. The reviewer denies this, and traces the filiations of rhyme to a double parentage—the ancient, unwritten poetry of northern Europe, and the written verse of the fourth century. Rhyme, as well as fiefs and duels, owes its origin to the barbarity of our ancestors. The Runes, or Gothic poets, introduced rhymes into their verses. This innovation was so well received in the common poetry of the day, that it was foolishly attempted to subject Latin poetry to it. Fauchet claims the invention of rhymes for the French. Pasquier says, that rhyme was known in Germany, whence it passed into France. Some, says Ginguene, attribute the invention to the Goths, and others to the Scandinavians. Rhyme was well known in Germany, before the time of Scowluson, a Swedish poet of the year 1150. The abbe Massieu says, that the oldest rhymed poetry of Europe is by Ottfrid. It was an abridgment of the gospels in verse, made about 870.

Schlegel mentions, that the love songs of the different countries of Europe agreed in one thing—that they were all in rhyme; and that it was found necessary to address an edict to the nuns, to restrain their inordinate passion for singing love songs. The Germans and Franks, says M. Ginguene, wrote their wars and their victories in rhyme. Charlemagne ordered a collection of them to be made. Eginhart informs us, that he took a singular pleasure in listening to them; and that they were for the most part in rhyme. Charlemagne died in 814. This collection was popular heroic tales. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the origin of rhyme must have been of a much higher antiquity.

The Goths settled in Italy, after its conquest; and transmitted their rhymes, along with the other influences of conquerors, to the Italians. The reviewer conceives, that the rhymed poetry of Christian Europe was much more likely to have arisen from the Goths, than the Arabians. From the same premises, he arrives at the same conclusions, in relation to Spain and France. The Goths, says the History of Rhyme, that settled among the Gauls, have always been great rhymers. They corrupted the Latin, subjected it to rhyme, and insensibly induced the Gauls to rhyme, from emulation, and with entirely new ardor. Rhyme became in use from that time, and was introduced into the hymns of the church. The predominant language was compounded of Gallic, Frank and corrupted Latin. This language was called the Roman; and poetry was composed in it, until about the year 1050. It began by degrees to lay aside its barbarous air; and the age had poets, who were called *chanteres* and *trouveres*, and who, by the politeness of their rhymes, induced the Spaniards and the Italians to imitate them. Hence the reviewer concludes, that the use of rhyme was known in Europe, antecedent to the arrival of the Moors in Spain.

The reviewer proceeds to very amusing and copious collections of something like jingle rhyme, or assonance, in various Latin and Greek verses, sometimes in the middle, and sometimes at the end of the line. Of these he produces fifteen or sixteen examples, from different Latin and Greek writers. He supposes, for the most part, that these rhymes were unconscious and unintentional. We give specimens of very early Latin rhymes in the 'Gazaei Nomen' of Commodianus, at the commencement of the fourth century. The vowel *o* terminates every line. We would be glad to insert the whole poem. The following is a sample of the rest.

'Incolæ cœlorum futuri Deo Christo
Tenente principium, vidente cuncta de cœlo.
Simplicitas, bonitas, habitet in corpore vestro,
Irasci nolite sine causa frati devoto.
Recipietis enim, quidquid faceritis ab illo.
Hoc placuit Christo, resurgere mortuos imo
Cum suis corporibus, et quos ignis ussit in ævo.'

The next specimen of Latin rhyme is from Publilius Octatianus Porphylius, who wrote 326.

'Alme, tuas laurus ætas sustollet in astra,
Aurea lux vatum, silvæ mihi præmia serva,

Aucta Deo virtus musas magis ornat aperta,
Aurea victorem pietas sonat ubere lingua,
Aonios latices pietas juvat, armaque diva,
Augusti florem pietas juvat arma tropœa,
Aonii frutice pietas juvat ubere glæba.'

The next specimens are from Hilary and Damasus, 382.

'Jesus refulget omnium
Pius redemptor gentium
Totum genus fidelium
Laudes celebret dramatum
Martyris ecae dies Agathæ
Virginis emicat eximiæ
Christus eam sibi qua sociat,
Et diadema duplex decorat.'

The next is from Ausonius, 392, as follows.

'Oxygia me Bacchum vacat.
Osirin Egyptus putat.
Mysi Phanacen nominant.
Dionyson Indi existimant.'

The following, from the hymns of Ambrose, bishop of Milan, is given by the reviewer, as containing satisfactory proof of intentional rhyme.

'Ne meus gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere:
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.'

Such are specimens of Latin rhymes, of a date as early as the fourth century. It seems, indeed, to us, a triumphant reply to those, who affirm, that rhyme is of Moorish origin. These are samples of evident rhyming, of a date at least four hundred years before the conquests of the Moors in Spain. Reasoning then, *a fortiori*, if, on the proofs above, we deny the invention of the first step of this art—to wit, single rhymes—to the Moors, why should we not concede the second and third step the same origin with the first; that is to say, allow it be of Runic or Gothic origin?

The reviewer quotes Ginguene in French, as follows. Muraton cites rhyming of St. Columban, which dates from the sixth century, and which is made out in rhymes of distiches; and finally, a great number of examples drawn from ancient inscriptions, epitaphs, and other monuments of the middle age, all antecedent, by many centuries, to that of Leon. These examples become more frequent, in proportion as we approach the twelfth century. It was then, that the use of these rhymes, as well the middle of the verse with the end, as one verse with another, became almost general. We scarcely see epitaphs, inscriptions, hymns, or poems, of which rhyme does not make the chief ornament. It is at the same period, that the Provencal poetry dates its birth; and a little afterwards, the Italian. It is possible, these Latin verses in rhyme, which are heard in the hymns of the church, gave the idea of rhyme to the Provencal and Italian verses. But the communication between the Provencals and Arabians is evident and immediate. The first offered to the second the most attractive objects of imitation. It was certainly from the Arabians, that the Provencals took their taste for poesy accompanied with the sounds of instruments. It is probable, that, struck more than all with rhyme, the use of which they had only known hitherto in the severe verses of the church, they admired it, also, in their verses. The reviewer, by a learned and ingenious process of discussion, for which we regret, that we have not place in its extent, disproves this opinion of Ginguene; and satisfies us, if no other, that in the south, as well as the north of Europe, rhymes were antecedent to the Moors, and copied from the Runic rhymes, and those of the Latin verses.

The reviewer says, that the word 'rhyme,' or, as it should be written, '*rime*,' is in derivation purely and properly northern. The adoption of this term, not only by the northern nations, but by those, whose language is of Latin origin, is proof conclusive to him, that the thing itself, as well as the name, was derived from the same origin.

It is a remarkable fact, that these Latin rhymes were extensively known before the invasion of Spain by the Arabians, 711. They every where spread with the Christian religion; and to make them for the service of the church every where formed the amusement and business, and tasked the ingenuity and invention of the ecclesiastics. We have seen whole volumes of this curious lumber trumpery rhyme; in which you might read a week, without any other impression, or pleasure, than astonishment at the labor and ingenuity of the rhymes.

To those, who wish to see how far learning, industry and ingenuity can go in this curious and amusing question, to what ancestry we owe the origin of rhyme, we recommend the two numbers upon the subject in the Southern Quarterly Review.

Universal Geography; or a Description of all parts of the Earth, on a New Plan. By M. MALTE-BRUN. *Reprinted from the English Translation, with Improvements.* Philadelphia: Anthony Finley. 1827.

To take a complete survey of this voluminous work, embracing such a prodigious amount of condensed voyages and travels, and such an extensive, luminous and impressive delineation of the surface of our globe, as would be required in an analytical range through all these volumes, is not our present purpose. The identity of one intellect, and the pencil of the same master are visible in every part of this work. To arrive at just estimates of its character, one volume will serve as a fair specimen of the whole. We have selected that, which contains the geography of our own continent. When we inform the reader, that the volume before us contains 439 pp. of very large 8vo. page, and uncommonly compressed and close printing, he will at once perceive, that this article, which we intend shall be very brief, can contain little more than a general view of the character and contents of the work. We shall make one general remark, which may serve as a clue to our estimate of the work,—that, all things considered, though it is easy to discover many defects in this work, we consider it a geography written with more interest, and containing more useful and attractive information, touching our world, than any book upon the subject, with which we are acquainted.

Every thing in these days furnishes a theme for disputation. Questions of very little more importance than those between the *big-endians* and *little-endians*, are discussed with as much zeal and eagerness, as if the fate of empires depended on them. In the keenness and the ardor of inquiry, which are now in operation upon the all-pervading subject of interest—education, the question has been started, which is the more important study in our seminaries, geography or history? The palm seems to have been accorded to history. Every one can quote the beaten truism of Pope—'The proper study of mankind is man.' It is true, that our relations of interest and immediate utility are more directly with the microcosm—the tumultuous and ever agitated empire of the mind and the heart, which can only be surveyed with the eye of the intellect, than with the wide transcript of the still and voiceless grandeur of nature, as displayed in the physical universe. The study of man, his passions and thoughts, his hopes and fears; that vaulting ambition imprisoned in the frail and short lived tenement of clay, which runs down the eternity of the past, and travels out into the eternity of the future, and finds this visible diurnal sphere too narrow a range; the investigation of this strange and mysterious being, so far as it can serve for matter of example, a guide of experience to what is wise, true and useful in conduct; in other words, the study of history, can scarcely be too highly estimated. But after all, it is a dark and hateful page. The ink of the impression is of human blood. The eternal scroll is written in crimson characters, within and without, with mourning, lamentation and woe. The hateful annals of wars, the constant gleam of murderous steel, the incessant roll of the drum, the carnage of battle fields, or the afterpiece of pestilence, and the silent tears of widows, and the hungry wail of famished orphan babes; such are the prominent features of history. Or if we turn away disgusted from this picture, which ought to revolt, and which is generally drawn to produce a very different impression, and to inspire in the generations to come the same intoxication for war, which has made drunk the ages of the past; if we turn from these revolting scenes to the peaceful halls of legislation and judicature, tedious and interminable windy debate, and bad ingenuity to make the wrong appear the better reason, color these voluminous annals. War, intrigue, elevation without merit, and humbling the aspirant in the dust, or in a dungeon, or in the grave, without demerit; these are the brief outlines of the history of man. Let us contrast with it the impressions, that must arise in the unsophisticated juvenile mind from the study of physical geography.

Without mystifying, in the language of the Swedenborgians, upon the doctrine of correspondencies, we have always delighted to consider this huge ball, rolling in its empyrean space, with its sublime varieties of oceans and seas, of rivers and lakes, of continents and islands, of vales and mountains, of fertile fields and sandy wastes, of cone-shaped elevations arresting the clouds and whitened with eternal snow, or still throwing aloft from their mysterious and unfathomable caverns lava and flames and smoke; we have always viewed this fair and beautiful world, as a kind of transcript of the Divine idea of mingled sublimity and beauty. Well might the eye, under which this whole globe is but the speck in a miniature map, and its oceans, but as the drop in the bucket, look on the landscape, as it ought to show to the human mind, and pronounce it all good. The world, as geography surveys it, is a grand chart of all, that is impressive in descriptive poetry, and thrilling in natural sublime. When surveyed in its relations of fitness and utility to man, it associates with the higher impressions of the moral sublime. For ourselves, we can unhesitatingly affirm, that of all studies, that of physical geography has always been to us most pleasant, varied and delightful. It has never cloyed, never wearied. It has always been new, always fresh. A natural landscape of beauty, surveyed the millionth time, loses none of its original attractions by repetition. A faithful delineation of a South sea island, rising in its sweet and lonely verdure from the depths and amidst the wastes of ocean, as given by the sea-worn mariner, who, after months of tossing on the sterile brine, at last puts his foot among sorrels and unknown flowers, and inhales the fresh smells of nature's aroma, tastes the pure rill, and looks up upon the volcanic mountain, is to us as delightful reading, as it was when we sat on the lower forms of the country school. Nature is always fresh, new, lovely, and repeating its quiet lessons, touching the creative power and infinite wisdom of the divine mind. Nature, seen in the verdure of spring, in the pale and yellow leaf of autumn, or whitened with the snows of winter, is always the same beautiful mirror of the Creator. The contemplation of nature is the only pleasure, that never grows less keen by repetition. This affectionate mother feeds her countless family without weariness or exhaustion. She always holds out her delightful open volume to instruct them. When she has held her bosom open to cherish them through life, she piously gathers their remains, and remoulds them, and gives them forth in new forms, to cherish and advance her new designs of beneficence and bounty.

The study of physical geography enlarges the mind, and expands it to the dimensions of the immense map, which it contemplates. It teaches no lessons of war and mad ambition. It always tends to soothe the mind, and fill it with images of beauty. To us this earth, with its varieties, is the source of the most beautiful and exhaustless poetry. To all these claims, we need not add a word touching the necessity and the utility of the knowledge of geography.

Most geographers have viewed this charming study as only a delineation of dry facts, of hard names, of barren terms, and of mere abstract description; and have thus rendered it little more than a technical nomenclature of countries, places, values and numbers. We ought not to admire, that so studied, it should prove of no more use to the pupil, than to commit to memory a catalogue of proper names, or the unknown terms of a foreign language; committed with labor and pain, and associated with no pleasant ideas previously received,—but forced, rank and file, into the mind, without pleasure and without utility; and perishing thence with an ease and rapidity, inversely proportioned to the difficulty of acquiring them. It is inconceivable—but it is a fact—that such is the model, such the ***beau ideal*** of all the school geographies, with which we are acquainted, which are studied in the United States. To exclude scenery, and tradition, and all associations of the grand and the interesting, has been a study. Morse's ancient abridgment, in conformity to the only saleable model, has been not only divested of its credulous and fabulous, though interesting parts, but successively of its scenery and landscape painting, and its delineations of interesting natural and moral pictures, until, like the rest, it has become as dry as a grammar, or a law compend,—a mere barren catalogue of names, places and things. What has been the motive to all this? We presume, the object has been, to give the pupils nothing but thought, and information of utility; as though it was useful to stuff the head, and load the memory of a child with a dry, tedious and unassociated catalogue of names and technicalities, taken, like tartar emetic, with pain, and ejected by the natural and healthful elasticity of the mind, to procure its own relief from oppression. We have heard children at examinations recite whole pages of these names, and answer with the most minute and prompt punctuality to the proposed questions, to the astonished edification and delight of their friends, and in a month afterwards, if questioned upon the same subject, it would be found, that all the mighty mass of information had completely faded from the memory, and become as though it had not been. The reason is obvious. The mind, instead of having received the impress of pictures, has only had that of unassociated names. Till this defect, which we hope to be able to insist on at another time and place, is remedied, the study of geography in our schools will only be the cuckoo-note of a mechanical, dull and useless tune. The real benefits of this most delightful, ennobling and beautiful study will not be known.

The first and most striking trait of the Geography before us is, that it proceeds on an entirely different principle. The style, the manner are like that beautiful French prose poetry of Buffon, of St. Pierre, and the admirable French classical writers, who have dipped their pencils in the charming coloring matter of nature; and, instead of meagre catalogues of names, have given us fresh intellectual pictures. These writers for ever for us! When a picture is once in the mind, it becomes identified with its funded stock of ideas, and remains as long as the duration of the mind itself.

Let us survey, for example, the island of Greenland, as painted for us by Malte-Brun, in the book before us. Instead of barbarous names and dry statistics, we see the fields and mountains of ice. We follow the Greenlander in his little skin skiff, the companions of whales and sea lions, among the dashing mountains, the fierce and driving storms, and the mountainous billows of the sea in its wrath. We follow with our eye the intrepid harpooner. We see him return from his fearful enterprize, to relate to his numerous listeners, by the blaze of the lamps furnished from the slain sea monsters, his perils, and his ultimate success.

We follow him to Iceland. We see the rocks, snows and mountains. The prodigious *jet d'eau* throws its columns of spray into the air under our eye. Every thing is vivid, and has life. Nature has a voice and a moral constitution. His lonely landscapes of the desert and the wilderness are fine, and have the freshness of paintings. His authorities of voyagers and travellers show great and most laborious research, and generally they seem to be of the highest value and authenticity. He seems to us to be particularly fortunate and faithful in his accounts of the Arctic regions of America. We have never read views of these countries so impressive, so full, and so charged with the true power of the French prose poetry, as in these geographical accounts of the northern regions.

We are sorry to remark, that the most meagre and deficient writing in this great work is the geography of the United States. It is true, we can best dispense with this deficiency. We have accounts sufficiently ample of this portion of our continent from our own writers. But it seems, as if even Malte-Brun, with all his poetry of feeling and sensibility to landscape, had caught the dead sterility, which the geographers of the United States have deemed it necessary to bring to their vocation. It is incredible to us, how it could have entered the imagination of mortal, that the real and useful information of a geography was greater, in proportion to its dulness and destitution of eloquence, fancy, and scenic and graphic power. We, on the other hand, are impressed, that more matter of real information will not only be treasured, but conveyed, when the imagination and sensibility to the charms and beauty of nature are put in requisition in the description.

In a hasty survey of the geography of the United States, we not only thought it meagre, and founded on inadequate authorities, but often essentially unjust. Such, we must expect, will be the account of us, as long as continental foreigners take any amount of their opinions from the miserable, ignorant and prejudiced views, which the English cockney travellers in our country have taken of us.

But with this single exception, we have noted no other deficiency in the volume before us. The account of Mexico and South America shows, that the author has fallen again upon his favorite themes of description—tropical grandeur of vegetation, noble rivers, volcanic mountains above the clouds, and all the interest and grandeur of countries abounding in the opulence and sublimity of nature more than all others. His reading in Spanish authorities, as appears by his quotations in the margin, must have been very great. We have, in particular, the condensed views of that prince of philosophic travellers, baron Humboldt. The names, too, of other travellers, that had never reached us before, are often quoted in authority.

On the whole, Malte-Brun, taken altogether, is the most attractive geographer, with whose works we are acquainted; and we do not believe, that any other book, in any language, embraces so much exact information and interesting description of our globe, as the work before us. If we began to quote, we should not know where to end. We can only describe the manner of this great book, by classing the author with the numerous and beautiful French writers, who have brought to their aid in description the language and the eloquence of poetry.

Address delivered before the Peace Society of Windham County, at its Annual Meeting in Brooklyn, August 20th, 1828. *By* Elisha B. Perkins, Esq. *Second Edition.* Brooklyn, Conn. 1828.

In wading through a mass of ephemeral reading of orations, pamphlets, political reviling, legislative exploits, literary abuse, printed narratives of personal quarrels, *et id omne genus*, it is pleasant at length to come forth, and discover a green spot on the waste, when you look round you on a pleasant prospect, and find something to reward your voyage of discovery. This is a fervid, earnest, direct, straight forward harangue upon the barbarity, cruelty, desolation, misery, waste and horrors of war. He has painted them with great force and fidelity. He commences it with a pleasant anecdote from Dr. Rush, of a clergyman, who closed a long harangue against a supposed heresy by the following pithy declaration: 'I tell you—I tell you, my brethren—I tell you again, that an old error is better than a new truth.' It sometimes excites indignation, and sometimes discouragement, amidst all the clarion flourish of a thousand acclamations about our mental improvement, to put forth your hand, and find the adamantine walls of the most stupid prejudices surrounding you on every side. Mankind, instead of being yet much enlightened, only show in the little that has been done, what a glorious world this would be, if it were really enlightened. Ask this eloquent and impressive orator of peace, what would be the fate of a minister, or other professor of religion, in nine tenths of the societies in his state, who should declare before the congregation, 'I do not believe the exposition of the scriptures contained in the Assembly's Catechism. I have striven to believe it. I have wished to believe it. I have read Calvin's institutes. I have read President Edwards' works. I have prayed. I have struggled. But the faith will not come.' What would be the result of such a confession? Would not the good man be forthwith cast out of the synagogue; and if not consigned directly to eternal destruction, consigned to beggary, with the consoling assurance, that destruction will certainly be his lot, whenever he shall depart out of life: and all this, because it was a physical and moral impossibility for him to believe the Assembly's Catechism. So of war—the accursed and revolting spectacle of beings dreading death, regarding it as the last evil, shrinking from pain—cowards every one in the individual,—yet joining hands to perpetuate institutions, which generate motives, hopes, fears, excitements, which entirely overcome the love of life, the abhorrence of pain, the dread of death, and cause armies to go forth with the clarion, the bugle, the band, the drum, the fife, displayed banners, every conceivable emblazoning of 'pomp and circumstance,' to the merry business of shooting lead through each other's bodies, and plunging sharp steel into each other's hearts; and when the business was over, when ten thousand lay torn and mangled on the field, to feed the ravens and generate the pestilence,—and other ten thousands, hacked, mangled, dismembered, groaning in hospitals,—and as many widows weeping over orphan babes,—going over the desolated plains, the smoking ruins, and the half consumed carcasses, to render thanks to the Almighty in a solemn *Te Deum* for the glorious victory. Such is the general aspect of history in all *Christian* countries. So inveterate are the prejudices in favor of this state of things, that the late elder president Adams treated the complimentary address of a peace society to him with bitterness and ridicule; and this society has hitherto been regarded, among the other great charities of the age, with indifference and disregard—*vox et preterea nihil.* We are glad, they are not discouraged. Pity, that the thousands, that are squandered in useless and inefficient charities, which only have for object to blazon the name of some donor, or build up the objects of a particular sect, could not be appropriated to the diffusion of this noble charity—the very work and influence of the Prince of peace.

This address brings to view, in most striking relief, the order of things, that leads to this horrid and fiendlike sport of kings, conquerors and states; and he combats with equal eloquence and truth all the arguments, or semblance of arguments, which writers, statesmen and kings have urged in favor of this detestable pastime of the oppressors of humanity. He proves, that the luxury, enervation, effeminacy, decline and ruin of states, that have been attributed to peace, as effects, really sprang from war, as natural results of conquest, plunder, rapine, and the unprincipled cupidity of the sword. He gives impressive sketches of the fields of blood, which the conquering scourges of God have traversed in the different ages with their conquering armies. He calculates the cost of wars—the immense national debt, that they accumulate; institutes comparisons between the revenue and war expenditure of the different nations of Europe; and proves from history the happy, growing and flourishing condition of all nations, that have cultivated the arts of peace.

Such are the general bearings of this truly useful and eloquent address. Every good man must join hands with the society. Every benevolent man must pray for their success. Go on, and prosper. Yours is the more laudable charity; for in this noisy and jarring world, you have not yet so made your still small voice heard, as to render it questionable, whether motives of display actuate you. At present fame holds not forth the enrolled names of the officers and orators and co-workers of the peace society. But the really true, useful and important will finally take its place; and then you will have your thousands to shout acclamations in praise of the peace societies. The information, that the society is making progress abroad, particularly in the great and warlike kingdom of France, must be gratifying to all good minds. A single fact will be given from the mass, which he has condensed into this discourse. Besides all the expense and labor of our twenty-six or seven militia establishments, we of the U. States pay, as a nation, annually ten million of dollars to the dire and dread fiend, war. We quote the closing paragraphs of this discourse.

> 'If any one doubt the utter inconsistency of war with Christianity, let him test the character of the soldier by the precepts of the gospel. Imagine, for a moment, a soldier under the influence of that spirit which commands to "love your enemies," "render good for evil," and "pray for them which despitefully use you." An army actuated with the spirit of this gospel would indeed go forth with a mighty power, bearing down all opposition; but no blood, nor misery, nor woe, nor lamentation, would follow in its footsteps. Such an army a Chris-

tian might consistently join, and fight valiantly in its battles; for such an army he might safely and earnestly pray; but for no other. It needs but to consider, how utterly unfit such an army would be for the purposes of war, to prove how utterly opposed is the spirit of war to the spirit of the gospel. It is the union of Christians in the meek and lowly spirit of this gospel, which is to give the deadly wound to the demon of war. Let Christians unite as a body in this great work, without regard to sect or party, and their voice must be heard. Without their countenance, this horrid custom cannot exist. Men of ambition may pretend to laugh at the influences of religion,

> "But at his heart, the most undaunted son
> Of fortune dreads her name and awful charms."

'Let Christians but do their duty, and wars must cease. Let their cry be raised to Heaven with one accord against it, and that man must be desperate in iniquity, who could think of a war, that must encounter such an opposition. The boldest tyrant that ever existed—the most depraved and savage mercenaries that ever disgraced the ranks of an army, would turn cowards at the appalling thought, that every good man's prayers went up to heaven against them. O my friends, it is you, who honor and applaud the warrior's character, who must share the guilt of his murders. It is you, who fail to raise your voices against his atrocities, who should be charged wih their iniquity. Ye, who find your interest and your happiness in the pursuits of honest industry, and the discharge of domestic duties, and whose united voice forms the all-powerful tribunal of public opinion, examine well into the warrior's claims to your gratitude and admiration, and yield him no reward, which humanity will not sanction—no applause, which religion will not approve; and war will soon cease to desolate the earth.'

India; or Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, with Suggestions for Reforming the present System of Government. By R. Rickards, Esq. Part I. pp. 116.—London: 1828.

[Abstracted from the Edinburgh Review.]

The institution of *caste* has probably resulted from seeing the benefits of hereditary professions. But *castes* have not been, as has been commonly supposed, confined to Egypt and India. An institution, the same for substance, has been universally diffused in all societies of simple and primitive character. Wherever regular governments have been established, the division of employment has naturally been into four great classes—husbandmen, artizans, the military, and the ministers of religion. Wherever *castes* have been established, they have been designated by these four grand divisions. Cecrops divided the inhabitants of Attica into four hereditary classes. The same division prevailed in Egypt and India, and, probably, in Mexico and Peru. The tendency of *castes* is undoubtedly to render the arts stationary, or to cause them to retrograde. Hereditary professions extinguish emulation. They prevent the excess of numbers in one profession from taking refuge in the deficiency of the other. They would take the power from every individual, of applying himself in preference to such employments as are most congenial to his tastes and disposition. They would naturally engender a strongly marked *esprit du corps*, exciting mingled feelings of contempt, envy and aversion to all other orders. Where the distinction of *castes* was rigidly maintained, the inferior classes would look with a jealous and jaundiced eye on the greater wealth and comfort of those above them; while the higher classes will treat those below them, as an abject and degraded race. It has been laid down as a historical maxim, that these distinctions are, and have been unchangeable in India from time immemorial. Dr. Robertson says, that the station of every Hindoo is 'unalterably fixed,' 'his destiny irrevocable,' and the walk of life is marked out, from which he must never deviate. The same remark, for substance, has been echoed by all the historians of India. The assumed fact has been urged, as a complete vindication of the British government from being instrumental in producing so much misery in the immensely populous empire, over which they rule in India. No improvement can ever be introduced into their condition, it is said, so long as the fatal influence of *caste* remains. They constantly refer to it, as a proof, that the depressed and miserable condition of the natives is not owing to misgovernment, or the weight of the burdens laid upon them, but to this grand impediment to improvement.

Notwithstanding the universal currency of this opinion, it is found, in all essential respects entirely without foundation. In the work before us, Mr. Rickard has established, partly by reference to the books of the Hindoos, and partly by his own observations, and those of Mr. Colebrook, Dr. Heber and other high authorities, that the vast majority of the Hindoo population may, and in fact do engage in all sorts of employments; and that the poverty and misery of the people must be sought for in other circumstances, than the institution of *castes*.

The early division of the population into the four great classes of priests (*Brahmins*,) soldiers (*Cshatryas*,) husbandmen and artificers (*Vaisyas*,) and slaves (*Sudras*,) was maintained only for a short period. They were in a short time indefinitely broken into each other; and the mixed brood, thence arising, were divided into a vast variety of new tribes or *castes*, to whom, generally speaking, no employment was forbidden. Mr. Colebrook, who is acknowledged to be one of the highest Indian authorities, states, that the *Jatimala* enumerates forty-two mixed classes, springing from the intercourse of a man of inferior class with a woman of a superior one, or in the inverse order of the classes. Now, if we add to these the number, that must have sprung from intermixture in the direct order of the classes, and the hosts farther arising from the continued intermixture of the mixed tribes among themselves, we cannot dissent from Mr. Colebrook's conclusion, that the subdivisions of these classes have further multiplied distinctions to an endless variety. Mr. Colebrook proceeds to enumerate the changes of employment, that are constantly taking place among themselves, between these endless subdivisions. In general it seems allowable for any of the superior classes, below the Brahmins, to descend to the employments of any of the *castes* below them. It appears, that almost every occupation, though regularly it be the profession of a particular class, is open to most other classes. He affirms, that he has himself seen carpenters of five or six different *castes*, and as many different bricklayers, employed in the same building. He observed the same variety of *caste* among the workmen, in all the great works in the country.

The supposed unalterable simplicity of Hindoo habits, their aversion to flesh as an article of food, and their imagined aversion to the arts, customs and habits of other countries, have been dwelt upon by all writers upon India. The real truth is, that this circumstance is as imaginary as their 'irrevocable destiny' to the condition of their fathers. The Brahmins, where, if in any *caste*, we should find these habits most powerful and unchangeable, entertain, it is true, a superstitious aversion to the flesh of cattle. But where they can obtain them, they daily consume all sorts of meat and flesh. We find, besides, intermixed with the Hindoos, fifteen or twenty millions of people of an entirely different religion and set of prejudices, to whom the use of animal food is habitual. The mixed tribes of the Hindoos, composing the great mass of Hindoo population, are certainly under no religious restraints in this respect. Accordingly the higher classes, who can afford it, consume meat daily. In Bombay, a public *bazaar*, or market place, is set apart for the convenience of the Hindoos, in which mutton, kid, lamb and fish are daily sold for Hindoo consumption. The Indian seas abound with fish; and the coasts of India, for thousands of miles in extent, are lined with fishermen, who all eat animal food. There are, besides, other low *castes*, such as Dheras, Hulalcores, Chondalas, Mochees, and other denominations, who, being spread over all India, constitute in the aggregate a numerous body, and who are so fond of meat, as, in their state of degradation and poverty, actually to devour carrion with great avidity. The bird catchers and trappers of wild animals, called in Guzzerat *Vagrees* or *Wagrees*, avowedly eat the flesh of every bird and beast without distinction, whether killed, or dying a natural death. It follows, that with the exception of the flesh of cattle, to which they have a natural or acquired aversion, they consume all other meats, when they can procure them, without any other limitation than their poverty.

To the testimony of the author of the book before us, we can add the very high one of bishop Heber. Every one, who has looked into his book upon India, must be deeply impressed with admiration of the good sense, the calm, discriminating judgment, and the truly benevolent feelings of its learned and amiable author. Mr. Rickards quotes him, as saying, 'The *caste* of fishermen does not rank high, though fish is considered one of the purest and most lawful kinds of food. Nothing, indeed, seems more generally mistaken, than the supposed prohibition of animal food to the Hindoos. We have all heard of the humanity of Hindoos towards animals, their horror of animal food, &c.; and you may be, perhaps, as much surprised as I was, to find, that those, who can afford it, are hardly less carnivorous than ourselves. I have myself seen Brahmins of the highest *caste* cut off the heads of goats, as a sacrifice to *Doorga*. A raja, about twenty-five years back, offered 60,000 in one fortnight. Any person, Brahmins not excepted, eats readily of the flesh of whatever has been offered up to one of their divinities; while among almost all the other *castes*, mutton, pork, venison, fish, any thing but beef and fowls, are consumed as readily as in Europe.'

The remainder of this article is of such great and general interest, that we shall take leave to quote it entire.

Let the reader next compare the following paragraphs with the statements as to the alleged immutability of Hindoo habits; as to their being doomed to go 'half covered with a slight cotton cloth;' and as to their demand for European articles being confined, as was stated by sir Thomas Monro, in his evidence before the House of Commons, to a 'few penknives, scissars and spectacles.'

'Nor have the religious prejudices, and the unchangeableness of the Hindoo habits, been less exaggerated. Some of the best informed of their nation, with whom I have conversed, assure me, that half their remarkable customs of civil and domestic life are borrowed from their Mahommedan conquerors; and *at present there is an obvious and increasing disposition to imitate the English in every thing*, which has already led to very remarkable changes, and will, probably, to still more important. The wealthy natives now all affect to have their houses decorated with Corinthian pillars, and filled with English furniture; they drive the best horses and the most dashing carriages in Calcutta; many of them speak English fluently, and are tolerably read in English literature; and the children of one of our friends I saw one day dressed in jackets and trowsers, with round hats, shoes and stockings. In the Bengalee newspapers, of which there are two or three, politics are canvassed with a bias, I am told, inclining to whiggism: and one of their leading men gave a great dinner, not long since, in honor of the Spanish revolution. Among the lower orders, the same feeling shows itself more beneficially in a growing neglect of caste.'—Vol. ii, p. 306.

'To say that the Hindoos or Mussulmans are deficient in any essential feature of a civilized people, is an assertion, which I can scarcely suppose to have been made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are, at least, as pleasing and courteous as those in the corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, and, according to their wants and climate, to the full as convenient as ours; their architecture is at least as elegant; nor is it true, that in the mechanic arts, they are inferior to the general run of European nations. Where they fall short of us, (which is chiefly in agricultural implements, and the mechanics of common life,) they are not, so far as I have understood of Italy and the south of France, surpassed in any degree by the people of those countries. Their goldsmiths and weavers produce as beautiful fabrics as our own; and it is so far from true that they are obstinately wedded to their old patterns, that they show an anxiety to imitate our models, and do imitate them very successfully. The ships built by native artists at Bombay are notoriously as good, as any which sail from London or Liverpool. The carriages and gigs which they supply at Calcutta are as handsome, though not as durable, as those of Long Acre. In the little town of Monghyr, three hundred miles from Calcutta, I had pistols, double-barrelled guns, and different pieces of cabinet work, brought down to my boat for sale, which in outward form (for I know no further) nobody, but perhaps Mr. ——, could detect to be of Hindoo origin: and at Delhi, in the shop of a wealthy native jeweller, I found brooches, ear rings, snuff boxes, &c. of the latest models (so far as I am a judge,) and ornamented with French devices and mottoes.'—Vol. ii, p. 382.

As bishop Heber penetrated into the interior of India, he found the same taste as in Calcutta, for European articles and for luxuries, to prevail every where among the natives. Of Benares, he writes as follows.

'But what surprised me still more, as I penetrated further into it, were the large, lofty and handsome dwelling houses, the beauty and apparent richness of goods exposed in the bazaars, and the evident hum of business. Benares is, in fact, a very industrious and wealthy, as well as a very holy city. It is the great mart where the shawls of the north, the diamonds of the south, and the muslins of Dacca and the eastern provinces centre; and it has very considerable silk, cotton and fine woollen manufactories of its own; while English hardware, swords, shields and spears, from Lucknow and Mongyhr, and those European luxuries and elegancies which are daily becoming more popular in India, circulate from hence through Bundlecund, Gorruckpoor, Nepaul, and other tracts which are removed from the main artery of the Ganges.'—Vol. i, p. 289.

Proceeding still further into the interior of the country, and when at Nusseerabad, distant above 1000 miles from Calcutta, the bishop continues his journal in the same strain, viz.

'European articles are, at Nusseerabad,* as might be expected, very dear; the shops are kept by a Greek and two Parsees from Bombay: they had in their list all the usual items of a Calcutta warehouse. English cotton cloths, both white and printed, are to be met with commonly in wear among the people of the country; and may, I learned to my surprise, be bought best and cheapest, as well as all kinds of hardware, crockery, writing desks, &c. at Pallee, a large town and celebrated mart in Marwar, on the edge of the desert, several days' journey west of Joudpoor, where, till very lately, no European was known to have penetrated.' Vol. ii, p. 36.

As to the character of the Hindoos, their capacity, and even anxious desire for improvement, the bishop's testimony is equally clear and decided; and as this is a point of pre-eminent importance, the reader's attention is requested to the following statements.

'In the schools which have been lately established in this part of the empire, of which there are at present nine established by the Church Missionary, and eleven by the Christian Knowledge societies, some very unexpected facts have occurred. As all direct attempts to convert the children are disclaimed, the parents send them without scruple. But it is no less strange than true, that there is no objection made to the use of the Old and New Testament as a class book; that so long as the teachers do not urge them to eat what will make them lose their caste, or to be baptized, or to curse their country's gods, they readily consent to every thing else; and not only Mussulmans, but Brahmins, stand by with perfect coolness, and listen sometimes with apparent interest and pleasure, while the scholars, by the road side, are reading the stories of the creation and of Jesus Christ.'—Vol. ii, p. 290.

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* Nusseerabad, near Ajmere, in the heart of the Rajepoot country.

'Hearing all I had heard of the prejudices of the Hindoos and Mussulmans, I certainly did not at all expect that the common people would, not only without objection, but with the greatest thankfulness, send their children to schools on Bell's system; and they seem to be fully aware of the advantages conferred by writing, arithmetic, and above all, by a knowledge of English. There are now in Calcutta, and the surrounding villages, twenty boys' schools, containing from 30 to 120 each; and twenty-three girls', each of 25 or 30.'—Vol. ii, p. 300.

'Though instances of actual conversion to Christianity are, as yet, very uncommon; yet the number of children, both male and female, who are now receiving a sort of Christian education, reading the New Testament, repeating the Lord's prayer and commandments, and all with the consent, at least without the censure of their parents or spiritual guides, have increased during the last two years, to an amount which astonishes the old European inhabitants, who were used to tremble at the name of a missionary, and shrink from the common duties of Christianity, lest they should give offence to their heathen neighbors. So far from that being a consequence of the zeal which has been lately shown, many of the Brahmins themselves express admiration of the morality of the gospel, and profess to entertain a better opinion of the English, since they have found that they too have a religion and a Shaster. All that seems necessary for the best results to follow is, to let things take their course, to make the missionaries discreet, to keep the government, as it now is, strictly neuter, and to place our confidence in a general diffusion of knowledge, and in making ourselves really useful to the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of the people among whom we live. In all these points there is indeed great room for improvement. I do not by any means assent to the pictures of depravity and general worthlessness, which some have drawn of the Hindoos. They are decidedly, by nature, a mild, pleasing and intelligent race; sober, parsimonious, and where an object is held out to them, most industrious and persevering.'—Vol. ii, p. 307.

'Of the people, so far as their natural character is concerned, I have been led to form, on the whole, a very favorable opinion. They have, unhappily, many of the vices arising from slavery, from an unsettled state of society, and immoral and erroneous systems of religion. But they are men of high and gallant courage, courteous, intelligent, and most eager after knowledge and improvement, with a remarkable aptitude for the abstract sciences, geometry, astronomy, &c., and for the imitative arts, painting and sculpture. They are sober, industrious, dutiful to their parents, and affectionate to their children, of tempers almost uniformly gentle and patient, and more easily affected by kindness and attention to their wants and feelings than almost any men whom I have met with.'—Vol. ii, p. 369.

'One fact, indeed, during this journey, has been impressed on my mind very forcibly, that the character and situation of the natives of these great countries are exceedingly little known, and in many instances grossly misrepresented, not only by the British public in general, but by a great proportion of those, also, who, though they have been in India, have taken their views of its population, manners and productions from Calcutta, or at most from Bengal.'—Vol. ii, p. 379.

'In the same holy city (Benares) I visited another college, founded lately by a wealthy Hindoo banker, and entrusted by him to the management of the Church Missionary society; in which, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Hindostanee language, as well as Persian and Arabic, the senior boys could pass a good examination in English grammar, in Hume's History of England, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, the use of the globes, and the principal facts and moral precepts of the gospel, most of them writing beautifully in the Persian, and very tolerably in the English character, and excelling most boys I have met with in the accuracy and readiness of their arithmetic.'—Vol. ii, p. 388.

'The different nations which I have seen in India, (for it is a great mistake to suppose that all India is peopled by a single race, or that there is not as great a disparity between the inhabitants of Guzerat, Bengal, the Dooab, and the Deckan, both in language, manners and physiognomy, as between any four nations in Europe,) have of course, in a greater or lesser degree, the vices which must be expected to attend on arbitrary government, a demoralizing and absurd religion, and (in all the independent states, and in some of the districts which are partially subject to the British) a laxity of law, and an almost universal prevalence of intestine feuds and habits of plunder. Their general character, however, has much which is extremely pleasing to me; they are brave, courteous, intelligent, and most eager after knowledge and improvement, with a remarkable talent for the sciences of geometry, astronomy, &c. as well as for the arts of painting and sculpture. In all these points they have had great difficulties to struggle with, both from the want of models, instruments and elementary instruction; the indisposition, or rather horror, entertained, till lately, by many among their European masters, for giving them instruction of any kind; and now from the real difficulty which exists of translating works of science into languages which have no corresponding terms. More has been done, and more successfully, to obviate these evils in the presidency of Bombay, than in any part of India I have yet visited, through the wise and liberal policy of Mr. Elphinstone, to whom this side of the peninsula is also indebted for some very important and efficient improvements in the administration of justice, and who, both in amiable temper and manners, extensive and various information, acute good sense, energy and application to business, is one of the most extraordinary men, as he is quite the most popular governor, that I have fallen in with.'—Vol. ii, pp. 409, 10.

These extracts have extended to a greater length than we anticipated; but we are quite sure, that our readers will require no apology for having had them brought under their notice. They afford the most convincing proofs of the soundness of the proposition advanced by Mr. Colebrook and Mr. Rickards, that there is nothing in the nature of Indian society, in the institution of *castes*, as now existing, or in the habits or customs of the natives, to hinder them from advancing in civilization and wealth.

It is needless, after what we have already stated, to direct the attention of our readers to Mr. Rickards' work. Interesting and valuable, however, as the part now before us undoubtedly is, we expect that those parts in which Mr. Rickards proposes to discuss the revenue systems, acted upon in India, and the influence of the company's commercial and political monopoly, will have still higher claims to attention. There are few so well qualified as Mr. Rickards for the discussion of these important questions, or to whose labors we should look forward with higher expectations.

The Philosophy of Human Knowledge; or a Treatise on Language;—a Course of Lectures, delivered at the Utica Lyceum, by Alexander B. Johnson. New-York: G. & C. Carvill. 1828.

The first aspect presented by our species is that, which every thing assumed to the gloomy Hamlet,—all showing 'stale, flat and unprofitable.' Let the first sample be furnished by the better half, the *angels*, and what do we see? Universal frivolity. What do we hear? A dull, dead mass of mere commonplace, perhaps spiced a little with white lies and innocent scandal, in which if a really thinking being happens to introduce a remark implying thought and feeling, he sees it producing an unpleasant revulsion, as conversation out of keeping with what preceded and follows. What is the view presented by the lords of the creation? Universal immersion in the pursuit of gain, and cares without other object, than eating, and drinking, and sleeping from day to day, followed by the relaxation of death at the end of the repetition of more or less such days and years. It is the pursuit of money, and pleasure, and distinction,—a distinction too often sought through the kennels of whiskey-smelling politics. Such is the first showing from a superficial view of society.

The press, that glorious machinery of a higher order of thought and communication, ought to be able to present us with more cheering views of the rational creation. But here, also, the ordinary and general effusions of this great safety valve of the intellect tend little to raise our estimation of the species. We have only an edition, a little revised and corrected, of the same tenor of pursuit, and the same actings of the same ruling passions. Our publications teem with vile, low, tavern-brawling politics. The demagogue reviles, as he is thrust down from his brief authority, to be replaced by another exulting demagogue, as the people, they know not why nor wherefore, bear him with acclamations to the vacant place; and the press groans with the scurrility of crimination and recrimination, managed with an entire recklessness to all sensibility, truth, honor and decency. When we turn away, loathing and disgusted, from these columns of the labors of the press, it is only to relieve our eye in the next with the idle gossip of the floating rumors of the day, intended for the moment to beguile the *ennui* of minds, that have no higher and better resources. Let us not hence infer, that this is all, of which the human mind is capable; or that there may not be, in the bosom of that very society, minds capable of the highest and the noblest showing of intellect. Let the tone of society and the order of things be calculated to elicit other and more elevated efforts of mind, and we shall find, that many of these very persons, that we had set down as capable only of the insipid and tiresome commonplace prattle of society, are in fact beings endowed at once with hearts and reasoning powers. Another order of circumstances draws up from the undistinguished level of society a few solitary and etherial spirits of a still higher rank of intellect. Some of them take telescopic views of the universe; and during that still hour, when common minds sleep, and when a broader ken is imparted to these more gifted minds, they seat themselves under the star-gemmed canopy, and measure suns and worlds, and foretel for a century to come the darkening of one of those silvery points, that twinkles in the infinite space. Another penetrates the nature of the minutest portions of matter, in the wonders of chemistry. Another, with the solar microscope, puts himself to the measurement and classification of the living nations, that impart the blue to the rich surface of the plumb. Another, with ken still more adventurous, and essaying the last efforts of human powers, attempts the survey of his own fearful and wonderful being, and strives with painful retorted mental vision to look in upon himself, and to apprehend and measure the very mind, that is struggling in these painful efforts of an immortal spirit, impatient of its bonds, and striving to escape from the impediments of its manacles of clay. The melancholy bard of 'Night Thoughts' had reason, who described man at once as an insect, and an angel—a reptile, and a god. When we see this being of yesterday, and not of to-morrow, making glorious efforts to escape from the bondage of clay and time, and to throw off the shackles of limited powers, we respect even his ambitious purpose to think and judge respecting those points, that have hitherto seemed interdicted to his feeble powers. Let us turn away from the *actual*, if we may so say, to the *possible* man—from what man is, to what these specimens prove he might be. In one word, let us never entertain thoughts, other than respectful, of a race capable of presenting such minds, as from time to time emerge, and spring forth from the ordinary level of intellect. Let us never intermit our labors to enlighten and elevate this noble being, made in the image of God.

We opened the book before us without any uncommon expectation of interest; little calculating, that a series of metaphysical lectures would chain our attention from beginning to end, and lead us on from point to point, as a romantic girl clings to a novel, till it is finished. Every one knows, that metaphysics, as a science, has become the derision of practical men; that its efforts have been too often wasted in useless attempts to elucidate inexplicable mysteries, in putting forth a perverse ingenuity upon words and quibbles. But when this noblest of all sciences shall be directed by the lights of the inductive philosophy, and shall be solely occupied in analyzing, classing and recording mental phenomena, and generalizing the systems of facts, so obtained, for the benefit and advancement of all those most important collateral studies, that depend upon our understanding the laws of mind,—then, and not till then, will this estimation of this science for ever pass away. None will question, that we ought to understand the laws and capabilities of that mind, that measures every thing, and is itself with so much difficulty measured by any intellect, but that of Him, who formed the mind, and is the Father of our spirits.

The author of this book is an original thinker. The style and manner are original. He has a peculiar compactness and energy of expression; and it is matter of regret, that he manifests some of the defects, which seem almost inseparable from these characteristics. He seems not to be aware, that the theory, over which his mind has brooded for years, has to be explained *de novo* to his readers. Trains of thought, which are perfectly obvious to him, are not so developed, as to be readily apprehended by the reader. He is exceedingly elliptical. With a most vigorous and brilliant imagination himself, he expects the imagination of his reader to kindle at his conceptions, and grasp his figures, as easily as he does himself. Without a painful effort of attention, there will be much in these lectures, the relevancy of which will not be readily seen. What an audience must that of the Utica Lyceum have been, to have patiently followed this gentleman through his acute, and fine spun, and sometimes darkly woven disquisitions!

We could not give any thing like a faithful abstract of this book, in much fewer words than the author has employed for the same purpose. We shall be obliged, therefore, to pass by most of the repeated and collateral examples, by which he turns to the light different aspects of his theory. We shall not be able to follow his demonstrations *in extenso.* All we propose to ourselves is, to present to the reader the leading features of the author's outline; for it is only an outline of a new system of metaphysics. The great purport of the book, if we apprehend it rightly, is to show the relation between metaphysics and the philosophy of language; and its chief object, to point out the ambiguity, which has incorporated itself with the whole body of our language, from systematical errors in thinking, which he proposes to inculcate.

We infer, that he is entirely with Locke, in regard to the origin of all our ideas, or *notions*, as he chooses to call them—that they all arrive in the mind through the avenues of the senses; and that he has a distinct belief in the axiom of the ancient metaphysicians, though he quotes it not—'*Nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerat in sensu:*' There is nothing in the intellect, which had not been first in the senses. The fundamental thought, that seems to us more prominent than any other in the book, is, that the information of any one sense cannot be supplied by any other sense; and that, as a great portion of our words classifies under a common name notions received by different senses, there must be ambiguity in all such terms. It seems to be a point with him, to introduce a strict and severe analysis into our language, in which notions, received by one sense, shall be designated by a name, that specifies the notions derived from that sense, and no other. It would seem to follow from his premises, that when we appropriate to ideas derived from vision a name common to such ideas, and those derived from touch, or, as he calls it, *contaction*, one part of that name is only figuratively significant; the idea attached to it being the result of that process, which may be properly called mental metonymy. The consequence of the general reception of the doctrine would be the decomposition of the present ambiguous modes of speech, and a recomposition with terms for our ideas formed upon this new and strict analysis.

Before we proceed to give his views upon this subject, somewhat in his own terms, we take leave to notice one important thought, that seems to have been brought up incidentally. The same thought has occurred to us a thousand times, even from the earliest remembered period of reflection upon what we have read. If we had a lease of ten lives in succession, we believe, we could employ them all in the laborious, but humble effort of attempting to remedy the evil, on which his remark is predicated. He says, that Locke's Essay has been cited by Blair, as a model for style. He thinks, there is no page in that book, from which a third part of the words might not be expunged with benefit to perspicuity. If this be true, in reference to that close thinking and compact writer, what shall we say of books of philosophy and literature in general? We may say with perfect truth, that nine books in ten, from the very commencement of book making, are oppressed with an irrelevant load of useless verbiage. The greatest improvement now called for in literature, is the unsparing application of the pruning knife, or actual cautery of two thirds of every thing that is written. The body would be stronger for reduction of this dropsical mass always accumulating, which threatens to drown literature under its own distension and excess. There are very few books, even of history, that might not be condensed to one third of their contents, without impairing the mass of information, and with infinite advantage to the interest and utility. If the author should be able to impress no more than this one truth, he would merit much from the republic of letters for that single service. Yet there is no complaint more common, than that of critics against abridgments.

To bring before the reader a fair sample of the author's manner, we quote the first paragraphs of the introduction to these lectures.

> 'It is my misfortune to possess a strong inclination for abstruse studies. Its indulgence has diminished my enjoyments, and employed the ardor which, at my age, is usually expended in political discussions; vociferous in the defence of rights not invaded, and vindictive in the redress of wrongs not inflicted. It has driven me from the whispers of the counting house, and the war of judicatories, to an unambitious avocation; which, whilst it affords the conveniences that our plainness renders essential, enables me to gratify my unenviable propensity.
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> Among the results is a treatise on the philosophy of human knowledge. From the obscurity in which my life has passed, I have reason to suspect an absence, rather than the possession, of instructive talents: hence the treatise has long lain unregarded, and, till within a few days, undivulged. An accidental intimation of its existence, has produced from the Lyceum a request with which I shall endeavor to comply, by moulding the treatise into short and occasional lectures.'

He commences by instancing some of the fundamental propositions of mathematics, astronomy, optics, physiology and chemistry, which are directly at war with our senses,—such as, that the water of a canal is not level, the walls of the chamber not parallel, and that a line may be infinitely divided, without coming to the end of the extension. The object of these lectures is to discover, if we cannot trace the significancy of the language employed in elucidating these apparent contradictions of our senses. One of the fundamental axioms of the lectures follows, as a hypothetical member at the close of a sentence. It is reduced to a declarative proposition in the following words: '*Every word possesses as many meanings, as it possesses applications to different phenomena.*' We shall find the application of this doctrine running through the lectures. We should take pleasure in presenting the reader with the happy delineation, at the close of the first lecture, of the visible and invisible workings of the mighty magician, vanity; under whose spell, the author is frank enough to confess his fears, that himself may be unconsciously acting, in producing the work before us. The commencement and the close of each lecture has a felicitous paragraph or two, of the same strain, pithy, original and striking; we presume, necessary attractions, to catch the attention of a popular assembly, and fix it upon the intricate and profound discussions, that are to follow. We shall be compelled to pass these striking passages all by; simply remarking, that the reader will discover from these *jeux d'esprit*, that the writer has no common mind.

The loss of any one sense, says the author in the second lecture, is irremediable by another. It seems an absurd truism, to say, that no sense, but that of sight, can inform us of colors. But yet, we are told, that blind persons have discriminated colors by feeling. But when the term *colors* is used by a man, who sees, and by a blind man, it is used by the former to indicate an idea of vision, and by the latter, one of touch, or feeling. Deaf persons know when it thunders, by a concussion in the atmosphere. To those, who hear, the term *thunder* is the name of a sensation of hearing. By the deaf, it designates the sensation of feeling. The appropriation of the same term to ideas received from different senses, is one of the chief sources of the general ambiguity, to which language is subject. With a view to philosophical precision, the author proposes, in the discussion before us, to apply the term *sights* to all the information we gain by seeing, *sounds* from hearing, and *feels*, *tastes* and *smells* to the other senses. An orange, for example, instead of being one existence, endowed with several qualities, he considers as several existences, associated intellectually by the term orange. Its appearance is the *sight orange*, its flavor the *taste orange*, its odor the *smell orange*, and its consistency the *feel orange*. The object of this phraseology, he says, is not to erect a theory, but to discriminate between the information of the different senses. A shadow is one existence,—to wit, a *sight*. It can have no existence, except to a person, who possesses vision. A *solidity* is more than one existence. The word names a *sight* and a *feel*. Light is one existence. A sunbeam is two—a *sight* and a *feel*. A blind man discourses as understandingly of the latter existence, as one, who sees. But we must not overlook the ambiguity of the language, when we describe the two different sensations by the same term.

Among the terms, with all their associated trains of thought, that are peculiarly liable to this ambiguity, are *figure*, *magnitude*, *distance* and *extension*. He proceeds to instance, in examples and illustrations, the ambiguity, to which each of these terms is liable. Bishop Berkley first suggested, that magnitude, figure and extension are not visible. He perceived, that in roundness, for example, there are two phenomena—a *sight* and a *feel*, with but one name—*roundness*. He inferred, that the *feel* is the true roundness, and that the imaginary significance of the sight results from its uniform conjunction with the feel. St. Pierre speaks of a philosopher, who lost his sight by gazing at the sun, and who imagined, that the darkness, which proceeded from the extinction of his sight, resulted from the extinction of the sun. The author supposes, that bishop Berkley was unconscious, that invisibility was predicable of roundness by a latent ambiguity of language; and he accused vision with the production of the delusion. 'When we look at roundness, we know immediately the *feel*, which it will produce.' This knowledge is from experience; for seeing can never inform us of a *feel;* and so of all the sights and feels, that constitute figure, magnitude, distance and extension. Instead of saying, then, with Berkley, that the feel alone is the true roundness, and the sight a deception, let us say, that roundness names two existences—a sight and a feel. But in proof, that Berkley had plausible grounds for his assertion, a case is cited of a blind man, who suddenly acquired his sight. When he had learned to distinguish bodies by their appearance, he was surprised, that the apparent prominences of a picture were level to the touch. The author says, it was not his sight, which deceived him in this case, but the language. *Color* names a *sight* only, and must therefore be unknown to the blind. But shape names a *sight* and a *feel.* We naturally conclude, that a blind man, to whom the *feel* is familiar, can select it by *seeing.* Dr. Reid names a person, that was couched by Cheselden, who thought at first, that every thing he saw touched his eyes. Both seeing and feeling inform us when we touch an object. The word then names a sight and a feel. The couched, when he opened his eyes for the first time, could no no more know the *sight touch,* than he could the *sight scarlet.* He meant by the word *touch,* what, during his blindness, he had meant by the word *feel.* The first expressions of a deaf man, who suddenly recovered his hearing, intimated, that his ears saw sounds.

Paintings prove, that figure, distance and magnitude are invisible. A book seems to possess thickness, as well as length and breadth. The visible appearance, we are certain, has no thickness; for it can be represented exactly on a flat piece of canvass. The author elucidates the same idea, in reference to the visible nearness and remoteness of objects in a picture. From the frequency with which the sight and the feel are associated, we have given them one name, and supposed them identical.

From similar reasoning and examples, the author comes to the conclusion, that figure, magnitude, distance and extension are not visible. The *feel figure,* the *feel distance* and the *feel magnitude* are not visible. The position is a quibble; and is only named, to exemplify, that a word sometimes names a plurality of existences, and that an ignorance of this latent ambiguity produces many speculative errors.

He proceeds with great ingenuity to apply this mode of detecting the ambiguity of language to the skeptical speculation, that seeing, tasting, smelling and hearing can yield no intimation, that there exists a material universe. The puzzle results from the ambiguity of the term *external,* which names a sight and a feel. We have not space to follow the author in his acute disquisitions upon Hume's and Locke's views of these subjects. Those, who wish to see such points of discussion handled in all their hair-splitting subtlety, will of course repair to the book; and others either would not have the comprehension, or the patience to follow. The amount of the dissertation is, that while these metaphysicians supposed they were reasoning about things, they were, in fact, discussing points, the difficulties of which lay in terms.

He instances as proof, that the fallacy lays in terms, which we had supposed to be in our senses, the case of thrusting a straight staff partly in the water. The part out of the water shows straight to the eye, the part immersed crooked. We know the stick is straight. We call it a *deceptio visus*—a fallacy of vision. But, he says, the *sight crooked* and the *feel crooked* possess no identity, except the name, by which we confound them; and so of many other deceptions, which lay in the terms, and not in our senses. By reasonings of this sort he arrives at the general conclusion, that what he is informed of by one sense can be revealed to him by no other sense. He happily answers the question of Locke, why do we not think, that pain is in fire, as well as heat? in the following.

> 'He wishes to prove that neither is in the fire; and nothing can be more easily accomplished. Fire, when restricted to the phenomena of feeling, is usually a name of the feel heat, the feel burn, the feels solidity, external, aud some others: hence heat is in the fire,—that is, we include it among the phenomena to which the name fire is applied. But if we restrict the word to the feels solidity, substance, external, and figure, we can maintain that heat is not in the fire.'

The object of the reasoning is to elucidate the errors, which result from attributing to phenomena of different senses an identity, which exists truly no where, but in the name, by which they are designated. With practical men, he thinks, these fallacies of language are not material; but with theorists, fundamental.

The prominent proposition of the second lecture in this series is, 'That every word is a sound, which had no significance before it was employed to name some phenomenon, and which, even now, has no signification apart from the phenomena, to which it is applied.' The principle, when thus expressed, he says, seems obvious. But it has hitherto, he affirms, escaped the vigilance of the most acute, and has supplied metaphysics with the most perplexing doctrines. *Weight* names a *feel*, and possesses no meaning apart from the feel, which it designates.

> 'Thus, "many objects are too small to be seen with the unassisted eye; and some the most powerful microscope can render but just visible; we may therefore well believe, that numerous atoms are so small that no microscope can reveal them: still each must possess color, shape and weight."'

What significance, he asks, has the word weight, which names only a feel, when applied to an atom, which we cannot feel? What feel is that, which cannot be felt? He applies the same ingenious, and to us conclusive reasoning, to Zeno's paradox of the race between Achilles and a tortoise. The tortoise starts a mile in advance of Achilles. Achilles runs a hundred times faster than the tortoise. Every one knows, that on the principle of the infinite divisibility of space without ever reaching a termination, it may be mathematically demonstrated, that, as far as terms can convey any thing, Achilles could never overtake the tortoise. But the experiment of the actual race would prove, that the swifier would instantly overtake the slower. The paradox, according to the author, consists in the ambiguity of the terms of the proposition. Any given measure of distance names only a sight and a feel. But Achilles soon passes over such a distance, as to leave no sight nor feel of the remaining distance. The inference at the close of the proposition is, therefore, absurd. The words, by relating neither to feel nor sight, have become divested of all signification.

The same solution is applied to the common declaration in books of philosophy, when they treat of atmospheric pressure, that every man sustains a pressure of fourteen tons. Weight, says the author, is the name of a feel; and to use the word, when there is no feel, is like talking of a toothache, which is not felt, or of an inaudible melody.

The same general view is taken of the declaration, that if a lump of sugar will sweeten a pint of water, so that every drop shall contain some particle of the sugar, it follows, that the same lump will sweeten the whole ocean. That it would do so is mathematically demonstrable. But the terms, that announce the inference, are nothing more than names of sensible existences. We continue to apply the terms sugar, water, sweetness, division, &c. after we have abstracted from them every sensible existence; and to use the words, after that abstraction, is to speak of invisible sights, inaudible sounds, or any other contradiction.

At the close of this long and most acute discussion, he thinks, that he has established the position, that words have no signification, except as they refer to phenomena, and that the words, after their signification has been abstracted, become a nullity.

The next example, which he selects, in proof of this misuse of language, is the term *cause.* To teach the meaning of the word, he says, he must operate upon the senses of his disciple. He can tell him how to cause darkness, by extinguishing the candle. If two billiard balls strike, they rebound. He goes on to expound the different *causes*, which philosophers have assigned for this effect; and to prove, that their solutions have all been based upon this same fallacy and ambiguity of language. So of the theory of perception, as explained by Locke, Reid and others. So of that mysterious operation, which we call gravitation, by which a projected stone falls to the ground. So of the magnetic attraction. So of the phenomena of chemistry, which the author of Zoonomia attributes to the attraction and repulsion, which belong to the sides and angles of the insensible particles of bodies. Attraction and repulsion, sides and angles, are names of sensible phenomena, independent of which the words are as insignificant as any, that can be made by throwing together the letters of the alphabet promiscuously. Such are the absurdities, he adds, which the wisest of men fall into, when they use language for other purposes than to discourse of sensible existences.

The third lecture commences with denying, that truth lies at the bottom of a well. Every one, he supposes, has acted upon the truth of the doctrines he has been enforcing; while metaphysicians and philosophers, by looking too deep for the solution, have strangely overlooked them. We think entirely with him, in believing, that science has suffered more from the disposition to look too deep for truth, than the persuasion, that it is simple, near at hand and obvious to the honest inquirer.

He advances in this lecture to the fundamental, yet simple principle of language, that every word has as many meanings as there are different phenomena, to which it refers. To effectuate all the innumerable appliances of language, and to paint the infinitude of human feelings, thoughts and passions, we have but thirty-eight thousand words. Hence it is necessary, that every word should possess a multitude of meanings. In the actual concerns of life this produces little embarrassment; but in matters of speculation it creates controversy and confusion. He proceeds to point out examples of this confusion in Locke's ideas of colors, in Stewart's views of the same subject, and in Hume's celebrated proposition, that there is no visible union between any cause and its effect. The author supposes, that the union, to which he referred, is the sight and feel exhibited by the links of a chain. Such is not the meaning of him, who contends, that a *cause* and its *effect* are united. 'Cause and effect exist successively; and how instantaneous soever the succession may be, the cause must precede the effect. To talk, therefore, of seeing a cause and its effect united, as we see the union of two links in a chain, is to talk of seeing at the same time a present phenomenon, and a past; in other words, to talk absurdly.' He adduces, as examples for the application of his remarks, the differently explained theories of identity; the circumstance, which created surprise to Stewart, 'that an expert accountant can enumerate, almost at a glance, a long column, though he may be unable to recollect any of the figures, which compose the sum. Nobody doubts, but each of these figures has passed through the accountant's mind.' The difficulty of the supposition arises simply from his using the same kind of words, in reference to the passage of the figures through the mind, which would be used to designate the passage of an army through the gate of a city. So of the common puzzle, that startles young minds, that black is the deprivation of all color; and that, as darkness effectuates this deprivation, we all become black in the dark. So of the fact, that a drop of *attar* of roses will fill many large apartments with its fragrance, and yet remain perfectly undiminished. So, also, of the declaration of philosophy, touching the rapidity of the particles of light, falling millions of miles in an instant, and yet not injuring the eye, though they fall immediately on that delicate and susceptible organ. So in relation to glass, which seems the most uniform of bodies, and which we still know to be a congeries of bodies, which have no similarity. The congeries of bodies (sand and alkali) exist as separately in the glass, as they existed in the body before they were formed into glass. So of the finished statue, which is still the same quiescent mass, that slumbered for ages in the quarry. All the mystery of all these wonderful facts is founded, according to the author, upon the fallacy of the language applied to the attempted inferences, in which the terms appropriated to one set of phenomena are transferred to the description of another.

'That light should pass freely through solid crystal excites wonder.' Why? The wonder is produced by our interpretation of the words, in which this common phenomenon is expressed, and which seem to imply, that the passage of light through crystal has some analogy to passing our hand through it. But when we understand no more by the expression 'passing through,' than the phenomena, which light continually exhibits, our surprise vanishes with the delusion, that occasioned it.

If there had been no such science as chemistry, asks Brown, who would have supposed, that every thing animate and inanimate on our globe, 'yea, the great globe itself,' can all be resolved into a few simple elements? The whole language, says the author, refers only to the processes of chemistry; and independent of them, the language has no archetype in nature. We quote the following passage, as evincing the analogy between the ideas of the author and Dr. Caldwell, in his paper on the changes of matter, lately noticed in this journal.

> 'Chemists do not say simply that they can produce hydrogen gas, and oxygen, from water, and *vice versa.* but that water is nothing but a combination of these gases. The assertion is true, so long as it means the phenomena to which it refers; but it produces wonder, because we suppose it has a meaning beyond the phenomena.'

The author handles without much ceremony the main doctrine in Brown's celebrated treatise on cause and effect. 'Power,' says Brown, 'is invariable antecedence. A cause is the immediate, invariable antecedent in any sequence; and an effect is the immediate, invariable consequent.' 'What is an immediate, invariable antecedent? Custom applies the phrase to fifty phenomena; and to know forty-nine of them, leaves me still ignorant of the fiftieth. When the phrase is used to define the term cause, we shall be deceived, if we think it means any thing, but the phenomena, to which it refers; and my knowledge of those phenomena will be equal, whether I apply to those phenomena the word *cause*, or the phrase of Brown.'

As a sample of vigorous and fine composition, and a happy specimen of this book, we quote the introduction to the fourth lecture.

> 'Naturalists assert, that the oak, with its towering trunk, its gigantic limbs, and its diffusive roots, is originally compressed within an acorn. They make this discovery by vision, and trace in microscopic lineaments the sylvan monarch. So an author can indite a few general propositions, which shall comprehend a system of philosophy; but knowledge, thus compressed, is as undiscoverable to every understanding but the author's, as the oak is undiscernible to every eye but the naturalist's.
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> 'In detail, then, we must proceed. The oak must be suffered to issue from its imagined nucleus, to enlarge gradually its stem, to protrude successively its branches, and to indurate by alternate suns and tempests, before it can serve any useful purpose; so an author must be permitted to unfold gradually his premises, frame his propositions, accumulate examples, anticipate objections, and evolve slowly his conclusions, before his labors can impart any beneficial instruction. Patience, then, must be your characteristic, and my motto.'

The object of the last lecture was to show, that every word has as many significations, as it has different phenomena, to which it refers. He proceeds in this to show, that the same rule applies to general propositions. In framing these, the judgments, which we pronounce, are frequently nothing more than an enumeration of our own practices. When I say, no man is proof against all temptations, I mean no more than a particular case, in which I was vanquished. If the hearer recollects no case, in which he has been similarly vanquished, he will not assent to my proposition. If he happens to recollect an instance, in which he resisted a strong temptation, he may form a new proposition—'Some persons are proof against every temptation.' A man saw a traveller drop a dollar, and picked it up. He remarked to the landlord, 'Men are more honest in great matters, than small.' He meant, that himself, in his more important dealings with mankind, was honest, though he had acted dishonestly in the matter of the found dollar. The innkeeper had a pocket book, left by mistake in his possession; and he intended to keep it, though he frequently corrected trifling errors, when his customers overpaid him, by reminding them of it. He replied to the above proposition by framing another, consonant to his own experience, and replied, 'That he thought men were more honest in small matters, than great.'

Most of the phenomena in proof of attraction were discovered after Newton had asserted its existence. We may instance, in particular, that of discovering, that a plummet on a mountain in Perthshire would not fall perpendicularly, but was attracted towards the mountain. Similar experiments were multiplied; and prove, says the Encyclopedia, that every particle of matter gravitates to every other particle. This, the author affirms, is only true of the proposition, in so far as it signifies no more than the experiments, to which it refers. To say, also, that the earth is a sphere, that it revolves round the sun and its own axis, that the moon influences the tides, and that there are antipodes, is true only so long as we consider the expressions significant of the phenomena, to which they refer.

The author goes on to exemplify these difficulties, created by a wrong application of language to various assertions of astronomers, touching the sun; and the conflicting systems of physicians. Under this head, he adduces a case, where this kind of inference must be pernicious. For instance, one physician asserts, that in an overloaded stomach, the emetic effort is one to get quit of the morbid burden. Another asserts, that every morbid change in our system is injurious, and must be counteracted by medicine. The one physician wishes to increase and facilitate the discharge; and the other to check and prevent it. One of these practices must be wrong. The reasoning of both was founded on the misapprehension of terms. A father told his son, there was in water a principle destructive of life, and in brandy a principle preservative of life. The father intending, that immersion in water would be fatal; and that a small quantity of brandy was occasionally salutary. The proposition was correct, while confined to the particulars, to which the father alluded. But the son framed an universal proposition from the premises, and refrained from the use of water, and substituted brandy. On the same principle, the author proceeds to discuss the question of the contagionists and non-contagionists, in regard to yellow fever; and generally, whether certain diseases are, or are not, contagious. In this connection we would have been glad, had more ample limits been indulged us, to have quoted the author's mode of reasoning, as carried on in dialogue, the one affirming, and the other denying the doctrine of contagion. We have seldom seen a more perfect example of pure syllogistic reasoning. He observes, that he is so confident, that most declarations are true in the sense in which the speakers understand them, that he rarely indulges in contradiction. The remark is as generous, as it is consonant to right reason.

We are only able to touch, here and there, among his instances of illustration, selecting those, that seem most apposite and striking.

Plato, he says, explained the gradual decay of the human system, by saying, matter was first converted by the Deity into bodies of triangular shapes. Of these the elements were constituted, and they assumed regular geometrical figures. Fire became a pyramid; the earth a cube; the air an octahedron; and water an icosahedron. The human frame was composed of these elements; and as their angles become blunted by time, and unable to retain their hold, the fabric gradually dissolves.

> 'This is not the ravings of insanity, but the labored production of a wise man. He doubtless had some particulars to which his propositions referred; but as we know them not, his language is as insignificant as the most disconnected prattle of infancy.'

St. Pierre says, the more temples are multiplied in a state, the more religion is enfeebled. Another would assert exactly the converse; and both would be in the right, according to their meaning of the terms. St. Pierre had observed, that Italy was covered with churches, and Constantinople full of Italian renegadoes; while the Jews, who had but one temple, mourn the loss of it to this day. The opposer, on the other hand, has remarked, in the sphere of his observation, that the increase of churches has corresponded to the zeal and number of the worshippers.

From an ignorance, says the author, of the principle, which he has endeavored to illustrate, that when a person uses a general proposition, he means by it no more than a few particulars, we are prone to award unmerited commendation to the authors of general propositions. He instances this, in the supposed understanding, which Pythagoras had of the Newtonian system of the universe. We quote the following important remarks.

> 'Lord Bacon asserts in his Aphorisms, that reason is supposed to govern the words of men, but that words have often power to react upon reason. This aphorism, says professor Stewart, may be considered as the text of the most valuable part of Locke's Essays, the part which relates to the imperfections and abuse of words; but it was not till within the last twenty years, that its depth and importance were perceived in their full extent.' * * * *
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> 'Finally, then, if we would appreciate the nature of general propositions, we must remember, that each possesses as many significations, as it possesses a reference to different particulars; and that no general proposition possesses any significance, if it refers to no particular.'

We have thus touched upon nearly one half the contents of this singular, learned and acute work. We have in vain endeavored to abridge his modes of expressing himself. We never remember to have found such a task so difficult. In enunciating his propositions, we have not often found, that we could avail ourselves of other than his own words, expressed somewhat in our form, to give something of consistency to a view, necessarily so narrow an epitome of the whole. In another number, we shall resume the notice. Our first impulse, on perusing the work, was to ask, *cui bono?* For what end, the author would prove, that human language, especially the language of refined people, was a crude mass of ambiguities,—figures, which tend only to mislead? But we soon settled to our customary satisfaction, that all truth is useful and important. We have no doubt, that in some future stage of improvement, language will become more exact and philosophical. Language is the body of thought. Every thing, which tends to give it accuracy and precision, tends in the same proportion to the advancement of science. We have long believed, nor have we failed to express our belief, that most of the disputes, that are prevalent in the world, are mere disputes about words. Religious disputation, the most prolific and bitter of all the species, is eminently so; nine tenths of it having been nothing more than a mere bandying back and forwards of words without a meaning. If this book should have a tendency to recal the mind from sound to things, to a severe and faithful analysis of language, he will have no reason to complain, that he has bestowed his learning and talents to no purpose.

A Discourse, delivered on the Sabbath after the Decease of the Hon. Timothy Pickering; with a Sketch of his Life. By CHARLES W. UPHAM, *Junior Pastor of the First Church.* Salem: 1829.

WE have so recently spoken of the style and manner of this gentleman, in this Review, that we need not recur to the subject on this occasion. He informs us, that this funeral discourse, on the death of his distinguished parishioner, was written in haste, and under the pressure of indisposition. Our vision was not sufficiently critical to discover it. The eulogy struck us, as being compact, impressive, and more than all, just. He needed only to cast his eye on the vacant place in the house of the Lord, where the venerable patriot, statesman and Christian used to sit,—and to recollect, that the place, which had there known him so regularly, and for such a series of years, would know him no more,—to draw from that vacancy the right feelings and materials for his theme. He has availed himself of this inspiration, and has placed the great and good man before us, in the more than Roman—the Christian sternness of his intrinsic worth.

He was, says the youthful orator, an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile. He *walked uprightly, worked righteousness, and spoke the truth in his heart.* His views of religion were generous and liberal; for a mind like his could entertain no other. But his life was proof positive against those, who affirm, that liberal views of religion are only another name for indifference to the subject. He was a firm believer in divine revelation; a devout man, deeply and accurately acquainted with the divine writings, and most regular and attentive in his attendance upon public worship. Neither distance, nor inclemency, nor any of the ordinary excuses detained him from this duty, even when turned of eighty years. But whatever belongs to earth, however exalted, virtuous and beloved, passes away. The faith and hope, which had been at all times a source of consolation to him,

'Shed light upon his path in life, and gave him an unfailing support and refuge, in a hope that was fixed in heaven. They imparted to him calmness, faith, and peace of mind, upon the bed of death. It was my sorrowful privilege to be with him, for a few moments, not long before his departure, and to join with him in a service of devotion. "I had hoped," said he, to live a little longer," (for a purpose which he proceeded to mention to me,)—"I had hoped to live longer; but," he continued, directing his venerable countenance upward, "I bow to the will of God: I am ready and willing to die."' * * * * *

'As an instance of his familiarity with the topics of religion, and his skill in the scriptures, the writer would mention, that in consequence of a conversation which he happened to hold with his venerable friend, not many weeks before his death, on the question, "*How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?*" he received from him, the next morning, in the form of a commentary on the passages in John xx, 19, 20, 24, 26 and 27, which had been adduced during the discussion of the previous evening, a criticism that would have done honor to a professional biblical scholar.'

We, too, had the honor of some degree of intimacy with this great and good man. We feel, as if we were free from any disposition towards undistinguishing eulogy. But when such men have terminated their earthly career, and are removed to that bourne, where the praises of us, who dwell still in clay, reach them not, we may surely give scope to frank and honest feeling, in holding up their model for the emulation and example of those, who are to come after. Few men, we think, have died, more generally respected and beloved, and more sincerely lamented, than colonel Pickering. The names of Cato and Aristides have been so hackneyed, and so basely misapplied, that a parallel with them has lost its original import. Colonel Pickering was, as the orator has finely hinted, the modern Aristides,—too inflexibly just for the supple, wily and time-serving age, in which he lived. The same uncompromising integrity undoubtedly procured the ostracism of the modern, as of the ancient.

In speaking of him, we would not willingly allude to the past. But we draw an important and salutary lesson from contemplating the ravages of the storm of party rage, after it has past away. As the hoary honors of time blanched his head, in the shades of retirement, the clamor and calumny of party rage gradually diminished upon his ear. The name of *tory, aristocrat, monarchist, leader of the Essex junto,* and a hundred other epithets of the kind, the morbid and bilious evacuations of the most formidable enemy of our institutions, an unprincipled, ruthless and savage press, echoed with less frequency against him, and with intervals farther between, until the clamors were either silenced for ever by the indignant scorn of public opinion, or if reiterated, only returned to plague the inventors. No one will now undertake to question, that colonel Pickering was a lover of his country, a real and devoted patriot.

The best proofs of the cleanness of his hands, as a public man, exist in the facts, that he was a man of great simplicity of manners, and temperance of habits in all things; unexpensive and plain in his modes, and given to none of those ways of squandering, in which so many in the upper walks merge their means; and that, so constituted, he discharged a series of offices, for nearly half a century,—many of them, from the nature of the case, irresponsible,—passed through the first cabinet stations, where another man might have accumulated a fortune without question, and retired from each, not only not rich, but in the honorable poverty of a Cincinnatus, returning to his plough from the senate and the first place in the cabinet. We are well aware, that it would be superfluous to recur to these facts in the vicinity of his domicil; or for those, who were acquainted with him. But most of our readers know him only through the medium of the press. Even for them, we should be unwilling to stir the kennels of oblivion, where the rancor and scurrility of gone by times fester in the charnel of faction along with the 'things that were.' It is not an unpleasant reflection, that the venerable departed is now for ever above it all.

It can hardly fail, however, even at this distant period, to excite indignation, to know, that this man, who had so long filled so large a place in the eye of the nation, and had possessed such an ample efficiency in awarding its honors, offices and emoluments, was cutting down trees with his own hands in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, and clearing a little wheat and corn field, and rearing a log cabin in the depths of the wilderness—an occupation, with the sport of which we of the West are well acquainted; while many a real aristocrat, who rode in his state coach, with his liveried outriders, his black servants and his pack of hounds, was ringing through the medium of the press, against this very man, the changes of *tory*, *aristocrat*, *monarchist*, *British hireling*, and the like. The press, when misapplied, is a terrible engine. To the eye of the million, it turns white to perfect black, and noonday to midnight. The dominant majority of the nation, no doubt, believed, that this modern, hard handed Aristides lived in a palace, and rolled in British gold,—while he was in fact eating his bread and cheese under the shade of the huge trees he was cutting down, and washing down the Spartan meal with the primitive beverage of the spring hard by. Messieurs Editors have played this transformation of character for us, the people, before; and no doubt will do it again.

To begin in the unbroken forest is a pleasant enough picture in romance. But the real business of cutting down trees, and splitting rails, (*credite experti,*) is far enough from being a pleasant romance to any person, except one, whose hands and frame have been seasoned to it from infancy. From the necessity of making provision for his family in this way, he was rescued by the high minded liberality of a few of his opulent friends, who revered his character, and on the pledge of his wild lands, advanced such sums, as enabled him to return in honor and comfort to spend his age and his last days amid the scenes and friends of his first days. There, on a small farm, he practised that agriculture, which, above all other pursuits, he loved and honored; and inhaled the fragrance of his new mown hay, and ate his bread in peace and honored privacy.

The contour of his Roman physiognomy marked his distinguishing intellectual trait, strong and clear sense; and his countenance still kindled with the expression of juvenile sensibility and freshness, from beneath the frost of eighty winters. His port was erect, his step elastic, his recollections quick, and his colloquial resources exhaustless. Whether the theme were the Bible or Tacitus, politics or history, the past or the present, science or literature, he was alike furnished to bear a most interesting part in each. Every one, who has shared his society, will bear joint testimony, that he was a charming companion, blending the vivacity and freshness and guileless simplicity of youth with the weight, experience, wisdom and dignity of years. But though his acquaintance was singularly pleasant, there was little in his manner of the smooth and plausible semblance of the Chesterfieldian school. Let them, who had strong faults, or pretensions without merit, whatever were their standing, if they wished to remain unwhipt of justice, avoid his intimacy. If they did not, it was odds, if he chanced not to place his mirror before them. There were not wanting those, who thought he sometimes carried this wholesome severity of truth too far. It was certain, if he erred on either hand, it was in the *fortiter in modo*, rather than the ***suaviter in re.***

Such are some of the prominent outlines of the character of colonel Pickering, who was the delight of his friends; and among the last of the Romans, the intrinsically great and glorious men of the revolution; the compatriot, the friend and companion of such men as Jay, and Hamilton, and Washington. He grew old, like them of the golden age, exhibiting the mellow richness, without the decay or infirmities of years. Never was there happier parallel to the last days of the immortal ancient of the Bible. 'His eye had not waxed dim, nor his natural force abated.'

From the appendix to this sermon, we shall sketch a brief summary of the events of his life. We trust, that a suitable biography will be given to the public. It is a service due to his country and his kind.

Colonel Pickering was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 14, 1745; and was descended from a respectable family, who were among the earliest immigrants. In 1763, he graduated from Harvard university; and, while the germs of the revolution were budding, was a prominent and decided whig. Besides various civil offices, which he had borne, at the breaking out of the revolution, he was a colonel of militia in his native town. He it was, who penned the spirited and admirable address to general Gage, in relation to the Boston port bill. At the era of the Lexington battle, on the first intelligence, he marched with his regiment toward the scene of action; but only arrived in season to discover the regulars, reinforced with artillery, retreat to Boston.

In the autumn of 1776, he commanded a Salem regiment of volunteers, as a reinforcement to general Washington's army in New-Jersey. A proof of the estimation, in which he was held by that great man, was given soon after, in his selecting him for the office of adjutant general. At the battle of Brandywine, he was by the side of the commander-in-chief to the close of the day. He took the same part in the battle of Germantown. Soon after, he was appointed by congress a member of the continental board of war. When general Greene resigned the office of quarter master general, colonel Pickering was appointed to fill the vacancy. He assisted in marching a division of that army, which captured Cornwallis, to Yorktown.

The continental army being disbanded, colonel Pickering took up his residence at Philadelphia. Immigrants from Connecticut had settled an extensive tract, in the 'beautiful vale of Wyoming,' over which Pennsylvania claimed sovereignty. Colonel Pickering was deputed, on the part of that state, to quell the contest, that grew out of the conflicting claims. The charge was both difficult and hazardous; but he entered upon it with his accustomed intrepidity. The outrages of these settlers furnished him with materials for a personal narrative of romantic interest. We would gladly transcribe the whole, as a specimen of wise, cool and fearless management, and patient endurance on the one part, and the *denouement* of a backwoods tragedy, enacted in the true *horse, alligator and snapping turtle* spirit, on the other. It comports with our plan and limits only to remark, that colonel Pickering was appointed a commissioner on the part of Pennsylvania, to quell these disturbances, and compromise the conflicting claims, and to organize the county of Wyoming. A man of the name of Franklin seems to have been a master spirit among the disaffected Connecticut settlers. Chief justice M'Kean issued his warrant, under the authority of Pennsylvania, foı the arrest of this man, on the charge of treason against the state. Colonel Pickering aided in the arrest, and thereby exposed himself to the vindictive resentment of Franklin's adherents. They raised in force; and he, being duly warned, fled into the pathless woods, with three or four biscuits for his stock of provisions. He spent some time in this way, in the deep woods; and for this time eluded their pursuit, and made his way to Philadelphia. Franklin was imprisoned in that city; and he returned to resume his labors at Wyoming.

But in the following June, his house was assaulted. He was in bed at the moment, with Mrs. P. and an infant on his arm. He begged the ruffians not to strike the infant. On their forbearing, he arose and dressed himself. The room was filled with men, with their faces blacked, and handkerchiefs about their heads, and armed with guns and hatchets. They finally pinioned him, and bound his hands behind his back. They then carried him off. Not long after, one of the company, in a moment of excitement, exclaimed, 'Damn him—why don't you tomahawk him?' They carried him from one point of the country to the other. No prisoner among the savages fared worse in a captivity. He had a full probation of lying on the ground, under the canopy, pinioned fast, and eating such game as the woods afforded,—constantly under vigilant *espionage*, and occasionally treated to the slang of such people in power. The militia began to skirmish with the insurgents; and his masters in a panic unbound him, and left him to shift for himself, after he had been pinioned and in chains ten days.

In 1791, he was charged by general Washington, then president, in commission with others, to negotiate with the Indians on our frontiers. About the same time, the president appointed him postmaster general. In 1795, general Washington nominated him to be secretary of state, which he at first declined. But afterwards, his nomination being confirmed, he accepted the appointment, and continued in the office until 1800, when he was discharged from it by the late president Adams. In 1803, the legislature of Massachusetts appointed him senator, in place of Dwight Foster, who had resigned. In 1805, he was re-elected for six years. The interval between 1811 and 1814 he devoted exclusively to agriculture,—farming with his own hands, and with the sweat of his own brow. In 1814, he was chosen a representative to congress; which seat he held till 1817.

It is pleasant to consider, that he and Mr. Jefferson, who had been heads of the Greeks and Trojans, in the days of party and political scramble, corresponded in their last years in a pleasant and unaffected tone of friendship. Death interrupted him in the commenced task of a life of Alexander Hamilton; a labor, for which his talents and his intimacy with that distinguished statesman particularly qualified him. 'But,' says the annalist, 'the wing of ruthless time has swept away both the poet and the song.'

The biographical summary of the annalist seems to us peculiarly just and happy. We are compelled to omit it, as well as a spirited notice of his deportment in one of the earliest scenes of the revolution,—to wit, the march of general Gage with a body of regular troops to Salem, to secure the arms and military stores deposited at that place. The notice in question is selected from Dr. Holmes' Annals.

THE REQUIEM.

A PAPER is announced to be issued, somewhere, if our recollection serves us, on the eastern declivity of the Green mountains, to be entitled '*The Green Mountain Requiem*'! In this tame age of imitation, here is an original appellation for a journal, glorious both for obscurity and grandeur—each essential elements of the sublime. Our very spirit leapt within us, at the magnificent conception of a printer, and his attendant spirits, playing dandle and lullaby over the defunct frame of that Herculean establishment. Just at this season, when even in our genial clime, the old domestic tabby turns her back to the fire, it put our very teeth on edge, to think of mounting his icy ribs, and handling the frosty beard on his chin. We, however, supposed him still alive, formidable and whistling. We could fancy the organ tones of his sounding pines and hemlocks. We could imagine the blazing tavern fires all along his feet. We could fancy the hissing hot poker drawn from the coals, and its sparkling bulb plunged into the sputtering flip, which rose to kiss the fierce intruder, in a delicious white foam. We could see the brawny Green mountaineer quaffing the bosom-warming cheer, and handing to his rosy charmer. Anon we heard the gay jingling bells, as they mounted the hoary sides of this deceased giant. Last time we played with him, innumerable red raspberries grew on his shaded and flowering sides. He was alive and healthy. We slept on his crown, and heard his grand water falls in the stillness of the night. But he is gone, and is joined to the glorious 'things that were.' *Requiescat in pace.* Peace to his manes. Now, that he is no more, may the editor and printer make money out of his funeral obsequies.

[N. B. The notice of the Requiem was written for the February No. of the Review, when every thing was frost-bound even here; but was omitted for want of room.]

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1829.

Remarks on a Report of the late General Conference, in reply to Petitions and Memorials. By ASA SHINN. Cincinnati: 1829.

WE know nothing of the interior character of the schism in the Methodist church, which exists between the sticklers for the ancient structure of episcopalianism in that church, and the *radicals*, who seem to be contending for a more democratic form of church government, or a more general division of power between the ministers and the laity. We respect the profession, and admire the noble result of their labors, wherever their untiring industry and unquenchable zeal has had scope. If this falling out by the way had any tendency to abridge their amount of bearing upon the religious public—diminish their numbers, their usefulness, or the extension of their church, we should exceedingly regret it. They would, no doubt, consider us heretical in many points. This, however, does not hinder us from seeing the aspect and result of their labors; nor from feeling, that in common with all benevolent men, who are well wishers to their kind, we ought to wish them success, just in proportion to the good they do; and not at all to be influenced by their estimate of us and our sentiments. With such feelings, and deeming, that this wide and growing schism could not but be prejudicial to the general prosperity of their church, we regretted to witness it; and that the usual bitter fruits of party asperity, feud, misrepresentation, and hostile array under conflicting banners, were naturally growing out of it.

If it were not essentially humiliating and painful to contemplate the aspect of religious controversies, one might derive amusement from the curious inferences in this shrewd pamphlet, which are drawn by the author from the admissions of his opponents. We have not the slightest clue to the knowledge of the 'bitter and heart rending calamities of his eventful and afflicted life,' to which the author alludes, and which he seems to intimate, may have arisen in some way from his recent difficulties with his Methodist brethren. We gather, however, that he is a radical. We are clear, that this report is drawn up with no small share of skill and acuteness, and even verbal correctness of phraseology. We gather from it, that the body, from which the radicals have to a certain extent seceded, have no little share of fellow feeling with their half-brethren, the high church Episcopalians. For instance, he quotes their report, as saying, 'We do believe, that the divinely instituted ministry are the divinely authorized expounders [of the scriptures;] and that the duty of maintaining them in their purity, and of not permitting our ministrations in these respects to be authoritatively controlled by others, does rest upon us with the force of a moral obligation.'

We do not at all admire, that this seems a questionable claim to this gentleman; nor that he should ask, 'Whence did they derive it? Whether from natural right, or by rights acquired when they became Christians, or from being delegated to them, *ex officio*, as ministers?' Our own ideas upon these subjects, and upon the claim, which any order of men has to the 'keys,' or to any mysterious sanctity, reverence or power, in virtue of any lineal transmission from Christ through his apostles and ministers, have been sufficiently explained. This is an age averse to mysteries; averse to claims, that cannot be clearly traced and proven; averse to official sanctity, or official dignity. We believe not a tittle in any part of it. We have no faith in any proofs, which the holder is not at once disposed and able to show. We have not a tittle of faith in any invisible claims, that are transmitted invisibly upon a human crown—that are supposed to be derived from any laying on of hands, that we have never seen. We have no faith in any rights beyond the laity, which the clergy in any church possess, other than those expressly delegated to them by the laity for an express purpose. The only sanctity worth a thought, is actual sanctity of life. The only claims, which a minister can have, or ought to have over his lay brethren, are founded on more piety, more learning, more gifts, and a clearer designation to the work of the ministry by the Head of the church, visibly manifested in imparting to him more endowments and a greater aptness to teach.

Under these circumstances, a wise and pious laity would select such a one from their number; and on the same principles, that pervade our national and state governments, would delegate to him all the rights, claims, and authority, necessary for rightly fulfilling the functions of his new work. We are clear, that the Head of the church has seen fit to manifest no other way of induction into the office of a minister; and one so appointed, we consider divinely appointed,—as distinctly so, as if the transmitted impress of the laying on of hands could be seen on his crown, in direct descent from the hand print of St. Peter himself. While the minister, so appointed, is exemplary, and proves himself apt to teach, and carries to his work personal dignity, discretion and holiness, he will be sure to be sufficiently respected, and will need no other titles to authority and obedience, and a useful ministry, than the possession of these attributes. When either from incompetence or a want of Christian example, or ill health, or any other sufficient cause, he is compelled to lay down his function, he returns to his level with the laity, in point of authority and claims. The claim of any peculiar and inherent rights and dignities, of being once a minister and always a minister, are at least as contrary to scripture, reason and common sense, as they are to the whole spirit of our institutions. Piety is a real thing; but the red stockings of a cardinal can be put on or off. Learning and dignity are realities; but the tiara of a pope is a bauble fashioned by men's hands. Claims, in any protestant church, of any peculiar rights, sanctities, honors, authorities, except such as in the transmission can be clearly traced, are just as absurd as the red stockings or the tiara. They are all relics of a gone by age, and ought to belong to a gone by state of things. So long as people can acquire claims, prescriptive homage and authority, in virtue of a proven line of laying on of hands from St. Peter down, they are instantly inclined to neglect that study, discipline, caution, moderation, personal holiness and dignity, which constitute the only real claim to respect. Let us never yield to any thing calculated to corrupt the simplicity, that is in Christ—calculated to turn the thoughts from principles and things to mere vessels of clay. Let the great truth ever stand forth in prominent relief, that trappings, titles, diplomas, hereditary or transmitted claims, and claims of inherent authority, are passing rapidly away, in proportion as men see, that there is nothing great or beautiful, but truth; nothing lovely in these points, but simplicity; no claims, that will bear enforcement, but such as are real. A pious, learned, benevolent, discreet and faithful pastor need trace no line of transmitted authority—need not lay claims as a minister. Every thing, that he has a right to exact, will be granted him, on the natural and instinctive homage of the heart to worth and virtue. Without these, we know not how much claim of homage he might receive from others, in virtue of ordination and office. We thank God, that we live in a country, where external homage cannot be enforced, if exacted. The homage of the heart must always be purely voluntary.

This is with us a fixed principle. The pamphlet in question goes over the ground of clerical right with a great amount of acuteness. At the same time, we should think it manifested a tender and forbearing spirit, and the handling of a delicate hand, in regard to these unhappy differences in that church. We have a right, in common with every other person without that church, to take an interest in these discussions, in proportion to the magnitude of the great interests of society, that are involved in them. We have as little the right, as we have the time or inclination, in the slightest degree to intermeddle or interfere in the interior questions, that grow out of this schism. We read the pamphlet before us with interest, perhaps a little sharpened by curiosity in reference to the 'judgments,' to which the writer alludes, without explanation. Independent of that, it is well and sensibly written, and a tone of great moderation runs through it, considering that earnest, sanguine and enthusiastic temperament, with which the author charges himself.

But what principally induced this notice was, to mark a fact, which we have seen a hundred times exemplified in all sorts of disputes, political, literary and religious. In the heat and asperity of discussion, the combatants are commonly guilty of being betrayed into a thousand inconsistencies. It is actually amusing, to see how often the premises and conclusions of disputing parties knock each other in the head. This fact is exposed with much quaintness and force, in the brief appendix to this pamphlet. It struck us with infinitely more impression, from the calm *naivete* and apparent simplicity of meekness, in which it is urged.

It appears, in consequence of this schism, that the Methodist conference has taken very decisive measures, such as expulsion of ministers and members, &c. We have no disposition at all to inquire into the propriety of such measures. But the publications, which we have seen upon the subject, as well as this, to which this gentleman replies, begin by earnest and apparently sincere lamentations over this schism. They take up their theme of grief, regret and mourning over the waste and injury and annoyance, which it is calculated to work to the church. But before they close, they uniformly reverse their tone. Instead of showing, that they have ground for lamentation, in weakened and diminished churches, they say, that public opinion is with them; that the secession of radicals is followed by accessions, that more than supply the subtraction. This, they intimate, has been the case at Baltimore, Cincinnati, and elsewhere. 'According to their account of the matter,' says the pamphlet before us, 'it would appear, that whenever they grow languid in their religious operations, we ought, if we can, to prevail upon two or three hundred reformers to withdraw; and then they will soon be roused to action, have abundant revivals, and add to the church daily such as shall be saved.' Both of these views cannot be correct. If the secessions have been the seed of revivals and additions to the church, they afford no occasion for regret and lamentation. But such has been the language of partizans of all sorts in every age—crimination and recrimination, harsh words, rough charges, and this mingling of grief and exultation avowedly for the same cause.

A great line of demarcation has recently been drawn between the members of another denomination, heretofore quite as much distinguished for their peace and harmony as the Methodists,—to wit, the Quakers. We have understood, however, that this latter schism is one, that involves religious principle more strongly than that, to which we have just been adverting. But it must be a bitter dispute, when it elicits violence even among that peaceable people. It has, more than once, brought them to the heathen resort of force and violence. Meanwhile, the everlasting cry, which has been rung on a million changes, is started anew. Heresy, heterodoxy, a flood of soul destroying errors are coming upon us! exclaim those, who assume to be orthodox. All soundness, all purity of opinion will be swept away. We may as well relinquish the Bible, and give up every thing, as yield a tittle to their errors. Such is the tocsin of alarm rung by the assumed orthodox against seceders in every age; and enough weak heads can always be stirred up to rally to the party standard,—as though this miserable expedient, as old as the creation, had not been adopted a million and a million times. The party in power always cries heterodoxy, ruin and destruction of the soul to all, that dare think of dissenting. But this *brutum fulmen* has been launched, until with all thinking and sensible men it has lost its terrors. Let them ring the tocsin. Men ought to inquire, and will inquire; and when they see their erring fellow sinners seizing the divine prerogative, and anticipating the judgment of God, it ought to have no effect, except to inspire pity towards this arrogance, and to operate as an example to prevent them from running into the same course of counter crimination and denunciation. Long before those good times, of which we read, and for which we pray, shall dawn upon our world, it will be universally seen, that the pious men of all denominations are alike. Men will be judged by their conduct, instead of their professions; and dignity and authority, instead of being sought for in the occupation or office of the man, will be found to be present or absent in his personal character. Forms and externals will be done away, and nothing will remain but simplicity, truth and virtue.

INLAND TRADE WITH NEW MEXICO.

Into what nook of our globe can we penetrate, and not find our citizens with their 'trade and traffic?' We not long since read in a paper, that a Yankee captain was running a steam boat in the Yellow sea. In farthest India—in the Islands of the gentiles—along the new countries recently discovered in the Antarctic sea, the undisputed throne of winter, and the habitation of sea monsters—wherever winds can waft, human footstep be imprinted, or the Argus ken of industry and enterprise discover the most distant prospect of a harvest, there we shall find Americans. We delight to consort, as a listener, among the crowds of American tars. Their peculiar dress and step, walking the firm earth as if 'she' reeled; their frank, reckless and manly port; their voice, formed to its tones and expression amidst the roar of the winds and dash of the waves; their dialect, their outlandish phrase, all furnish food for imagination. We hear them speak of China, of Japan, of Borneo, the cape of Good Hope, and cape Horn, as familiarly as the transit from New York to Greenwich. Their language seems to imply, that distance and space are ideas unknown to them. Imagination follows them in their long and dangerous course through the trackless brine, and realizes how many storms they have encountered, how many hardships endured, and deaths dared, during these passages; of which they speak as familiarly as of their diurnal visits on shore.

Though the adventures and voyages of the mariner furnish most food for the imagination; though the immense distances and the mysterious depths, that he traverses, and the indifferent hardihood, with which he encounters his perils and toils, naturally inspire an undefined admiration; yet the real exposure, toils and dangers of the interior journeys of our adventurous landsmen are, probably, quite as numerous, though they elicit much less of that feeling of romance and homage to daring, which is so readily called forth in the case of the other. The sailor carries his home with him. The fathomless and swelling cerulean is to him as the scenery of his birth place. No verdure, no enclosures of his paternal home are more pleasant, desired or natural, than good sea room. The winds and waves are chartered alike to convey him from danger, and to furnish him with the spectacles, varieties and pleasures of new ports. Not so with the landsman, far from home in the land of the stranger. Every new object, every variety of soil, climate, vegetation, strange plants and trees, strange men, dresses, religions, modes of building, strange customs, and, more than all, strange speech, awaken every moment those feelings, which made the Romans denominate the strange host by a word, that implies an enemy. At every step nature puts on new forms of hostility, and warns him against uncalled espionage of her privacy, and familiarity with her secrets. His weary steps, his worn down horse or mule, furnish no facilities of escape from those combinations of danger, that imagination so readily creates, where they do not really exist. A whole community, with all their innate and national likes and dislikes, are always ready to yield to the natural human repugnance to whatever is a departure from its own ways, and to make a war of extermination upon the defenceless and desolate strangers. The ancient bard admired the temerity of those, who first dared, with only a thin plank to interpose between them and death, to commit themselves to the winds and waves. If we viewed the daring in all its aspects and bearings, it would furnish equal ground for admiration, to contemplate one or a few solitary travellers setting forth on a journey of a thousand leagues, through strange countries, among people at war with each other, and in language, manners and religion furnished with a radical and unchangeable ground of jealousy, dislike and hostility. How happens it, under such circumstances, that men ever break the tender ties, the natural and strong charities of home, and go far away, to enter askance, embarrassed and afraid the habitation of the stranger, knowing nothing of his language and character, and only knowing that the stranger has a religion and customs, not only different, but hostile? The love of gain, curiosity, the disposition to meet adventures, and the wandering protuberance can alone furnish adequate motives. We believe, that Americans, and particularly the New Englanders have more ample endowments of these combinations, than any other people. If we have ever for a moment given place to the traveller's vanity, in thinking, that in visiting some new and distant region, we had achieved an exploit,—on reaching the desired point, that vanity has been instantly corrected by finding compatriots there before us, who seemed quite at home, and wholly unconscious, that the attainment of their new domicil had given them any claims to celebrity.

We were recently indulged with the reading of a manuscript journal of an overland tour from Jackson, in Tennessee, by way of Memphis, the Arkansas, and one of its long and undescribed branches, over the wide prairies, to the mountains, that separate between our territory and that of New Mexico; to Santa Fe and the towns in that vicinity; and thence back, over the arid plains between Santa Fe and the Council bluffs, on the Missouri. The caravan noted in their journal, as a common matter, that their trip had extended between five and six thousand miles. It was not a little amusing, or furnishing moderate excitement of interest and play of the imagination, to become acquainted with the thoughts of these hardy denizens of the forests of Tennessee, as they first emerged from the dark woods upon the ocean prairies of the Arkansas. Their reasonings upon the strange country, over which they passed, in one place covered with countless buffaloes, in another with moving sands, and still in another offering the temperature of winter in summer, in parallels south of their nativity; upon the different soils, temperatures and configurations of the country, have an intrinsic interest. They are not the reasonings of cosmogonists, or geologists, or chemists, or botanists, or philosophers; but of men, who reason from first impressions,—who make short work of knotty and debateable points, and where they cannot untie the Gordian knot, make no ceremony in cutting it with the hunter's knife. Nothing could be more interesting, than to witness this little caravan surrounded by hordes of the ruthless red Tartars of the desert, brandishing their lances on horseback, and scenting the plunder with panther keenness of instinct. Forewarned by the fate of caravans, that had preceded them, how little they had to hope, except from the fears of these Ishmaelites, they poise themselves on their native intrepidity, arrange their little phalanx, and remind the classical reader of the deportment of the ten thousand amidst the strange and innumerable hordes of barbarians, through which, partly by battle, and partly by policy, they made their way. The interest does not diminish, when we see them intermixed with the Spanish strangers, equally ignorant and bigoted; the one calling in act cupidity and cunning, to countervail the cupidity and cunning of the other. What a spectacle must be furnished by the encounter of such a band with countless thousands of buffaloes! What scenes are witnessed in their encampments for a month, with no other itinerary, than the windings of an unknown river, the course of the planets, or the distant blue of mountains, whose peaks yet want a name! How different their incidents, thoughts, views, food and rest—their nightly encamping and morning departure along the grass plains, that vision cannot measure, from the pursuits and themes of us, who dwell in towns! Yet painful and laborious and hazardous as are these distant excursions, those, who engage in them, soon acquire an invincible attachment to them, that renders all other pursuits in comparison stale and tedious! After wandering six or eight weeks over these prairies, living on buffalo meat without bread or salt, and begrimmed with grease, smoke and the fine dust of the prairies to a brotherly resemblance with the red men, and not at all particular about making their toilet of a dress, which in the first instance smacked nothing of dandyism, nothing can be more amusing, than their ablutions, and beautifyings, and conversations, as, in a mountain-bounded vale, with a rivulet for mirror, they talk of the Spanish beauties, and lustrate and prepare for entering upon the scene of their profits and conquests.

In the article before us, we propose to take a brief survey of the journal of Dr. Willard, an amiable and very correct young man, now residing in our city, and calculating to become a permanent inhabitant, of a journey to the interior of New Mexico, and a residence of some years in the interior, and, more than all, a descent of the Rio del Norte from its head springs to Matamoras, at its mouth,—an immense extent of interesting country, as far as our reading extends, wholly unexplored. Our regret is equal to his own, that while passing down this long, interesting and undescribed river, he had not been more particular in noting the physical aspect of the country, the character of the soil and productions, animal and vegetable, on his route. But, not contemplating any thing beyond refreshing his own recollections, by noting down obvious and diurnal facts and incidents, the journal wants that fulness and variety, which he would probably give to it, were he privileged to travel over the same ground again. How much it is to be desired, that travellers should remember, while traversing new and unexplored regions, that what may seem trivial and common, while under the eye, will assume a different interest and importance, when surveyed anew by memory. No journal of travels in a new country can be uninteresting, so that the traveller is full and faithful in noting down, in the freshness of vision and actual occurrence, what is passing and spread under his eye.

Dr. Willard was a citizen of St. Charles, on the Missouri; and joined a Missouri caravan to New Mexico, as it appears, with mixed inducements. He had something of the common American propensity to seek his fortune; and seems to have been disposed to make his *debut* and perform his first quarantine among the Spaniards, choosing to make his first experiment in spoiling the tents of the Philistine, rather than the children of his own people.

Dr. Willard left St. Charles, May 6, 1825. The caravan consisted of thirty-three persons. He had not journeyed beyond the settlements of the Missouri until the 16th, when he records in his tablets, that he slept under a tent for the first time in his life. The greater part of the long distance between St. Charles and the mountains at the sources of the Arkansas, is a country of rolling prairies, until we reach the great plains of the Arkansas, generally covered with grass, and of but moderate fertility. A narrow belt of the last portion of the distance is not unlike the deserts of Arabia,—a sterile plain of sand heaps, with but here and there a few of the hardier weeds and plants, which seem to have settled here, as outcasts from more fertile and genial regions. The route, laying across the head sources of the larger rivers of the Missouri and Arkansas, traverses but few rivers or creeks, that are not fordable. Although it has the reputation of being an exceedingly arid region, one of the most frequent occurrences noted in his journal, is being drenched with rains. On the 22d, he remarks, that the earth, over which they travelled, was completely saturated with rain; it having rained every day, save two, since their departure. Another occurrence, which we have noted in all similar journals, and one of the most unpleasant character, is the escape, or what is called the *breaking away* of the horses. One mode of securing them on these boundless grass plains is technically called 'hoppling,'—we imagine a corruption of the word 'hobbling.' The fore and hind legs of the horse are fastened by a kind of fetter, generally of leather. Horses accustomed to this kind of impediment can travel with ease far enough to feed; but not with sufficient facility to evade the owner. But the more general security is the feeling of companionship with each other, and with their owners, which these generous animals soon acquire; and which has so much influence, that affright, or the calls of wild horses, or some extraneous circumstance, is necessary to overcome it. But these circumstances frequently occur; and though the caravans have, or should have a guard of one eighth of the company, of sleepless vigilance, to guard against such disasters, it often happens, that the horses break away; and we can imagine few employments, except dunning and borrowing, more irksome and hopeless, than that of turning out upon the great buffalo pasture, a thousand leagues by five hundred in extent, in pursuit of horses, which after all make it a matter of choice, even if discovered, whether they will be taken or not. But it so happens, that these animals, with the municipal habits of settled life, and certain remembrances of country and home, start back on the track of their outward march, and with their heads towards the natal spot; and from this circumstance it seldom happens, that, when overtaken by their owners, they are not persuaded to be retaken.

On the 22d they see droves of elk, antelopes and deer; and of the latter kill two. Here is the view of prairies boundless to vision, of only moderate fertility, but covered with grass, and adorned with a great variety of flowering plants. A number of ravines, filled with water, are crossed with difficulty. It is mentioned as a difficulty of frequent occurrence, that they could not find sufficient wood for cooking. 24th, see two droves of elk—twenty in each. Some deer among them; of which one is killed. At night they encamp on the banks of a creek, supposed to be a branch of the Verdigris of the Arkansas. Friday, 27th, depending on their guns, and game having failed, they start without breakfast. Between 10 and 11, a fine buck is killed; and they feast high again. This night encamped on the waters of the main Verdigris. Here they find a skirt of timber. Among the plants are noted wild onion, hog potatoe, wild tansy, prickly pears, and a great variety of flowering plants and shrubs. It is recorded on the 28th, that they went three miles out of their way, to arrive at wood and water. On the 29th they encamped by a little cottonwood tree, the only one in sight on the plain. They cut it down for fuel. Every one knows the difficulty of burning green cottonwood. The rains are still frequent. On the 30th they see the first signs of buffaloes. Delighted with the fragrance of the flowering prairies over which they pass. On the 31st they passed mounds, composed of rocks resembling lumps of iron ore. They encamped on a small creek, skirted with a few lonely trees.

June 1st, they discover buffaloes. He thinks, that they could not have seen less than 100,000 before noon. Killed eight or ten. Dine upon buffalo soup and steaks; which, although eaten without bread or salt, he considers delicious. Continual exercise on horseback, and associations with the sterility and desolation of the desert, would probably render any food such. This day they passed a very large town, or community of the animals called prairie dogs (*arctomys ludoviciana.*) Dr. Willard describes them, as larger than they have been commonly represented, and of the size of a domestic cat. They considerably resemble a dog in appearance, except about the head, which bears a close analogy to that of the squirrel. Their community contains some hundred burrows; the surface of their town being kept perfectly clean and smooth. On the eminences made by the dirt carried out of their burrows, they sit, and fiercely bark defiance at the approaching traveller. Their form seems rather clumsy; and their hair is short, and of a light red color.

In crossing the creek before them, they found two buffaloes mired in the mud. They humanely endeavored to assist one of the unfortunate animals out, and restore him to his free plains; but he was spent; and drowned, notwithstanding their efforts to disengage him. On the opposite shore of the creek, the buffaloes covered the plains, as far as their eyes could reach. Wolves and antelopes were bounding among them in all directions. In the distance were red sand hills, which reflected the sun's rays, and seemed like a burning wall, bounding this magnificent park of nature. On the 7th they passed several dog towns; fed upon buffalo flesh; and found no other material for fuel, but the dried manure of the animal. On the 8th they reached the main Arkansas; which they found nearly half a mile wide, although it must have been, by its meanders, 1,200 miles from its mouth. The velocity of the river at this point was from three to three and a half miles an hour. The western reader will not need to be informed, that this is the full width, and more than the velocity of the river at its mouth. He found the waters potable; which, it is well known, they are not in its lower courses.

An unpleasant accident occurred here. In firing upon droves of buffaloes, they turned them out of their direction upon the course of the caravan. Six pack horses broke from their ranks, probably in affright. After pursuing them ten miles, three were recovered. The other three, loaded with goods to the amount of three hundred dollars, and with clothing and provisions, were never recovered. A Mr. Andrews, of their company, who had gone out to hunt, was captured by the Indians; and after being detained unharmed eight days, escaped from them, and overtook his company.

On the 15th they crossed the Arkansas, to hunt, and lay in a stock of provisions, on the opposite shore. On the 18th they left the Arkansas; having thus far accomplished something more than twenty miles a day, on an average. Hence they travelled, part of the way over sand hills, forty-five miles; in which distance they found some water, though it is commonly destitute. This brought them to the small river, called the Semirone. The 23d brought them to a fine spring, surrounded with huge rocky knobs, on which were interesting, ancient, Indian fortifications. Small timber, wild plumbs, grapes and currants skirt the borders; affording a charming variety to the eye, after the long and dreary expanse of prairie, which they had traversed. They inhaled the fragrance of various aromatic flowers, and listened to the singing of birds. They here left the small creek, called the Semirone, upon which they had been travelling since they left the Arkansas, and took their direction for the mountains. On the 24th, the summits of the Rocky mountains visible in the distance. On the 29th, mountains in view, white with snow, and supposed to be distant 100 miles. Passed a creek, which they judged to be a water of Red river.

The last day of June, they began to ascend the mountains. The latitude of their point of ascent is not laid down. But we should suppose their general course to have been west from the point, whence they started. This was an interesting point of their journey. From a vast expanse of naked plains they now began to ascend high mountains. Alpine scenery surrounds them. They inhale a highly oxygenated atmosphere. The sighing of the wind in mountain pines and evergreens is heard, and they rapidly pass from the dominions of scorching summer to the cool and brisk spring breeze. The atmosphere is that of March, and the strawberries, and vegetation of a similar character, are in blossom.

They here perform a lustration, preparatory to entering into the Spanish settlements. They wash away the dirt and grease coated on them, during their long march over the hot and dusty plains, and put themselves in trim to show themselves in presence of people of a certain degree of civilization. Here they met a party of ten or twelve Spaniards, who had come out from Taos to prevent them from smuggling their goods.

Their reception by the people would not furnish much interest in the description. We presume the chief effort between the parties was, to determine which should be most dextrous in circumventing the other. Dr. Willard boarded with a Spaniard of the name of Pablo Sucero, at twelve dollars a month. The country hilly, mainly destitute of timber, and by no means fertile. The church is a large mud building; and the people do not seem to him to be very attentive to the ceremonial and duties of their religion.

We think, the article would not be destitute of interest, if we were able to enter into ample details of Dr. Willard's residence among this people, where he remained two months, in the practice of physic. On the fourth of July, the American traders in that region, who then made a considerable of a showy concourse, turned out to celebrate the great festival of the natal day of their liberties. Dr. Willard prepared a flag with the American eagle. They went through their evolutions and firings much to the credit of their own patriotism; and no doubt, to the edification and delight of the good people, men, women and children, of Taos. The people received them in the different quarters of the town with shouts of '*Viva la Republica!*' Much of the journal is occupied with accounts of difficulties with the officers of the customs, in relation to the duties demanded by the Spaniards upon their goods.

Dr. Willard manifested a prudent regard to the observances of the Catholic ceremonial; and was soon in full practice of physic among the people. Among some hundreds of cases, which he records, there were all sorts of complaints, that flesh is heir to; and not a few bore evidence, that depravity had found its way, with its attendant penalties, to these remote recesses of the interior mountains, and among this simple and pastoral people, where such results ought not to have been expected. Among other patients, he prescribes for the acknowledged concubine of a priest; and in another case, a reverend personage, sworn of course to celibacy, hesitated not to admit the claims of his offspring. Some of his patients, as would be the case among us, disputed his charges. Others in gratitude repaid him far beyond his claims. He seems to us to have been a very discreet and sober faced young gentleman, prudently disposed to consult *Our Lady of good counsel;* in other words, to keep professional secrets; for the ladies trusted him. The old ladies, in particular, gave him the masonic and confidential grip,—advised him to shrive and take a conversion, marry a young lady of the country, and become one of them. These amiable *old Christians* thought, no doubt, that a man can take a conversion when he chooses; and that nothing more is necessary, as many of our enlightened friends here believe, than to feel, that it was a point of interest to become a good Catholic, really to become so. He very frequently attends *fandangoes*, which appear to be of a character similar to our country balls. His practice seems to have been constant and extensive. Among his patients, he numbers priests, the governor, the military; young and old, male and female; and not a few Indians, and among them some chiefs. He notes in his tablets very frequent attendance upon religious festivals; and they seemed to him poor and cheap shows, only capable of furnishing interest and curiosity for a people a little above the Indians in point of refinement. Though decent and respectful in his deportment, while among the people, and in view of the solemnities, he speaks of them with sufficient indifference, when away, and in communion with his own thoughts. He probably was not sufficiently aware of the influence of such a religion of forms and observances, in keeping in order a rude and ignorant people, who were incapable of a more spiritual service. However immoral they may have been with this superstition and these observances, we have no doubt, they would have been still more so without them.

While Dr. Willard shows an evident disposition to think kindly and respectfully of the people, among whom he sojourned, it is obvious from various incidental circumstances, noted in the journal, that the fandangoes and evening amusements were conducted in a style of the coarsest simplicity,—removed, it is true, far above the intercourse of their red neighbors, but probably quite as far from that of our people in the same condition. Very few of the ladies were even tolerably pretty; and most of them were coarse, sufficiently forward, and not at all remarkable for attractions either of persons or manners. Some few were delicate, and some even beautiful.

From his recorded intercourse with the priests, it would seem, that he was almost uniformly treated with kindness and liberality. In fact, they evinced, so far as can be inferred from their deportment, a good degree of liberality. There can be little doubt, that the superstition of the people reacts upon them, and compels them to a seeming devotion to the formal and ceremonial part of their worship, from which they would gladly escape. With the progress of free inquiry, we confidently anticipate a consequent gradual triumph over the influence of bigotry.

One trait among them is worthy of all praise—a simple, unostentatious and noble hospitality. It is recorded in Dr. Willard's tablets, that one day he dined with the governor; and on another was invited to spend the evening with some *donna*, or family of respectability; that his patients and friends often called upon him, to invite him to ride with them to this point and to that; and that a horse or carriage was always provided on such occasions. Such hospitalities, it is true, are unexpensive in a country, where farmers have six or eight thousand horses or mules, forty thousand cattle, and twice as many sheep. But churlish and boorish people will always be inhospitable, cost the efforts to be otherwise little or much. This single trait in their character went far with us to conciliate kind feeling and good will towards them.

Writers on this country have generally represented its climate as variable and unequal. Dr. Willard found Taos, Santa Fe and Chihuahua to possess a very agreeable climate. It was never so warm there, as in some days of our summer. The temperature seemed to him equable, and seldom falling much below, or rising far above our temperate summer heat. The country suffers much from aridity, and the want of the shelter of our trees and noble forests. A few miserable, stinted shrubberies of a diminutive growth, like that, which covers our shrub-oak plains, called musquito wood, is only found at intervals. These countries are so elevated, that beyond 28° north latitude, the ground is sometimes whitened with snow and frost. Muriates of soda and lime, and nitrate of potash, and other saline substances, abound on the surface, and often so encrust the soil, as to bid defiance to cultivation. The mountains at the sources of the Arkansas are sublime elevations. There are sometimes cultivable table summits on their peaks. That the soil is underlaid with strata of calcareous rock, is manifest from a very astonishing recorded phenomenon. In 1752 the Rio del Norte became dry for an extent of 150 leagues. The water had sunk, and passed through subterranean channels, and so continued to flow for some weeks; when, no doubt, the chasm became choked, and the river resumed its former bed. Among the most important Indian tribes are the Commanche, Appache and Navijo. They live on horseback, and keep the inhabitants constantly on the alert and alarm. They are the Ishmaelites and Tartars of these deserts. It seldom rains; and when rains happen, the spring of that country may be said to have commenced. The naked, red and rolling surface of the wide prairies, only limited by rude and rugged mountains, become at once covered with a tender and deep verdure. This spring happens in September. The whole country becomes as an ocean of verdure. Few frosts occur. When the dry season returns, this grass may be said to be cured standing. The cattle feed and fatten upon it, when in its state of verdant tenderness. It afterwards sustains them, as substantial hay. Hence, and from the mildness and salubrity of the climate, and its destitution of storms, its advantages for a grazing and a shepherd's country. Hence its infinite numbers of fine mules, horses, cattle and sheep; and hence, also, its innumerable droves of antelopes, deer and buffaloes.

All cultivation is carried on only by artificial irrigation; and it seems wonderful, how Providence has adapted a country, which could produce but few of the edible cerealia without it, for irrigation. Abundant rains fall on the mountains; and the flush waters are collected in the Rio del Norte, which rolls down these arid plains in such a channel, and by such a gentle slope, that each of the inhabitants along this water course can command just as much water as his necessities of cultivation require. Where the soil is fertile, it will naturally be imagined, how delightful and luxuriant those fields and gardens will be, when the owners can command just as frequent waterings as they choose. Art works a miniature sample; but it has a neatness and finish, which we look for in vain in the great scale of nature's rough operations. In Chihuahua, their trees, planted for ornament and shade, require to be irrigated; and a person is appointed by the municipality, whose business it is to take care of the trees, and see that they want not for water. Of course, native trees can only be expected on the misty and cool tops of the hills, and near the constant moisture of streams and ponds. It will not be difficult to imagine, that in a very windy climate—and this is such,—where, too, it rains moderately only a few days in the year, they will have ample opportunities to know what dust means. But it so happens, that there is little travel,—little cause to break the sward, or disturb the tranquil monotony of nature; and the people have become accustomed to look on the brown-yellow and sear surface, during a great portion of the year, with the same patient composure of endurance, with which we regard the mud, desolation and frost of winter.

These people live, as the honest Irishman said of his farm on lake Erie, 'a thousand miles from home, and five hundred from any place!' They are nearly a thousand miles from Matamoras; still farther from Mexico; and as far from the settled parts of our country. The mail goes and returns, so as that an answer can be had from Mexico in about two months. Our municipal arts are almost unknown to them. They make whiskey, it is true; but all the saw they know, and all the water or steam power, for making building plank, is the human steam power of a broadaxe, or an awkward hatchet, applied to the cloven sections of a log. It seems increcredible, that such can be the state of the mechanic arts among a policed people, living under a government; but such is the fact. Not a word need be said about the external improvement, the buildings, and finishings of dwellings, exterior and interior, when the plank are made with a broadaxe. Yet Dr. Willard mentions a splendid stone church at Chihuahua, which cost 300,000 dollars, was supported by Corinthian pillars, and glittered with gilding. The houses in the towns are generally built of unburnt bricks; in many instances in the form of a parallelogram, or hollow square, making the fronts at once mural defences, and the fronts of dwellings. The floors are, for the most part, brick or composition,—that is to say, clay, lime, &c. pulverized, and cemented with blood, or other glutinous and sizy liquids.

Dr. Willard's narrative incidentally brings to light, with a great degree of *naivete*, many of the interior lights and shades of thier social intercourse and manners. Nothing can well be imagined, more unlike ours; and yet there are many points of resemblance, in which all civilized people must possess a similarity of manners. It is wonderful, how, with their extreme bigotry, they could so readily have admitted an unknown stranger to their intimacy and confidence. They evidently are a dancing generation; for fandangoes are matters of very frequent occurrence. Our young physician generally noted the presence of the minister at these places, which a reverend gentleman here has denominated 'squeezes,'—a word which, however, seems more vulgar and less respectable than fandango.

Upon surveying the state of society, and the progress of improvement, cultivation and refinement in these countries, we can hardly forbear something like a feeling of exultation, on comparing our condition with theirs. What an immense distance between the state of society in this place and Chihuahua,—a place of nearly half the size, and thrice the age, and the same distance from the sea! What would a Cincinnatian think of building a house, if the planks were to be hewed from our oaks by a broadaxe? What a spectacle would be the state of things here to a citizen of that place? What surprise and astonishment would the *don creole* of that country experience, if transported to Lowell in Massachusetts, with its million wheels flying in dizzying, and at first view, inexplicable confusion! Yet they have mines innumerable, and ingots of silver; and one farmer owns ten thousand horses and mules,—and still sleeps under the puncture of fleas, on a wretched bed, supported upon an earth floor—without chairs, without hearths, and chimneys and fire places; in short, the lower classes dwell in habitations like the comfortless dens of Indians.

They want freedom. They want the collision of rival minds. They want a liberty, that cannot be supplied either by constitutions, or laws, or enactments. So long as bigotry reigns, so long as the terrors of perdition are held up as determents from all freedom of thinking, and all mental elasticity, their condition cannot ameliorate. Let a miserable, ignorant priest lay down the law, and prescribe just how men may think and act—when they shall go to church, and when stay at home—when they must stand, kneel, or sit, and we should soon be here the same mischievous grown up infants, that they seem to be, with all the appetites and passions and stubbornness of men, and all the mental laziness and imbecility of children. Our free institutions are, no doubt, attended with their disadvantages; and there may be some peculiar pleasures belonging to such a state of society as exists at Chihuahua. But with all the licentiousness of our press, with all the bitterness of the hundred tongues of calumny, with all our rivalry and competition, and disposition to pull each other down, that we may fill the vacancy, give us our free institutions, with all their scourges and all their curses; where men may be truly men; where the mind need not feel itself shut up between two adamantine walls; where no one need fear to think, because a stupid doctor in divinity assures him he will be damned, if he dares to think. Give us freedom, with all its appendant drawbacks. Deliver us from the abominations of a dominant church establishment. Deliver us from a submission, and a cringing conformity, which is not enjoined by the voluntary movement of a free mind, but which is extorted by a creed maker, armed with a little brief and bad authority. It seems to us, as if even the sincere prayers of a people, who are compelled by law to pray, could not ascend acceptably to Him, whose only temple is the free heart. It is evident, that the hierarchy of New Spain has received an incurable shock from the revolution there. But it has been grafted on the ignorance and bigotry of centuries. It operates as cause and effect, acting and reacting for its own benefit; and it will be ages to come, before its bad predominance will pass away. We would not be understood to object to the Catholic church, as such. We believe it at present among the most tolerant and liberal churches; and they are wretchedly mistaken, who think, that bigotry belongs exclusively to that profession. It is a cheering consideration in our country, that the bigotry of one denomination neutralizes that of another; so that 'all nature's discord makes all nature's peace.' Heaven defend us from a dominant religion, or a worship enforced by law!

In another number, we shall resume our notices of Dr. Willard's journal from Chihuahua to Matamoras, at the mouth of the Rio del Norte.

1.—*Gymnastique Medicale.* *Par* CH. LONDE. Paris.

2.—*Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme.* *Par* CABANIS.

3.—*The Book of Nature.* *By* JOHN MASON GOOD. 1828. Series III. Lecture XI.

4.—*A Treatise on Physiology applied to Pathology.* *By* F. J. V. BROUSSAIS, M. D. *Translated from the French, by* JOHN BELL, M. D. *and* R. LA ROCHE, M. D. Part II. Chapter XIV. Philadelphia: H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1826.

OUR first object in making selections and arranging articles, is to mix the useful with the agreeable. We abstract the following from the American Quarterly Review, because it is not only an agreeable and well written, but a very important and useful article. It contains not a word of what may be called criticism upon the works, the titles of which head this article; but it pursues the more useful course of presenting us, in an abridged form, the pith and marrow of those works upon a subject, which ought to possess an absorbing interest—the *doctrine of temperaments;* and the still more important medical, moral and gymnastic precepts and inculcations, that have for object to regulate, fix, analyze and recombine the elements of those temperaments, on the principle of enlightened discipline and philosophic education. It comprises something more than twenty-five pages. If we are gifted to add any thing to the eloquent and well written remarks of the reviewer, we expect to have it merged and lost in the well deserved estimation of that article; and shall aim at little more, than comprising in a much smaller compass most of the striking and just remarks, that are contained in it. Before we advance to this effort, we shall take leave to remark, that the reader ought by no means to expect, in the delineation of temperaments by the reviewer, that the strong traits of difference between the one and the other, which are there laid down, are true in all cases and under all circumstances. We cannot suppose, that temperaments can be classified with the precision, that marks the specific differences between the different ranks and orders of animated nature. We are to understand these delineations, as standing as fair and general outlines of the more striking specific differences of temperament. The reviewer might have added, that there are every where, and in all walks of life, presented anomalies, reducible to none of these classifications; and other examples, where these traits and specific differences so soften and run into each other, that we may discriminate some of the more prominent traits of all the temperaments in each individual.

It is exceedingly important, that every man should understand this subject. It is one, on which the well being and the general happiness of the species, more than any other, depends. The future shaping of the health, enjoyment, morals and education of every individual depends upon the discipline and direction given to his temperament. No intelligent observer, who has taken the least trouble to look in upon himself, can fail to understand to which class of temperaments he mainly belongs; that is, he will be sure to see the prominent indications of the class. Some of the minor movements of his nature may assume an equivocal aspect. Judging himself by a few disconnected actings, he might be in doubt; but, measuring himself by a series of observations, he cannot fail to discriminate the broad features of his peculiar order of temperament. Understanding his peculiar case, the gymnastic, dietetic and medical management are indicated by the phases of his temperament. Then follows the moral bearing upon his character, his motives and springs of action. According to his temperament, he will direct his discipline, his education, his aims and hopes. In short, the grand oracular adage, '*Gnothi seauton*,' was scarcely more important: it probably implied little more, than that the individual ought to study, to know, and rightly to regulate his temperament.

The reviewer without saying it, recognizes the fundamental principles of what is now so much the veneration and study of some, and ridicule of others—*phrenology*. The fundamental principles of that science are with us as unquestionable, as are the doctrines of mathematics. The amount, in fact, of asserting, that there are distinct physical temperaments, comes to little more than saying, that the unchangeable differences of character are laid in the original structure of the brain, or whatever part of our frame carries on the great drama of human thought, action and passion.

The wise ancient observers of nature recognized four temperaments. Moderns have added two more to the class. They are defined with sufficient general exactness to have been classified; and the last is peculiarly the growth and result of modern modes and modern arrangement of discipline and society. The former is the *athletic*, the latter the *nervous* temperament. The temperaments stand, then, in the following order: the *sanguine*, the *athletic*, the *bilious*, the *lymphatic* or *phlegmatic*, the *melancholic*, and *nervous*. A word on each of these in their order.

The *sanguine* is the temperament of beauty of person and form. The eye is clear, and promptly reveals the emotions of the heart. The veins swell with the strong vital purple movement. The breath is inhaled freely; the hair is light, the skin moist, the countenance unclouded, and expressing, as a mirror, the emotions and sensations of a happy nature.

The moral character corresponds. Amiability, kindness and gentleness mark the manners at once with heart and elegance. The character is versatile, and easily moved and affected with different emotions. Contented, frank, unambitious, such characters are incapable either of hypocrisy, or constant friendship. Prompt and vigorous to act, they are uncertain of their object. Their purpose is either *coup de main*, or abandonment. Irascible, they fire at a word; and flexible, they relent and forgive at the first movement towards conciliation. Prompt in ingenuity, exuberant in fancy, the singular contrasts and the felicitous comparisons of wit are familiar to them. Fondness of display and eager desires for admiration naturally breed vanity in them. Their very inconstancy and fickleness qualify them for the impulses of sympathy; and they easily transfer themselves in imagination to other scenes and conditions. In the lighter branches of letters, they may have success; but want perseverance to excel. Hating the perseverance of intellectual labor, the profound and the eloquent are not for them. Confident, gay, varied and sparkling, they are neither deep, nor dull. Changeable in their ruling passion, the desire of a gay and frolic existence, they are constantly forging new chains, as they break or wear out the old. In the career of ambition, their talents are executive, rather than those of the council. Whether life is to them the strife of arms, or the strife of love—whether it is of sunshine, or of clouds, they meet one vicissitude as gaily as the other. Nature has endowed them with the desire of enjoyment, and the temper of cheerfulness. Their life is the perpetual spring time of nature, and the youth of man's years.

Where are the examples? The reviewer says, in Paris, in Leander, Endymion, Mark Anthony, the English Leicester, the Hotspur of the bard, the French duc de Richelieu, Henry and Francis, and the modern Murat; but most of all in Demetrius Poliorcetes, as he is so finely delineated in Plutarch.

Living in an atmosphere of happiness, these are fond husbands and kind fathers. They live beloved; and when they die, it is only to rise contented from the feast of existence. These are those favorites of heaven, of whom the poets sing, that when they are removed early, they have not known the guile, the wormwood and gall of existence, either by experience or anticipation.

The medical motto of this temperament must be, to avoid excess. The exercise should be active, but not violent. The subject must submit himself with moderation to the discipline of gymnastics. In the same proportion as nature has drawn him to indulgence, is that indulgence dangerous to his health and morals. Let him of this temperament avoid all excess, and life will flow in an unbroken current of cheerfulness, and a constant series of courteous and benevolent deeds.

The *athletic* has some traits, which have a superficial resemblance to the former. The stature is colossal, the strength extraordinary, the vigor of frame great, but the spirit inactive. The muscular predominates over the sensitive. Elevated purpose, fixed character, high resolution, acuteness, ability to sound the depths of human nature, imagination, eloquence, or poetry, he has not. Unable to conceive vast enterprises, he may still become an instrument to execute them. Flattery may move his good nature to do or suffer any thing. But excite his passions, and he has no limits to his brutal fierceness and ferocity. A strong course of gymnastics may change the sanguine to the athletic.

The Titans were the ancient ideals of the athletic; and Hercules the finished model. The Saxon elector, who could break a horse shoe, Augustus Frederick, who sold his fine regiment of dragoons for twelve porcelain vases, the whole family of the Hessian princes, and, more than all, the famous Russian favorite of Catherine of Russia, Potemkin, the Ajax of Homer, and the 'stout carl miller' of Chaucer, are the ideals of this temperament. It has health and strength in excess; but the principle of vitality is weak. The constitution, when broken, sinks at once. High intellectual distinction, and refined moral sensation are alike unknown to it. The inner temple of the muses is for ever barred and inaccessible, struggle for admission as they may. A majestic frame is the boon of Providence for the unchangeable decree of mediocrity. Medical wisdom only counsels him to be temperate, and not lavish his surplus strength. His life will probably not extend to old age; and if he fall not as with a blow, he will only drag on an existence of many infirmities.

The great purposes of life seem to be most nearly answered in the endowment of the *bilious* temperament. Those, who rule in the field and the cabinet, in the senate and on the exchange, are, for the most part, of this class. Sound judgment, persevering energy, quick perception, and rapid thought, are all guided to their proper results by *concentration.* Patient and inflexible, they of this temperament pursue their scarcely visible and remote ends with unfaltering perseverance of purpose. They have strong passions; but stronger powers of governing them. Their ruling passion is ambition. It swallows up all weaker emotions. The Scythians of old twanged their bows at intervals in their feasts, to stand reminded, that their main business was to fight, and not feast. These men, too, in the tumult of business, and in the narrow path of emulation and competition, in which they delight, still look with a fixed contemplation upon their pole star.

The form is more distinguished for firmness than grace. The complexion is commonly sallow; the hair dark; the skin dry and adust; the frame lean in flesh; and the muscular force out of proportion to the volume. The eyes are sparkling; the appetite keen, and looking rather to quantity than quality. The digestion is rapid. The liver predominates in size and power among the organs; and its copious secretions give a name to the class. Hardihood of resolution, promptness of decision, and permanence of enterprise, are the attributes. The subjects possess the manly virtues, whose issues are in action. They are endowed with all gifts but those of the graces. In the great highway of popularity, and in the calendar of preferment, they are prominent personages. They know, not the arts, and seldom the successes of love.

Ask you for examples? Look at those, who control the secrets of money making; the successful land speculators; at men in all walks, who espy the remotest object, and never lose sight of it, and who despise labor, toil and death in pursuit of it. Look at those, who will reason, and will have a reason, and who will take nothing on trust. Look at those, who are master minds, and compel other minds to become instruments. Look at those, who are the source of movement in opinion and in action; who rule in camps and courts, and wherever mind controls brute force. Look at warriors, from Nimrod down to him, who played with kings and empires as baubles. Look at Themistocles, Miltiades, the elder Brutus, the Carthaginian Hannibal, and Julius Cæsar; and in modern times to pope Sextus V. First he made himself a favorite preacher, and won all hearts. As soon as he had reached the dignity of cardinal, he played deceiver for thirty years with most consummate skill. Parsimonious in expenses, he was liberal in charities; bore insults with moderation, and browbeating uncontradicted; and, ambitious as he was, gained the reputation of being meek and humble, and the most easily guided of the cardinals. A pope was to be chosen from that body. There were forty-two competitors; and of all, he seemed nearest another and a better world. He leaned feebly on a crutch. A racking cough seemed eating up life. Six parties were found in the conclave, and fourteen cardinals had pretensions to the tiara. The most powerfully supported had but thirteen votes. 'Let us choose,' said they internally, ‘this good natured, meek, dying old man. He will not excite envy—will be easily managed, and soon out of our way.’ Four of the six parties united, and chose him. The ballot was over. ‘Gods! I am pope of Rome!’ exclaimed the strong minded and hale hearted old man. Away went his cloak, his crutch, and his meek and dying air. Bending back, he spit to the very ceiling of the Vatican, to show these well managed rogues, that instead of king log, they had chosen a stork. But he proved a truly great pope, and deceived at least for noble purposes.

The bilious must regulate his action by exercise. In summer, he must avoid fatiguing labors, during the heat of the day. The cool and moist air of autumn is best for him. In the midst of nature’s decline, he best meditates his own advancement.

The *phlegmatic* is of light and delicate complexion; countenance unexpressive; eye tranquil; muscles voluminous, but feeble; pulse mild; fibres soft; and the lymphatic temperament abounding. Tranquil in his affections, unenterprising, slow in resolution, he engages not in undertakings, where these qualities are necessary. He owes his reputation for prudence and discretion to his temperament. Unambitious, and not greedy of praise, he easily acquires esteem, but never excites admiration. Whenever patience and moderate efforts only are required, he succeeds well. His temperament, of course, is only fitted for stormy times. Hume is given, as a strong example of this temperament. It seems to be an endowment of Dutch nationality. The reviewer considers the charming poet, Thomson, as of this temperament. We should be loath to allow our favorite poet any, but the choicest temperament of all. But it must be confessed, that some quotations are made, which smack much of the phlegmatic; and the delightful ‘Castle of Indolence’ seems to have been written in a happy dreamy fit, superinduced by strong and rich ale.

This man must exercise, no matter how violently. He must be put up to Spartan living, discipline and gymnastics. He may safely resist the temptations to excess, in visiting the resorts of amusement, and putting himself under the spell of beauty.

The *melancholic* has many traits in common with the bilious. But the temperament, when keenly observed, will be found essentially distinct. The chest is narrow; complexion pallid; and the countenance marked with a tristful expression. He is lean, vigorous, with straight hair; tall and slender, but not badly formed; with a narrowness of chest, which confines the play of his lungs; and he stoops in his gait and sitting. His nerves are exceedingly and morbidly sensible; and the internal movements are marked with great energy. The circulation of the blood is languid, and the surface and extremities are liable to the influence of chill. The powers of his stomach are either slow, or deranged. The curse of dispepsia and constipation hang over him; and he is glad, and sees opening heavens, when no other eyes can see them,—and a Stygian gloom envelopes the universe for him, when it is passable fair weather for every other one.

He is self-distrustful, weak and undecided in common matters; but obstinately persevering, when decided. Without strong motives, he wavers, and seems pusillanimous. But with the proper inducement, he never swerves from his purpose. Beauty exercises a strange and mysterious influence over him. For this unquiet fascination, he deserts the resorts of the wise and the learned, the caucus conclave, and the counting house. But, though bending easily to the spell, he is slow in fixing; and when fixed, his love bears the seal of eternity. He is sincere in his friendships; slow to forgive injuries; and wrongs are indelibly imprinted on his memory. In society, ill at ease, he is embarrassed and awkward. Yet the deep tone of his thoughts excites an interest, almost allied to compassion. Imagination is his most vigorous faculty; which creates an interior world, peculiarly his own, in which he lives and moves. His expressions paint thought, as in colors. When sufficient motives bring him to business, his energy and decision are remarkable. His ideas flow forth in irresistible eloquence. He dwells much, and too much, on his own feelings and woes; and muses, and discourses inordinately on his own sufferings. This, chargeable properly to his temperament, is generally put down to the account of his vanity. His chief longings are for glory. This fires his patriotism, fills and inflames his imagination, and leads him to beautiful designs. This goads him with mighty power to nightly vigils and immoderate toil. This made the eloquence of Rousseau the admiration of Europe. This placed Tasso among the immortals. This furnished the sweet grace and harmony of Virgil. Cowley, and, in his better days, Milton, the ancient Demosthenes, and the modern Christopher Columbus, Cæsar of questionable character, Nero, Tiberius, Philip II of Spain,—and of noble examples, Burke and the elder Pitt,—were of this temperament.

The melancholic must never yield to indolence; must fly from solitude and dark views of life. His diet should be moderate, but rich and nutritious. Low diet and fasting impart a tragical tendency. He may indulge in the temperate use of light wines. In winter, when the gloom of nature settles over him, he must exercise in the open air, and avoid thinking of his troubles. In the glory of summer, let him avoid deep groves, and the solitary admiration of nature; for thus his troubles are confirmed.

The *nervous* temperament is characterized by extreme sensibility. The mind is active and volatile, not from fickleness, but from rapidity of associations, and facility of receiving impressions. In delineating the actings of this temperament, the reviewer will speak for himself, as follows.

'If the fibres are effeminate, the character is also fickle: if they are hard, and in man this usually happens, the character is firm and possessed of decision. In the latter case, the nervous man is lean, and as it were emaciated; his muscles are hard; the eye bright and rapid. His mind is capable of the most various action. He passes from one subject and one feeling to another with facility. He can instantaneously break from deep devotion, to give himself up to amusement; from sympathy with the sorrows of others, to mix in gaiety. He is suited for the most various exercises of the mind. Sometimes he is distinguished for eloquence; but wit and sarcasm, frequent illustrations, abrupt transitions, are more natural to him than careful reasoning or impassioned eloquence. Indeed, he is scarcely ever pathetic; but he excels in epigrammatic conceits, in the quick perception of the ludicrous, and in the pointed expression of his ideas. He delights in proverbs, and manufactures new ones. He is commonly eccentric in his ways; and while he is sometimes suspected by the world of levity, he retorts upon it by a cold philosophy, and a "contempt for the malignant vulgar." The people of Neufchatel dismissed their pastor, because he disbelieved in the eternity of future punishments. The paster appealed to Frederick, who declined interference. "If," said he,—and it was his only and his formal answer,—"the people of Neufchatel insist on being damned for ever, I have no objections." Frederick is the most striking example of the nervous temperament. Voltaire also belongs to it. So, too, in the north, we have no hesitation in classing under it the Russian Suwarrow. In antiquity, we think that Socrates belonged to it: to the many he seemed an odd buffoon; but his friends and pupils knew that his mind held glorious converse with the sublimest truths. We further venture the suggestion, that the eccentric apostate, the gifted Julian, belonged to the nervous class. Were we to name two more, they should be the emperor Hadrian of Rome, and his counterpart, the emperor Joseph of Austria.'

The sanguineous prevails in northern countries; the bilious in southern; and the phlegmatic in cold, moist and marshy countries. A mixture of the sanguineous and bilious is common, and forms the temperament best fitted for the faithful and tranquil discharge of private duties.

Which is the best temperament, on the whole? The possessor of each is satisfied with his own. Providence has abounded in benevolence to each. The best temperament, the *beau ideal*, is composed of all the rest; and we will call it the *tempered* temperament. The elements are happily mixed and balanced. Many wise and good have approached near to it; and our own Washington nearest of all.

The great point of utility, in this discussion, is the probability of the amelioration and tempering of these temperaments, on which so much of the usefulness and happiness of our existence depends. Interest has already successfully prosecuted this work, as relates to the temperaments of the lower orders of animals, whose management is essential to the well being of society. Surely man, in the image of God, ought to be the subject of this glorious philosophy. Physiology, philosophy, medicine, discipline, gymnastics, ethics, religion, and, more than all, education, must be put in requisition to effectuate this glorious purpose. Call them temperament, or phrenological development, or what else you will, there are radical and essential differences of mental structure, which never can, and never ought to be entirely changed. They can be modified. They can be compounded, combined; and from a tendency of dangerous or bad character, the happiest and most useful combinations can be formed. This is the great work of the moralist, the philosopher, the minister of religion, and, more than all, parents and instructers of youth. Let us all carry to this wide field our best prayers, wishes and exertions. The whole creation, notwithstanding all that has yet been done, groaneth in bondage, to be delivered from the excesses of its ignorance, lusts and passions.

BIOGRAPHY OF DR. PARR.

The last number of the *American Quarterly* contains an article on two rival biographical books upon this subject: the one by **Henry Field**, in two vols.; and the other by **John Johnstone**, in 8 vols.—London, 1828.

This is an article in the best manner of that Review; and contains an introductive preface of learned literary disquisition upon the dignity and importance of the higher training of classical literature, attained by such men as Dr. Samuel Johnson and Dr. Parr. The learned writer attaches one degree of importance to their literary supremacy, which, we confess, stands very differently in our mind. He notes it as an evidence of their high confessed claims, that they were admitted to an entire equality with noblemen, statesmen, and other dignitaries of the first order. We believe, that in republican America, thinking men generally feel, that the dignitaries were rather honored, in this case, than their guests. Pitt and Fox are great names. But write them beside that of Samuel Johnson, and how large do they appear? Indeed, we know of no nobility, but that of mind, manners and morals. Shame upon the order of society, that had generated the estimation, that it was condescension in a nobleman, probably infinitely their inferior in these respects, to admit to their intimacy such men as Johnson and Parr! The honor unquestionably belonged to the former, and the condescension to the latter. It is seldom, however, that we read a better essay upon classical literature, than that, which commences this article.

Samuel Parr was born at Harrow, England, January, 1747. His father was a surgeon and apothecary. His early education was in the famous school in the village of his birth. At the age of fourteen, he was taken from this school, with the view to be trained for his father's profession. But his progress in the ancient languages had been too great, and his indications of future scholarship too decided, not to frustrate the purpose of continuing him in training for these professions. Philological and metaphysical researches, and exercises in Latin and Greek prosody, were much more to his taste, than compounding medicines. The pestle and mortar seemed not to be the natural weapons of his warfare. The project was relinquished; and at seventeen, he entered Emanuel college, Cambridge university. At twenty, he had acquired a prodigious fund of knowledge in his favorite pursuits; but poverty compelled him to leave the university, and accept the post of head usher at Harrow school. There he remained five years. Sheridan, the dramatist, was one of his pupils there. In 1769, he entered holy orders, and undertook the curacy of two parishes within six miles of his school. In 1771, he became candidate for the vacant office of head master of Harrow school. Through undue influence, he was rejected. Indignant at the injustice, he resolved to institute a rival establishment in the neighboring village of Stanmore. Here he married; not, as it proved, for comfort, but discipline. His wife was cold, positive, formal; brought up, as he used to say, in rigidity and frigidity. He, on the contrary, was impetuous, ardent, irascible, dictatorial and singular. Matrimonial comfort would not be likely to ensue between a pair of such turtles. Hence he had alternations, first of success; then of adversity; and ended by resigning the establishment, and accepting the mastership of the grammar school at Colchester.

Here he became enraptured with reading the Greek tragedians; and he communicated his enthusiastic fondness for them to his pupils. Ripe scholars came from a distance, to admire their recitations, and to stand astonished at the readiness, affluence, subtlety and depth of his comments on all the principal Latin and Greek authors. His memory enabled him to pour forth parallel illustrative passages, *ore rotundo*. His pupils acted with applause, before a large assemblage of literati, the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. He laid great stress upon the composing by his pupils of Greek and Latin verses, and paid no less attention to English composition. He was the advocate of pugilistic combats among his boys; which used to be fought in a private place, where he could see without being seen, and enjoy the sport, without incurring the loss of dignity. He encouraged among them convivial meetings, literary debates and athletic exercises. It is recorded of Johnson, who like Parr, pedagogued in his youth, that he was a strenuous advocate for the birch. The anecdotes of Parr's pupils would seem to intimate, that in this *fundamental* discipline, he outwent the famous Dr. Busby, who used to say, that a rod was his sieve of greatness; that whosoever could not sift well through it, was no wheat; and who boasted, that there were sixteen bishops in the house of peers, who had been whipped by him to their elevation. Parr had modes of this discipline, proportioned to the talents of his pupils. The rod was his reward for the boys of talents; and this distinction he seldom deigned to bestow upon his dunces. A man, now a celebrated divine, was at first reputed a dunce. He was not honored with the rod. The lad was afterwards discovered to be a genius. 'Say you so?' roared Parr; 'then begin to flog to-morrow morning.' A bundle of rods was brought to him; and he used with great gravity to select from the mass such as promised well for immediate use. Nevertheless, Dr. Parr used to declaim against the use of the rod, and in favor of shaming his pupils with words, and the other modes adopted for that purpose. But it is generally admitted, that he discovered great sagacity in ascertaining the different talents and dispositions of his pupils. He formed them, above all things, to the love of honor and truth. At Stanmore he abandoned himself to smoking; and his pipe thenceafter became identified with his huge peruke in the image of his greatness.

At Colchester, Parr became famous as a political partizan, and gave himself up to whiggism, as an idol. To this he sacrificed all his chances of high church preferment. He affirms himself, that he never deserted a private friend, nor violated a public principle; that he had been the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party; and that he had always acted with the most entire disregard to personal emoluments and professional honors.

He often preached without notes, and generally with the highest success. In 1778, poverty and disappointment impelled him to apply for the station of the head of the grammar school at Norwich, which was readily conceded him. Here he suffered an 'irksome toil' and 'galling need,' to which he used to advert with keen sensibility in the latter and more prosperous years of his life. He appeared first, as an author, at Norwich, by publishing three sermons, which obtained great praise. The university of Cambridge, in 1781, gave him the laurel of LL. D. On this occasion, he delivered two Latin theses, which obtained the highest applause. In the subsequent public disputations, he captivated his hearers by the fluency and elegance of his Latinity, his acuteness, promptitude and logical vigor. Soon after, the mother of one of his pupils presented him with the curacy of Hatton, worth £100 per annum.

In the review, follow extracts from the letters of friends, chiding the great critic for his readiness to run into controversy, and especially for his abominable handwriting. We wish we could find place for the whole of this part of the review. The just and important strictures upon rapid, awkward and illegible handwriting carried through our own bosom something like 'compunctious visitings;' albeit when in tolerable ease of body and mind, this moral and physical iniquity of bad writing lieth much on our conscience, and invariably produceth a few pages of repentance and reformation. Dr. Parr, notwithstanding frequent chidings and castigations, reformed not. When he was no more, his executors, editors and transcribers suffered alike in handling his chaotic scrawl, defying the decyphering skill and patience of any Champollion. In executing his more important tasks for the press, he availed himself of the transcribing assistance of his pupils and friends. One of his biographers thinks, that if he could have written with mechanical ease and legibility, he might have been induced to prosecute some great work to its termination. He could dictate fluently and precisely to two amanuenses at a time. His printed sermons were too long to have been heard without symptoms of impatience. One of them extends to seventy quarto pages. A discourse on *Education*, which he preached at Norwich, is a philosophical treatise, more calculated for the closet than the pulpit.

A printed *Fast* discourse was read with extraordinary avidity. It contains a code of political ethics. An extract of a letter to Dr. Parr, from the incomparable Sir William Jones, is given, from which the reviewer extracts the following passage, that relates in part to the great struggle of our revolution.

> 'Your eloquent figures would give eyes to Tiresias himself, or compel him at least to use his tongue. The style of the discourse seems very masterly, and the sentiments just. I smiled at your exhortation to *forgive* the Americans; but they will *forgive you*, and, *if possible*, *your* country. I have been fighting your battles in many companies, and bearing ample testimony to your *integrity*. I find more difficulty in supporting your *reasons*, especially your sheet-anchor—"that we should unite in upholding government, because our enemies are so numerous and virulent." What! must we, because we have many misfortunes already, add to them the last and worst of human misfortunes, a despotism in substance, with freedom in shadow? This I cannot comprehend; but think that wise men ought to diminish, instead of increasing, the number and magnitude of their calamities. I will not exult on account of the late masterly stroke of Washington; but I confess, that I rejoice with *an exceeding great joy*.'

He passed his time at Norwich, from 1779 to 1786, working prodigies, as a teacher, preacher, critic and politician; at the same time distressed for money, and enduring the most mortifying discouragement in his clerical profession. He laments his poverty; but affirms his unbending adherence to his great principles, and especially the American cause, for which he was always a zealous advocate. His biographer, remarking upon this, attributes his failing to rise, and to meet with deserved success, to his opposition to the powerful and learned among his cotemporaries, who had these things at their disposal.

One trait in his character is worthy of all praise. He adhered firmly to his own creed and profession, without ever losing his temper, or charity, as a theologian, to others. In this respect, he was widely unlike the other great men, his cotemporaries; and the reviewer compares him in his mildness and charity to the late American, president Stiles, who says, that it was his custom to live in decent, civil and respectful communication with all sects, such as Jews, Romanists, all denominations of protestants, and even deists. How different were the views of that great and sternly orthodox man, in these respects, from some religionists, with whom we meet in these regions!

Parr courted the society of the dissenters. 'Let us,' said he, 'eat and drink, laugh and joke together, and then go away, and snarl and bite one another, if we can.' At this point of the review, the reviewer introduces a fine dissertation upon the advantage of liberal and social intercourse with the learned teachers of other sects, and with the wise and good of opposite opinions. It certainly tends to remove prejudice and animosity, to enlarge the understanding, warm and cheer the affections, and amend the heart. Dr. Parr cultivated that expansive and sublime Christianity, which the great Author intended not for a sect, or a season, but for all time, and for human nature. Every one remembers the cutting satire upon Dr. Parr by the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature.' Among the bitterest lines are the following:

'————Birmingham, renowned afar
Alike for half-pence, and for Dr. Parr.'

Yet this generous man forgave him, and solicited his acquaintance; commemorated his talents, and bequeathed him a mourning ring. This colossal and bristled critic, the terror of dull school boys, sciolists and coxcombs, was alive to the claims of humanity and distress. His active and unremitting charity often outran his means; of which many strong cases are cited by the reviewer.

In 1785, he removed to Hatton, of which he was appointed perpetual curate. Here he resided until his death, an interval of forty years. This place became, as the reviewer finely expresses it, the Mecca of genius and learning from every part of the kingdom. His first object was the erecting to his academic edifice a room for his library, which soon contained 10,000 volumes. What would be the character of the library of such a scholar may be imagined. We have not space to enlarge upon the details of his career in this place. Every one, acquainted with the name and character of Dr. Parr, can imagine them. But his munificent, but uncomplaining spirit suffered from the *res angusta domi.* Some of his noble friends partially relieved him. A subscription, for a perpetual annuity of £300, was filled among them; and, unlike the common results of such efforts, which end in splendid mockery, his was punctually paid by the dukes of Norfolk and Bedford. Some other tenders were made him, which he refused. But there was a delightful grace in the manner, in which Sir Francis Burdett presented him with a rectory, worth £270 a year. A preferment, procured for him by bishop Lowth, in 1788, unexpectedly grew in a short time to be worth £3,000 a year. Thus the last twenty years of his life were passed in affluence.

In 1787, Parr published his celebrated Latin preface to *Bellendus de Statu*, a work, which the reviewer considers to have exalted him to the first place among modern Latinists. It is rich and magnificent in style; but, after all, nothing more than a violent party pamphlet. Fox, Burke and North are his *tria lumina Anglorum*, whose oratory, principles and deportment he exalts to the skies. The reviewer expresses earnest admiration of his next publication, the 'Dedication and Preface to the Warburtonian Tracts.' It handles bishop Hurd severely, and contains a noble panegyric on Johnson. Dr. Johnstone, his biographer, considers these two productions, as among the most striking monuments of English literature. Hurd never either adverted to these strictures, or attempted a defence.

His personal acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Johnson commenced early. There were many points of congruity and resemblance in their character. They were too near each other in pretensions, faculties and manner, to be comfortable or cordial in intercourse. Both were impatient of contradiction, intolerant of nonsense, and jealous of prepotency. We do not exactly accord to the judgment of the reviewer, in the ascendancy, which he gives Dr. Parr over the sage of Litchfield. Parr remarks upon a contest of words, that arose between them—'While he was arguing, I observed, that he stamped. Upon this, I stamped. Dr. Johnson asked, Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr? I replied, Because you stamped, and I was resolved not to give you the advantage of a *stamp* in the argument.' Parr wrote the inscription for Johnson's monument in St. Paul's cathedral, and purposed to write his life. The reviewer here quotes a full length parallel between these two great men, from one of the biographers of Dr. Parr. They were alike gigantic of stature, and both coarse of feature. But, if beauty may be predicated of such faces, Parr was the likelier of the two. Johnson had a countenance generally sour. That of the other was quite the reverse, evidencing complacency, benevolence, and a mind at ease with itself. The meed of greater native force and more gigantic energy of intellect is given to Johnson; and of profounder erudition to Dr. Parr. Both were dictatorial; but the one was so with arrogance, sometimes approaching to insolence. The latter always commanded a large portion of that affectionate regard, which pleasing and amiable qualities only can inspire.

It is well known, that Dr. Parr shared largely the odium of Jacobinism, during the French revolution. There was a time, when the *habeas corpus* was suspended. In reference to that, Parr used to give as a toast '*Qui suspenderunt suspendantur.*' May those, who have *suspended* it, be *suspended—aliter*, hung. We pass over the narrative of his political difficulties in those stormy times. Parr's house was threatened by the same incendiaries, who burnt Dr. Priestley's. 'The Sequel,' and the 'Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham,' are among the happiest of his literary efforts.

Some very just and eloquent reflections of the reviewer follow, upon the folly of such a man as Dr. Parr giving up his noble powers and his high acquirements to the fury of a party, and to minister incense to the idol of the hour. It is humiliating to consider such a man, studying the aspects of the political horizon, and disturbing himself about the preponderance of opinions and men in the political world. He entered, body and soul, into the vindication of queen Caroline, with chivalrous zeal. The part, which he took in the subsequent impeachment, however creditable to his feelings, does no honor to his prudence and judgment. During this extraordinary drama, he served as a capital mark for the caricaturists, and writers, who were enlisted with the king and ministry. In one instance, he incurred the displeasure of queen Caroline herself. But, notwitstanding all, he remained her champion till death; and bequeathed mourning rings to lord and lady Hood, and lady Hamilton, for their heroic fidelity in the same cause. He idolized Fox, while living, and attempted to canonize him, when dead.

The sermon, by which he is most widely known, is one delivered in London, 1800, before the governors of the various charitable institutions of the metropolis. It is chiefly occupied with strictures upon the doctrines of Godwin. Dugald Steward complimented it in the warmest strains; and Godwin complained; and drew forth an answer, that he probably wished he had never provoked.

As regards his personal appearance, and interior character and manners, he was a very early riser, even in old age; often coarse, uncouth, and even shabby in his dress; and received morning visiters, apparently unconscious of his unsightly appearance, in his study. He smoked almost incessantly. He was severe in his study and application. He dictated or indited innumerable letters; and that part of his correspondence, that has been selected, is uniformly excellent. He used to delight in dosing super-zealous theologians and intolerant controversialists with 'intellectual physic, prepared in his shop, and prescribed by reason and scripture.'

> 'His chief exercise was the equestrian; and he is described as "moving slowly along on his steed, wrapped in an old blue cloak, with coarse worsted stockings, and one rusty spur; his head covered with a huge cauliflower wig, and a small cocked hat overtopping all; his servant preceding him about a dozen yards, either on foot or horseback." In the latter years of his life, he kept his coach, in which he journeyed in state, drawn by four horses. He bade defiance to "frost, rain, wind and heat;" but was morbidly apprehensive of *snow*, which he called his "inveterate and invincible enemy." '

He was remarkably fond of bells. His nature was social and jovial; and he was as fond of good cheer, and ate as voraciously, almost as Johnson. Sometimes, on great occasions, he dressed himself in a full dress suit of black velvet of the antique fashion. He drank wine, but not profusely; and never dispensed with his pipe; 'No pipe no Parr,' being his motto. Ladies of the highest rank submitted to the office of lighting his pipe. The present king, then prince of Wales, smoked with him at Carlton house, to enjoy the more of his magnificent talk. A lady, who entertained him, refused him this indulgence. 'Madam,' said Dr. Parr, 'you must give me leave to say, you are the greatest'—— She was fearful of what would follow; and begged, that he would not be rude. 'Madam,' resumed Dr. Parr, speaking aloud, and looking stern, 'you are the greatest—*tobacco stopper* in England.' A number of his severe and caustic remarks are given by the reviewer. The public has read a much greater collection, under the name, if we mistake not, of 'Parriana.' Some of them have a point at once cutting and fine. The titled and the great loaded him with civilities. Among the ethereal spirits, he seems to have been most struck with lord Byron, Mr. Grattan and Mrs. Opie. The reviewer gives a well narrated account of a conversation between Parr and the prince of Wales, very honorable to the independence of the former, and a noble proof of his generous magnanimity in relation to Hurd, whom Parr had formerly attacked with much bitterness.

In 1819, Dr. Parr paid his visit to Scotland, without a Boswell. The *optimates* of Edinburgh welcomed him, as became his deserts and their reputation. He often spoke with admiration of the great intellectual powers of Hume, Robertson, Smith, Blair, and others. His chief literary friends in Edinburgh were Dugald Stewart, and professor Dalzel. He was only once or twice in company with Sir Walter Scott, whom he rather avoided, as pronouncing him a political Proteus. There can be no doubt, that his mind was warped by a certain degree of prejudice; for he pronounces the poetry and prose of the author of Waverley, as more brilliant than solid; in fact, viewing him as a mere meteor. A MS. copy of a tract on the *Sublime* was transmitted by Dr. Parr to his friend, Dugald Stewart, to be introduced into that professor's work on the philosophy of the mind. His executors consider it a treasure of metaphysical thought and erudition.

Copious domestic details are given in his memoirs. He had two daughters; of whom the one died in 1805, and the other in 1810, leaving several children. His wife was a Xantippe; and he no Socrates. He regretted, that he did not marry Miss Carter, whom he might have courted in Greek; and she was vexed, that she had married a queer pedant, instead of an East India captain, who might have brought her muslins and chintzes. At seventy, Dr. Parr married a second time a maiden lady of a 'suitable age,' who proved, in all respects, such a help mate as he wanted. He very seldom wanted a physician; did not believe in *dyspepsia;* and his grand remedy for all complaints was his pipe, to which his maladies generally yielded. His last illness commenced in January, 1825. After excessive sufferings, borne with Christian submission and patience, he expired the following March. He requested archdeacon Butler to preach a short, unadorned funeral sermon; to say but little, but to be sure to say it well.

He wrote a brief inscription for his own tomb, ending with these admirable words:

> 'Christian Reader!
> What doth the Lord require of you but to do justice, to love mercy, to be in
> charity with your neighbors, to reverence your holy Redeemer,
> and to walk humbly with your God?'

The reviewer thinks, that neither of his voluminous biographers are very remarkable for elegance or interest. He observes, that he has passed over an immense amount of reading in these volumes, touching the various literary contests and relations of Dr. Parr. In general, it may be remarked, that he was strong for liberality among Christians; a warm hearted friend of American rights; zealous against the slave trade, and for Catholic emancipation, and for the full enfranchisement of the dissenters; for the education of the lower classes, and the constitutionalists on the continent. Dr. Johnstone, one of his executors, promises to send forth more volumes—selections from his correspondence, and other writings; whereupon the reviewer rejoices, and thinks it will prove better literary fare, than the common dispensations of the overwhelming American press. Some tolerably severe strictures upon various recent productions follow; to some of which we say 'marry and amen;' and particularly to his views of 'Pelham,' and books of like character,—holding them to be as vile and immoral trash as the most profligate would wish to see.

The Philosophy of Human Knowledge; or a Treatise on Language;—a Course of Lectures, delivered at the Utica Lyceum, by ALEXANDER B. JOHNSON.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE fifth lecture commences with some beautiful remarks upon the variety of climates and physical advantages and disadvantages in different parts of our world. Yet, although man is infinitely sensitive to these differences, it generally happens, that we are stationary, and find our grave in the place of our birth. This circumstance creates more surprise, when we consider the power of human appetites, and the turbulence of human passions. Observe what a man will sacrifice to satiate his appetites. There is no luxury of flood, field or air, but what is the natural banquet of peasants in some country. There is no human passion, but what in some country it is lawful to enjoy. But all these temptations notwithstanding, the sensual endure all the restraints of laws and manners, and the most rigid opinions and moral discipline in the land of their birth. The most offensive, noxious and laborious pursuits are as much crowded, as the most pleasant and healthful. The irksome, dry and repulsive walks of literature are as thoroughly beaten, as the most enchanting. These thoughts, the author says, suggest to him the subject of his lecture. This is, that language can effect no more, than refer to the phenomena. This does not spring from conventional limits; but is founded in the nature of human knowledge. The constituent parts of all our knowledge are ***sights***, ***tastes***, ***feels***, ***smells*** and ***sounds***. No language, however fluent or forcible, can convey to the blind man a knowledge of colors. Why? Because colors are sights; and nothing can reveal sights to us, but seeing. Words cannot supply the place of any sense. They can simply refer us to what our senses have disclosed. Truth, says the author, has generally two aspects. The one so gross, that every one sees it. The other so subtle.

that the most acute pass it unnoticed. Hume represents a strong case, in which he supposes, that a blind man might acquire an idea of a particular color. It seems to us, that the author obviously disentangles the perplexity of his reasoning, and discovers, that he is in an error in this supposition.

Let the author explain his views in his own energetic language.

> 'But, if we cannot thus learn a new appearance, can we not by some mental elaboration compound our ideas; commix known sights, and discover the effects which result from juxtaposition or separation? Whatever produces a change of appearance, is essentially a new sight, and irremediably unknown till disclosed by our eyes. It often happens that a drowned man, who is found after some mutilation, is not recognized by his intimate friends. Many features may be unchanged, but they are seen in a new connexion. If the body is eventually recognized, it is by looking singly at some part which is unchanged.
>
> 'To speak of a less revolting calamity—suppose some of us should grow old, and being anxious to linger in the precincts of youth, should change his grizzled and scanty locks for glossy and exuberant ringlets. Need we an actual glance, to teach us how this new combination of familiar sights will affect the appearance of our father or brother? Let language be exhausted in describing the new appearance. Let feeling, and every other sense exert their powers to inform you; and then direct your eyes to the metamorphosed individual, and you will receive an instantaneous communication which no other means can yield.'

Upon this idea the author enlarges; and he turns it to the light in different illustrations and examples. But, he observes, words generally have two significations, the one referring to phenomena, and the other to words. The verbal signification is termed 'definition,' and is governed by principles wholly different from those, which regulate the sensible signification. The senses can only reveal the one. Words can impart the other. It seems singular to the author, that so simple a distinction should have been overlooked in the descriptions of our most acute metaphysicians. They have looked, he says, for truth either above the surface of things, or below it; and have attributed to nature a property, which belongs only to language. They have remarked, that some words are reducible to other words, and that some are not so reducible. For example, *murder* can be translated into a sentence, a 'felonious killing, with premeditated malice.' The word *white*, cannot be so translated. This purely artificial difference of language has been supposed a mysterious mental process. Words, which effect these changes, have been termed *complex* ideas, *abstractions*, &c. No language is so rude, as not to possess words of both the above classes. A knowledge of foreign languages enriches this stock. A foreign word gradually supersedes the words, which enter into its interpretation. We use, for instance, a word of foreign origin 'estuary' for an arm of the sea, or wide debouche of a river. The word *shipwreck* now condenses what was formerly explained by a sentence. The meaning of definable words is not only different in different individuals, but varies, with different periods, for the same individual. *Shipwreck* may now signify to the reader no more, than certain words and paintings. It may, unfortunately, hereafter name a *sight* to him. Thus we have words, which signify phenomena, as *white*, *sour*, *pain*, *loud*; others that signify sometimes phenomena, and sometimes *words*, as *estuary*, *shipwreck*, *murder;* and others, which signify only words, as *angel*, *paradise*, *eternity*, *hell*, *&c.* Definable words have two significations, a phenomenon and a phrase. Locke says, that the meaning of the word *rainbow* can be revealed to a person, who never saw the phenomenon. The author supposes him laboring under an error fraught with confusion. It is the verbal meaning of the word *rainbow*, to which Locke alludes. The author heard a blind youth explaining the nature and appearance of a *rainbow*. All his ideas were those of *words*, and not of *sight*.

The author goes on to a more ample illustration of the thought, that definitions are applicable only to a portion of words, and that portion only of those words, which have a verbal signification; and he advances to some important remarks, in reference to the instruction of the *deaf* and *mutes*, natural inferences from the foregoing, which we regret, we have not space to quote. He closes the lecture by applying his principles to the word, *death*, in affirming, that all, we can predicate of this term of awful associations, refers only to the phenomena exhibited by death; and that the moment we extend the signification beyond the phenomena, our words refer to no archetype, and are without meaning.

The author commences his sixth lecture with a vigorous flight of the imagination. After returning to terra firma, he enters upon the discussion of the power, by which language commands our assent to certain propositions. We consent to a proposition, when we find, that the premises affirm the conclusion. Why is a half less than the whole? Because the term half, in its natural import, admits, that it is less.

Our senses frequently deceive us, and cannot therefore be infallible. Why? Because to admit, that they frequently deceive us, implies, that they are not infallible. The demonstration of the being of a God proceeds in the steps of proof, that a contrivance admits a contriver, a design, a designer, &c. Paley says, neither the universe, nor any part of it, which we see, can be the Deity. Why? For the only reason, that can be given in any argument. The premises affirm the conclusion. So of various other examples. The author advances to show, by citing a proposition from Euclid, that similar admissions govern our assent to mathematical propositions.

The object of the seventh lecture is to point out the reasons, which compel us to yield our assent to propositions, like the above. The necessity of the assent of our mind to such propositions is founded on the phenomena, to which they refer.

> 'Thus, I can show you a knife, and tell you that the knife is visible. I can remove the knife, and tell you that it is invisible. But why cannot the knife be both visible and invisible at the same time? Try if you can effect such a coincidence, and you will discover why. The impossibility is precisely what you will experience, nor has it any other meaning.'

The eighth lecture takes another view of the same general idea, and advances to illustrate the position, that we do not restrict these conclusions to sensible existences, but apply them, when the words have no such reference. This is, says the author, one of the most subtle delusions, to which language exposes us. To detect this delusion is the object of this lecture, which evinces throughout the author's accustomed subtlety and acuteness. But he considers it to involve a principle to which, notwithstanding our great respect for his talents, and his general clearness of deduction, we feel impelled by the highest considerations to enter our dissent. This is neither the time nor the place, to take up the gauntlet, and enter into a logomachy with the author. We trust, that this strong reasoner and clear thinker, who manifests a sober reverence for religion, wherever that theme has come in incidental discussion in this work, did not fully meditate the extent of the influence, it would have upon a rational believer, to be convinced, that the principles of rational theology are all baseless. To our apprehension, he does as serious an injury to revelation, who lays its claims beyond its legitimate boundaries, as he who restricts them in narrower limits, than belong to them. Laying out of the argument all the numberless passages in the scriptures, which presuppose, that the reader brings to that book the previous conviction of the being of a God, that 'the invisible things of Him are so clearly understood by the things, which are made,' that they are foolish and inexcusable, who know not, and glorify not a Divinity, we affirm, that we cannot imagine any idea of a God, to which the mind of a reasonable being cannot, and ought not to attain. We should be glad to know, what kind of idea of an infinite spirit has been impressed upon the minds of those believers, who have gained it from revelation. We know as much, says Locke, and so says every reasonable man, of spirit, as we do of matter; to wit, the properties of both, and nothing more. For instance, extension, solidity, &c. are known properties of what we call matter. We can form very clear ideas of power, wisdom and goodness; and can annex to them the ideas, we have of infinite degree. We believe these properties from the clearest demonstrations to inhere in an infinite Being, whose attributes and qualities stand imagined to our minds in the complex name God.—Now, if to another an idea of a God, has been communicated by a direct revelation, which could not have been compounded out of any idea, that has entered by the senses or been made known by reason, it would be absurd to ask for definition, or explanation—as the very declaration supposes, that it could be conveyed to another only, as it was conveyed to the first, to wit, by immediate revelation. On what tablet of the mind, or in what characters can this idea be impressed? If we have no way, in which to arrive by the deductions of our reason at the conviction of a God, how shall we employ that reason to convince us, that a book of conventional characters, which we call the scriptures, is true? *Cogito; ergo sum,* said the philosopher. *Cogito, ergo Creator*—say we, with a conviction quite as necessary and undoubting. The idea of God, we are aware, like that of infinite space and duration, must be incomprehensible, and partly negative. But positive ideas upon these subjects cannot be conveyed to us even by revelation; until with them are, conveyed new powers of apprehension. 'No heresy,' says the author, 'is so pernicious, as the persuasion, that God can be discovered by reason'! *Haud sequitur* we reply; and affirm the direct reverse of the proposition. We reverence the scriptures, without believing, that their sanctions, or their glory, would be at all increased by admitting, that a book so composed, and of whose truth and authenticity reason must judge, contains the only proof of a God. Why, on these principles, are the characters of a written revelation necessary? If no knowledge of religion can be conveyed to the reader's mind, except by a divine illumination, giving those words a significance to him, which otherwise they would not have had, it seems to us, that the words are clearly superfluous, as the sense could have been conveyed without them. Why not convey the illumination without the intervention of this clumsy and superfluous medium?

'What proofs have we of revelation'? asks the author; and he answers, 'a testimony within ourselves, the Holy Spirit acting on our feelings.'—The words, then, of Divine revelation refer to no phenomena. I cannot explain to another in words feelings, which he can know nothing about, except he feel corresponding ones. If he have not the feelings, the words, abstracted from their phenomena, will be a nullity. If we have the feelings, words would be of no more use to us, than to define a sunbeam. On this reasoning, therefore, it seems to us, the scriptures will be a useless and a dead letter. The author proceeds, notwithstanding, to detail the proofs of the divinity of the sacred writings in the character of their morality, their adaptation to human condition, &c. What is this revelation? Words or sensations, or both conjointly? We can imagine no use in words, to explain to a person his simple sensations. If then nothing can be known of Divine revelation, but what is matter of immediate Divine communication, words may be to him an instrument, conjointly, with his sensations, to give him, in the author's phrase, at once a *sight* and a *feel* of the truth. But he could never convey to another his sensations by words unless he could convey, also, this conjoined illumination, which gave the words all their efficacy to him. It seems to us, that all the utility of the scriptures would be a nullity on this supposition, and all the instruction of revelation a matter of immediate and direct communication from above. Consequently, the characters of the scriptures could have no rational import to unaided reason; and it appears, also, that all discussions of the external and internal evidences of Christianity would be, on this supposition, empty words without ideas.

We feel confident, that the author, from whose writings we infer, that he is as amiable, as modest, and as free from bigotry, as he is profound, is not one, who would wish to interdict right reason from its proper office in the application of the truths of revelation. We are certain, that he cannot be one, who would limit honest enquiry to the 'dark lanthorn of the spirit,' spoken of by Hudibras. We do by no means believe, that the original and important views, which he has brought forward in this book, touching the utilty of a new and severe analysis of language, lead to those conclusions. We cannot but think, that it is this very ambiguity of language, against which he writes, that has led him to denounce natural theology in this lecture. We regret the obligation of duty, which has impelled us to enter our dissent to one speculation, contained in this mass of disquisition of a character, generally, of so much reason, and evincing such uncommon keenness of mental vision.

The ninth lecture applies these transcendental speculations to other departments of science, beside theology; as the proposition, that the earth is suspended in space, that it is a globe, that space is infinitely divisible, and generally to all propositions, that assert touching infinity. Much, that is predicated of all these propositions has no reference to any phenomena. From Gill's body of Divinity he quotes, that 'though angels have no bodies, and so are not in space, circumspectly, yet, as they are creatures, they must have a somewhere, in which they are definitively'!! This reminds us strongly of the '*Utrum Chimera*,' &c. He instances, a proposition even from the sober Locke, that number applies to men, angels, actions, and every thing imaginable! To all these transcendental speculations the author applies one solution, to wit: that these propositions have obtained an authoritative character, without any corresponding phenomena, and that the necessity of admitting the conclusions is merely verbal.

The object of the tenth lecture is to prove, that theorists are solicitous about names and definitions, because their speculations are often verbal deductions from those names. He finds an example of this in the proposition, which asserts the sphericity of the earth, and that a pond is not level, &c. These terms *sphericity* and level are terms of *sight* and *feel*; and have no meaning, when they cease to be such. Stewart apprehends the most serious consequences, from admitting the assertion of Berkeley, that *extension and figure* have merely an ideal existence. The same philosopher remarks, that the word *idea* has come to be a suspicious and dangerous term, for which he substitutes the term *notion*. Why, asks the author, apprehend such serious consequences merely from the use of terms? The same views are applied to the assertion of the earth's rotation on its axis, that the sun is a body of fire, that we sustain an immense atmospheric pressure, and an indefinite multiplication of examples. One of the most striking is, that water ascends in a vacuum by the pressure of the atmosphere. We must carefully remark, he says, that the theoretical agent *pressure* is wholly different from the feel, to which the word pressure is ordinarily applied. If we keep in view, he observes, this distinction between theoretical agents, and the realities of nature, we shall at once discover the absurdity of continuing the use of the terms beyond the uses, which they subserve to science.

The eleventh and twelfth lectures present new views and new illustrations of the same general idea, and turn further developments of it to the light. The purpose is more fully to enforce the author's theory, that words are significant of their phenomena, and no more; and that most of the abstract general propositions and deductions of science and philosophy are liable to the ambiguity of transferring from sensible phenomena, phrases, which, when generalized, and detached from those phenomena, have no meaning. We quote his concluding paragraph.

'What I have to say further concerning the philosophy of human knowledge, may with propriety constitute a separate division: but before I adventure on it, I would fain know whether I can excite interest, or convey information. I am too well aware of the insidiousness of self-love, to be satisfied with my own suggestions; and too painfully conscious of the depression of timidity, to retract without an effort. What I have advanced is not the fugitive offspring of a sudden intention, but the slow and painful product of contemplative years. If I have wholly mistaken my abilities, it is time I was undeceived. To the public, then, I confide the question; and though I have no reason to expect a favorable decision, a failure will at least save me from perseverance in a fruitless undertaking.'

We are sufficiently aware, and the reader will easily perceive, that we could not expect to do justice to the theory of this original and ingenious book in an abstract so brief and meagre. All we hoped or proposed in the case, was to catch some of the more important thoughts and prominent views, and give some general idea of the theory, and modes of reasoning and developing the author's opinions. We hope at least, that enough has been said, to induce those readers, who wish to see ingenious originality in metaphysics, to repair to the book itself.

The author must be well persuaded, that men will go on to talk about the sphericity of the earth, the attraction of gravitation, the atmospheric pressure, and a thousand other propositions of science, and will reason powerfully, conclusively, and usefully, too, on this phraseology, after both the author and reviewer are no more; notwithstanding they may, by metonomy and analogy, use terms derived from *sights* to designate notions derived from *feels*. Millions, too, we hope, notwithstanding the author's humble estimates of the teachings of natural theology, will continue to see, feel and adore God in his works; reading his name in broad and legible characters in the elder scripture of creation, written by his own hand.

But this notwithstanding, we have no doubt, that one of the most important benefits to science, that could be conferred, would be this severe philosophical analysis of language, which the author recommends. One most efficient step towards this, would be to trace all the simple ideas in abstract terms to the sources, whence those ideas were derived. If definitions were full and clear—if we had distinct ideas, in all that, of which we speak, and whereof we affirm, we have little doubt, that disputation would come to a dead pause; that religious quarrels would at once come to an end; and that people, who now regard each other as schismatics and heretics, would find, that the difference between them consisted, for the most part, in words and terms without ideas; and that, in truth and fact, they were of the same opinion.

In an address to the Lyceum, which preceded these lectures, we perceive the same singular, vigorous and original way of thinking; and in casual criticism in that address, we remark the development of an idea, glanced at in this book—the redundancy of verbiage in all our compositions of every sort. In that work, sufficiently amusing specimens are given in extracts, which he cites by way of example. What sad work would be made of the best written book in our language, if all the redundant words were marked in the margin. There is nothing, that literature more needs, than examples of this sort carried through whole volumes. We should soon begin to study condensation; and to inquire, if the same thought might not be expressed in fewer words. We hope he will go on and prosper in the same strain. Should he proceed in his severity of retrenchment, he will destroy more writings than were burned in the Alexandrian library.

ON LIBERALITY AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

It is the lot of most persons, to overrate the rank their profession occupies among others, and the importance of that part of general knowledge, which they have attained, when compared with the generality of human knowledge. As far as self conceit constitutes happiness, this ignorance is happiness, which those, who consort only with people of their own caste, may safely enjoy, while strengthening each other in the comfortable idea of the paramount importance of their professional pursuits, and their own worth. But for such persons, as in well bred society are brought in collision with men of very different professions, and of attainments of very different kinds, it is merely ignorance, which loses all its illusion by the evident displeasure it must give to those, whom thus they undervalue.

So it is with individuals; so it is with nations. Nations, as well as individuals, hate, despise or ridicule each other's manners, language, literature,—most frequently from want of mutual comprehension. Let us interrogate, besides the English, those nations, whose language and literature are most likely to be studied, and who can alone lay claim to an extensive literature—the French, Italian, German and Spanish. Which is the most beautiful language? Ours! What literature contains the best works? Ours! What nations can boast of the noblest character? Ours—invariably ours! Ask men belonging to any of the liberal professions, or who pursue particular sciences—ask them of the books they recommend to their own colleagues; and an immense majority will always return you analogous answers.

These are national and professional prejudices: a man of good manners will conceal them in society. But it is a prerogative of a generous and liberal mind, to be in a great degree free from them.

A gradual change in the opinions of the less educated classes must proceed from the better instructed part of the public, who operate on them through their writings, conversations and systems of education, and whose influence descends imperceptibly among them, losing gradually in its intensity, as it meets with less information and aptitude for learning. It is thus, that we often see a change produced in the opinions of whole nations on momentous questions.

We should labor under a singular delusion, if we fancied, that there could ever be such a thing as universal impartiality in a nation. This would suppose nothing less, than universal knowledge, and universal good will. But to such persons, as have a sincere love of truth—who do not fear to know it at the sacrifice of their personal vanity—who think they are not the poorer for esteeming others a little more and their own greatness a little less, we shall indicate, what we consider the most rational means for arriving at that desired end. That fairness of judgment, which is positive only after having been cautious and conscientious; which being based on knowledge, has always an open ear to new facts, that may modify it; which is utterly averse to all preconceived and unsearched opinions, is the aim and privilege of the independent and liberal man. And in this spirit he judges not only facts and acquirements, but also the characters and the opinions of men. Knowing himself how a question can be viewed upon different sides; knowing the numerous misleading causes, that tend to darken our eyes in the search of truth, he will—although unwavering himself in what he considers right, although condemning errors—judge characters from their intentions and earnestness of purpose, and not from their frailties. 'Every sincere inquirer after truth will respect another, who is conscientiously engaged in the same pursuits, wheresoever his inquiries may lead him.' This is an idea, although we do not remember the words, of Dr. Priestley, himself—whether he was right or wrong in his opinions—in the purity of his heart the most perfect sample of a conscientious and tolerant man.

There are two studies, which we consider eminently conducive to a noble and enlightened tolerance in matters of nationality, knowledge or opinion, and which are far from receiving a due share of attention: 1. The study of the history, the modes of inquiry, the purposes, the connexions and the mutual dependences of the great departments of human knowledge. 2. The study of modern languages.

To those, who after a simple college education bid adieu to all books, but those, which concern immediately the profession into which they are hurried, and upon which they concentrate exclusively all their thoughts, it would be useless to recommend means for obtaining a kind of knowledge, of which they feel no want. There is, however, a class of men, though small in number, who love truth and knowledge, merely because they are beautiful; and although they seek and study them only for their own improvement, they will be better fitted by them for filling any station in life. And as they will have recognized how important method is in acquiring knowledge, how much more powerfully well directed than scattered efforts act, they will deem the subject of this article worthy of their attention.

We shall call the study of the history, the mode of inquiry, the purpose, the connexions and mutual dependence of the great departments of human knowledge, the *philosophy and history of knowledge.*

The practical part of every science is, for the generality of learners, the only important part. This part, with as little theory as is absolutely necessary to a rational understanding of it, is what is exclusively taught in colleges, &c. They learn the actual and most improved state of the science; and when sometimes mention of the history of the discovery of a peculiar substance, a certain truth, law, &c. is made, it is by the way as if connected with curious circumstances, incidentally: it is a scattered fact: it is never in that general sense, which we affect to call a 'history and philosophy of science.' We do not believe, that this ought to be otherwise in *colleges.* Many learners, as we said, do not want any thing else; and those, that will go farther, and those alone we have here in view, are then generally too young to make abstractions from a well selected, though small number of facts,—a thing, which, we believe, they will be able to do, when farther advanced in the practice of thinking. But we contemplate here each department of knowledge—1. In its laws and principles, as a chapter of the vast book of human learning; 2. In its influence on the minds of its followers.

We consider the history and philosophy of knowledge as a most important, and, singularly enough, most neglected part of the history and philosophy of the human mind.

We beg leave to introduce here our views on this study. The most beautiful of all studies, the study of the human mind, we consider as absolutely useless, but to those, who feel the want of it. That want may be felt, though exceedingly seldom, by young men still engaged in the usual course of studies; and is generally not felt at all. But to those persons, who feel that want, it would be as useless to interdict this study, under the pretext, that it does not always lead to peace of mind, as it would be cruelly absurd to bid them believe a thing, without being convinced of it. A well directed investigation will then be most likely to lead to a satisfactory result.

To this end, we must observe the human mind in its effects; we must extend our investigations beyond the narrow limits of our own profession and our own country. And with this view we recommend the history and philosophy of knowledge, and the study of languages, as constituting the practical part of the science of the human mind. Every attentive observer knows, that there are errors almost inherent to peculiar professions; that very different opinions on the same subject are entertained in different countries. They arise from too exclusive a bent of the mind in one direction. They must be compared, and their origin ascertained. We do not believe that a person can absolutely say, I have resolved to begin the study of the human mind. He may say, I have decided to study works on that subject. But when he feels that want, he has already begun that study practically; he believes no more in the infallibility of his opinions; doubts have sprung up in his mind; and doubts are the origin, though, we trust, not the end of knowledge.

To persons in such a state of mind we address these remarks on the method of studying the philosophy of the human mind. They will have studied, in their colleges, systems on this science; but they will avow, that what they remember of it is of no worth,—little else, than that they have been tortured with it, and that there are such works as professedly treat on this science. The fault is not in the works—there are in our opinion excellent ones,—but in the time when, and the manner in which they have been studied. There are studies, for which the time is only come, when people believe they have done with studying. If that gross and much accredited absurdity, that what is learned with difficulty is easily remembered, had any foundation in truth, they would remember very well the book they have been obliged to read over and over again with sighs and groans. The truth is, what is not understood is soon forgotten.

As for the vicious method, it is, that this ought to be studied like all other studies; but is not. Since sciences are studied in Bacon's spirit, no more wild theories are built upon a few isolated facts, and all other facts, right or wrong, crowded into them. We proceed from humble observation, to collect data; and when they are sufficiently numerous and evident, the theory is naturally deduced from them. And so moral philosophy professes to do, and, we believe, does. In history, in recording a fact, we refer the learner to the original writers, to medals, inscriptions, &c. In natural philosophy, we make experiments before him. Moral philosophy purports to explain the phenomena of the human mind, and alludes to these phenomena. But here lies the difference. In all other sciences, the young pupil can go and convince himself, whenever the subject is important enough; he can put to the test what we tell him. Not so in moral philosophy.

We did not say, that the philosophy of the human mind was not *taught*, we said, it was not *studied* like other sciences. Here we refer him to the phenomena of the moral nature of man; phenomena, which he has not seen, which he cannot see, which his young mind could not comprehend; and in the science, in which it is easiest to be misled by speculation, he is confined to mere theory.

In this science the most difficult points are also the most important; and if these are not thoroughly investigated, it loses its principal advantages—and this science the young learners are made to study at a time, when we are afraid to bewilder them with the highly interesting theories of other sciences.

It seems to us unquestionable, that before they should attempt the analysis of the powers, that actuate the human mind, before they endeavor to find their way through this labyrinth of opposing forces—they should become acquainted with the actual course of thought in active life, in men of different professions, different circumstances—in different times and countries. This seems to us accomplished by the study of the philosophy and history of knowledge, and of languages, and upon the facts furnished by them the learner may construct his theories, and it is for this reason, that we call them the practical study of the philosophy of the human mind.

This knowledge will enable them to understand the motives of human actions, to discover the origin of opinions, to do justice to every one—to blame with more authority and decision where blame is deserved—to praise with a fuller heart—often to excuse, where ignorance accuses—and to avoid alike the weak and unmanly spirit of those, that hardly allow an opinion to themselves, for fear of being mistaken.

The philosophy of the human mind—the science of the good and beautiful towers above the other sciences, which are its elements. It is their umpire, it settles their mutual claims, and assigns to each an honorable place in the moral world. But its sacred precincts have been frequently invaded by monstrous and pernicious systems, which usurped its name, and in the struggle of parties, for this name, the original meaning of philosopher, the 'philosophos' of the Greeks: 'the friend of wisdom,' and wisdom is truth—has been lost, and the name has been given to the followers of a branch of the philosophy of the ancients, and has at times been and is sometimes even now a party name of derision.*

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*It is remarkable, that in those countries of Europe, where civil and political society rests on such principles as admit more or less gradual and progressive improvement as a natural consequence and without violence—such systems of philosophy are in vogue, as tend to expand the mind and the heart, and to favor eminently that kind of study, which we advocate. This is the case in England and Germany, because even under the despotic governments of certain parts of

Once more, true philosophy reposes upon observation, and this observation must be general; it is observation, that we recommend.

But we must explain in what manner we understand that the 'philosophy and history of knowledge' ought to be studied. Every man of liberal education and moderate reading possesses, besides his professional, a good deal of other knowledge, which he might with advantage exchange for something better. We mean hereby only to say that the books which we should advise to go through, are perfectly within the compass of the reading of every body. It is not upon a vast number, but a proper selection of books, that we insist.

This acquaintance with the history, the generalities, the fundamental laws and the most important facts of every great department of human knowledge, independently of our professional studies, is very similar to what is called general knowledge, general science, and is the very same thing, which phantomlike disturbed in times of old the intellects of scholars, and was then persecuted most strenuously and successfully by many, and is persecuted in our days most ridiculously by some cabinet philosophers.

It was once generally believed, and is admitted by some even now, that eminence in one point can only be attained by gross ignorance in all others. In conformity with this theory, it has been affirmed, that Addison and Burke, were not profound, *because* their style was too elaborate and polished; that d'Alembert could not be a good geometrician, *because* he was too elegant a writer, and vice versa. However, our opinion is, that this ignorance has produced the numerous offspring of absurd philosophical systems, founded on observations, made on men, which the authors of these systems had either seen in a narrow nook of the world, or which they had treated, like Pygmalion, for domestic use and the special purpose; that this ignorance infallibly produces false judgments, haughtiness, selfishness and insufferable sneering. The true *bore*, says Vivian Grey, is that man, who thinks, the world is interested in but one subject, because he himself can comprehend but one.

Allowing to these bores, if they happen to see these pages, to sneer to their full content, we endeavor to prove, that, if our ancestors were excusable for their exclusiveness, we are not for ours.

Germany, the intellectual intercourse with the neighboring countries is so great by the tie of common language and literature, that in theory there exists no material difference, although in practice the study is oppressed by the blasting influence of light hating governments. This has been further the case in France since the first lectures in 1812, of Mr. Royer Collard, who is now President of the Chamber of Deputies—where these sciences are now pursued with zeal, talent and success.

One of the most admired paintings of Raphael is the 'School of Athens,' in the 'Stanze' of the Vatican. Sages and philosophers of Greece and Italy, together with some living personages, and Raphael himself, are seen in a kind of portico in various groups, discussing about the sciences in which they excelled.

In the middle of the hall or portico and a little in the back ground, are Plato and Aristotle, the fathers of the two great schools, the Academy and the Lyceum—each of them with some of his most distinguished followers on his side.

They are in quiet discussion. Aristotle and his disciples, are, however, in such a position as to show the higher estimation in which they were held, and the complete victory they had obtained in the 16th century, when this painting was executed. The contrary would be true in our days.

It is known, that the more complete and perfect a science, the easier it is understood. The physical sciences, in particular, have made, during the last half century, so great a progress, that a very correct knowledge of all of them is now much easier acquired, than a comprehension of the unconnected, ill established, and often contradictory facts, which formerly constituted any single one of them. After long study, disgusting to any, but one, who had given himself completely to one of these sciences, the learner knew very little about the laws of the created world. Ancient literature was more accessible, though infinitely less so than in our days.

When we remember the spirit of the scholastic philosophy, which, like a *malaria*, pervaded every corner of the scientific world—the political state of Europe, and that love of trifles and self created difficulties, that characterized those periods, we must confess, that more than ordinary courage and opportunities were required, to take a general survey of the sciences.

But all these difficulties gradually diminished; new votaries rushed into the sanctuary of learning, and every year they increased; and then sprang up that class of amateurs now so numerous, which banished the spirit of exclusiveness. Thus was established an intimate connection between the sciences; and each began to draw powerful assistance from several others.

In fact, every person distinguished in one science, must be at least an amateur in several others.

For the sake of perspicuity, we shall class the extent, to which science may be studied, into three degrees.

The first is composed of those men, who devote themselves to a special science. They are the legislators of the sciences. They collect the facts, furnished by a number of more humble followers of the science. Their exercised eye discovers the hidden relations and connections of the facts, and as Newton said, in always thinking on their subject, they discover the laws, that rule the facts.

The second class are what are generally called amateurs. Independently of their professional occupations, they devote their leisure moments to a science, not to emulate men belonging to the first class, but to seek in it rational enjoyment of a new order, as a kind of solace from the uniformity of their habitual pursuits.

It may be said, to the honor of our days, that they are now quite numerous; they are eminently useful to the cause of science. They furnish in a great measure the facts, above alluded to—they modestly take a small chapter of their favorite science for their task, extract, compare, digest and apply a sagacious criticism to every thing, that has been written touching it. They illustrate a doubtful fact in political or literary history: they have perhaps found the explanation of some obscure passage, or emended a text—they draw perhaps, from the dust of archives some interesting document; or they keep journals of meteorology; or make repeated experiments on a question of natural philosophy; or animal and vegetable physiology; or they describe, minutely and accurately, the microscopic animals and plants, that are found round their dwelling. All the information they have been able to collect, they forward to their higher brethren in science, whose approbation they covet, and who, after having satisfied themselves of the correctness of the mode of inquiry, and the truth of the statement, carefully acknowledging the source whence it was derived, incorporate it into the body of the science, which it tends to confirm, or to throw light on some unsettled point.

Other amateurs again, without adding through their own writings to the mass of knowledge, make a noble use of fortunes, either inherited, or gained by an honorable commerce, by sustaining able, though poor adepts of the sciences, in their well directed efforts. Such men are Mr. Lambert, in London, who enabled Pursh to write his *flora*, Sir Joseph Banks, and we might name a great many others.

Amateurs are often ridiculed and stigmatized, by that most noisy species of insects, the mosquitoes of learning, the 'petty literati'. But while the latter mistake the Pan, that urges them to writing, for Apollo, while their Poetry goes down into dust and oblivion, with the 'things that were'—the humble offering of our friend the *amateur*, on the shrine of science remains. He has added something—be it only a single brick to the temple of science; and, through his exertion, something less remains undone.

Sir Joseph Banks wrote nothing, or almost nothing, he was long the aim of the witty; and was, nevertheless, through his liberality, a most useful man. The greatest English Botanist, Robert Brown, was his creation; and Cuvier has ably vindicated his deserts.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]

Mentor; or Dialogues between a Parent and Children, on some of the Duties, Amusements, Pursuits and Relations of Life. Lexington: 1828.

An admirable book for children might be constructed from a work, which we have not seen for many years. We mean the 'Children's Friend' of M. Berquin. Many of the tales and dialogues in that work are exquisitely tender, touching and pathetic, and wonderfully fitted to infuse into the youthful mind moral sensibility, virtuous feeling and noble sentiments, and an invariable reverence for truth and honor. M. Marmontel has given 'Moral Tales,' with the same general object; but of a character more sprightly, and of narrative more interesting, and nearer the tenor and character of romance. We could name a long catalogue of English writers, who have given books with the same general views. Among them Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Opie stand prominent. Mrs. Sherwood has infused into her books of this class the severer spirit of orthodox religion. 'Little Henry and his Bearer' is one of the most touching tales of this class, that was ever written. The child, whose heart would not be affected with the simple and irresistible pathos of that story, might be pronounced either insensible or obdurate.

Our own country has just begun to put forth efforts in the same direction. The 'Juvenile Miscellany,' edited by Miss Francis, now Mrs. Child, contains much admirable writing of this class, as might naturally be expected from the highly talented and endowed authoress of 'Hobomok.' Mrs. Cleveland, with strong sense, masculine vigor of thought, and a piety at once enlightened and ardent, has produced a number of works of this class, which are deservedly growing into favor with the public. The catalogue of writers, who have had the noble object in view, to enlighten the juvenile mind, to warm it to virtue, and to guide it by interesting and impressive example, constitutes a long scroll of the worthiest names, seeking to do unostentatious good for its own sake.

The author of '*Mentor*' is of the same respectable class. As far as our knowledge extends, he stands first among the list of western writers in this walk of literature. He seems to have had in view, to write a book for juvenile minds, adapted to the customs, opinions and state of society in the western country. He appears to us, in a good degree, to have attained his laudable purpose. The shades of difference between the population of our great national sections are slight, and almost imperceptible; and they are, therefore, so much the more difficult to catch. Still, these shades, when caught, are distinctly and palpably felt. They can only be taken by a person intimately and interiorly acquainted with the manners, which he describes. The author, in our view, has been felicitous in this respect; and has rightly calculated the meridian of the country. He has manifested throughout a mind amiable, enlarged, and free from vulgar prejudices. He treats very properly the besetting sins and follies, and the prevalent temptations of this region, and sets upon them the right and appropriate marks of reprobation. Under the head 'Gambling,' some excellent observations are introduced, and a touching story is given, delineating the horrid results of this pernicious vice. In quoting it, we shall subserve the double purpose of illustrating the author's manner, and conveying a salutary lesson.

> 'Another case occurred recently in Ohio. A youth from Indiana, an only son, quite an ignorant, simple youth, went to the canal, to make some money. After laboring some time, and receiving something, he met with a couple of gentlemen gamblers, who fleeced him; and when they found him in distress, advised him to join them and follow their profession. He said he had no money to begin with. They told him that was no difficulty at all; that he must steal a horse, and make sale of him, in some distant place, and with the money commence gambling; that that was the way with gamblers, whenever they got broke. The foolish young fellow was captivated by the tempters, and commenced by stealing his uncle's horse. The party fled to Kentucky. The youth arrived in Lexington, and offered his horse for sale. The police officer of the town, observing his simplicity, suspected him, accused him, and he burst into tears, confessed every thing, and was immediately thrown into a dungeon, to await his trial for felony. This was heart-rending intelligence to his aged parents, and six virtuous, respectable sisters, whom he had left in Indiana.'

The detestable, vile, vulgar, and utterly ungentlemanly custom of cursing and swearing is painted with a coloring of virtuous indignation. We are pleased to perceive, that the author shares our radical dislike to horse racing, under whatsoever pretexts of utility it is attempted to be defended. Tobacco, in all its forms, receives just the treatment, which the filthy, vulgar, intoxicating and deleterious weed deserves. In short, the moral principles inculcated, the deportment recommended, the vices and crimes denounced, show the author to be a sound and enlightened moralist, and a safe guide of the principles, dispositions and conduct of youth. It would be easy to fill our pages with quotation of excellent matter. We observed not a rule, a principle, an inculcation, that we do not heartily approve. It is a book, which ought to make its way in our schools; and be on the shelves of houses, tenanted by virtuous and enlightened parents, who hold, above all things, that it is important, that their children should be virtuous in sentiment, and correct in deportment. We should derive pleasure from hearing, that a book, so well written and estimable, was generally adopted in schools and families.

We are conscious, that we have no wish to seem captious, or find fault, where the intentions of the author are so worthy of all praise. The few criticisms, which we involuntarily made, in reading the book, may seem trifling. Nevertheless, if they affect the general estimation of the book, trifles are important. *Father* and *mother*, except for very young children, are the proper appellatives. *Pa* and *ma* naturally belong to the namby-pamby dialect. We have an immeasurable dislike to the word *measurably*, which occurs in this book; and we know not whence the vulgarism, so common in the western country, had its origin. The book sometimes wants energy and point; and, though the author versifies with infinite ease, we should have preferred the work, if the poetry had been wholly omitted.

A Universal Language, formed on Philosophical and Analogical Principles. By JAMES RUGGLES. Cincinnati. Printed by M'Calla & Davis. 1829.—pp. 175, 12mo.

THE hints for this work are found in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the article 'Characters.' Bishop Wilkins, Dalgarme, Leibnitz, M. Lodwic, and others, have written in foreign countries expressly upon the subject of a universal language. The late Dr. Thornton, of the United States, wrote a treatise, though not professedly on this point, yet on a principle of nearly a similar import. The project of a universal language has been a hundred times proposed in different ages and countries. No mind can fail to have been impressed with the prodigious impediments in the way of social, literary, scientific and mercantile intercommunication, from the diversity of languages. In the way of the diffusion of knowledge, and religion, and philanthropy, these dissocial bonds of severance operate like an adamantine barrier. The person, who cannot by an intuitive glance comprehend the value of a universal language, would not be enlightened by any enlargement of discussion on our part.

The author of the book before us gives us an alphabet of a universal language. Some of our characters are used to convey entirely different sounds from what the same characters now note, The Arabic nine digits, with their infinitude of combinations, are wrought into the plan. The radical nucleus is taken generally from the Latin. Prefixes, suffixes and medial adjuncts so compound and inflect the words, as that a single term sometimes includes a whole sentence of language, as it now stands. For example, *hom*, from *homo*, is the radical nucleus. *Homztin* is a man or woman; *homzten*, a man; *homzpen*, the man; *homzken*, which man; *homzfen*, any man; *homzdin*, mankind; and so of the rest. The reader will comprehend at a glance, that medial letters and suffixes here operate as pronouns, articles, distributives, &c. By the combination of these medial letters, adjuncts and terminations, the relation of any phrase or expression to the principal radical nucleus can instantly be shown; and it does not seem impossible, that a copious language might thus be formed, on philosophical principles of construction.

It cannot be denied, however, that the author's samples of language, thus constructed, have a most uncouth appearance to the eye. It set our teeth on edge, and affected our jaws with spasm, even to run our eyes over a page of the words. We know not, but they might be of mellifluous euphony from the vocal organs of the author. But they strike us, as being unpronounceable even by the republic of horses, described by dean Swift in Gulliver's Travels. Take a single word, and by no means the most *outre*, as an example. 'Good morning' reads, in this language, *Bonqnztæn*. We need not enlarge upon the idiomatic and vocalic differences in different contries, which no language could remedy, till men should every where have organs of the same conformation. The system in question has been pronounced ingenious by high authority. We are aware, that it must have cost the author great labor and research. It incidentally appears, that he is not in a condition to bestow these gratuitously. It gives us pain to suppose, that industry and powers should be thus misapplied. For ourselves, we have no faith, in this respect, in the teaching of any instructress, but dame Nature; and, notwithstanding the meritorious ingenuity of the author, we are free to confess, if we had a vote in the republic of letters, we should give it for the actual and existing language of the Blackfeet, rather than one artificially constructed by the wisest and most learned man in existence. The one is a language formed by nature's process, imperceptibly, and under the stimulus of the call of actual emergencies. The other, composed at once, would be like verses without inspiration.

Public challenged DISPUTE *between* ROBERT OWEN, *late of New-Lanark, Scotland, and last of New-Harmony, Indiana, philosopher and cosmopolite, and Rev.* ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, *of the sect commonly called Free-will Baptists, of Bethany, West Virginia, near Wheeling: the former denying the truth of all religions in general; and the latter affirming the truth of the Christian religion on logical principles.*

The glove was first thrown down by Mr. Owen, last year, in New-Orleans. None of the ministers there saw fit to take it up. But it was circulated extensively in the papers, that the ministers were challenged, the world over, to a logomachic tilt with Mr. Owen, on the evidences of Christianity. Mr. Campbell—who had gained extensive reputation, by dealing hard and dextrous blows, as a polemic theological disputant, at Lexington, Kentucky, in a set disputation with Rev. Mr. Maccauley, on some points between Presbyterians and Baptists—took up the glove, and publicly advertised, that his courage was up to the point of doing battle in this grand tournament, in the face of all Christians, and more especially before all the gentlemen and ladies, that might assemble at any given place, which should be central and convenient for the said disputation. Mr Owen, on his way from New Harmony to Europe, took Bethany in his route, called on the Rev. Mr. Campbell, and ascertained satisfactorily, not only the extent of his calibre, but the keenness of his metal, his disposition for fairness of fight, and the honest zeal for the truth, which, he was compelled to believe, filled the bosom of this gentleman. Having measured with his eye the proud dimensions, the brawny intellectual muscle and sinew of this offering opponent; having ascertained to his satisfaction, that there was a happy mixture of Scotch shrewdness with Kentucky hard fight in the premises, he deemed it not unworthy a logomachic fame, won extensively in both hemispheres, to engage with Mr. Campbell, to do wordy battle in the city of Cincinnati, in the month of April, and the year commonly called that of our Lord 1829. Mr. Owen, having settled the preliminaries of the fight, went his way; as Homer would say, *Be d' akeon para thina poluphloisboio thalasses*—went meditating upon the eventful disputation over the resounding sea, to New Lanark; talked, we dare say, about the social system; and, no doubt, felt the germ of many an intellectual egg silently breeding within him, from which in due time should hatch the embyro of rout, ruin and dismay to ministers, tithes and match makers. The other betook himself, like a high mettled and good soldier of the church militant, to all the black letter, long bearded sages, from Sanchoniathon and Herodotus down to Dr. Fishback, of Lexington. Meantime the papers from Dan to Beersheba, from Land's End to the Shetland islands, from Calais to Archangel, from Quoddy to the Sabine, rung with the note of preparation for this grand tournament, with which our city was to be honored. Most of the papers gave it a passing article, without note or comment; and so we received it in different papers, that came to us over the sea. Not so the enlightened, amiable, mild, most logical and erudite *Pandect*, of our city. It growled, thereupon, in a tone, evincing that the writer had a load of most righteous bile on his bosom; regarding the approaching tournament with any feelings, rather than those of delectation and quiet confidence in the omnipotence of truth. It rather seemed to the said Pandect, as though war, pestilence and famine were all concentrated in this most puissant mischief. But though this tasteful, evangelical, and singularly logical vehicle was moved to the interior against the said disputation, as a most pestilent mischief, the Ohio still flowed downwards. The disputants, heeding nothing this manifest displeasure, ate and drank, as in duty bound, as *athletæ*, on a system of diet and regimen, in training for this eventful collision of intellect. The day of *All-Fools*, also, came; although the duration and severity of winter menaced, that either the displeasure of the Pandect, or the dismay of nature, in view of this threatened search into the privacy of her mysteries, would never again revolve upon us the smiles and tears of April.

In due time we learned, that the champion of the covenant had been wafted down our stream from the rising sun in burnished panoply, and fraught with abundant syllogistic appointments from the ample magazines of Bethany. The European philosopher had gained saltness on the Atlantic brine; had heard natural thunder in the tropical isles of Jamaica and Cuba; had defied the black vomit of Vera Cruz; and had been perched in the empyrean and meditative heights of the city of Montezuma. Treasuring materials of power, as he thus traversed both hemispheres, he came upwards on us from the west. Thus these conflicting minds came in contact in our city, like two conflicting thunder clouds.

Fame had already blown her clarion; and our city was thronged with visitants from two or three hundred miles distance. Nor was it an incurious spirit, that brought them to hear a question at length put to rest, which had been in controversy for eighteen hundred years; and on which books enough had been written to sink a seventy-four.

At a called city meeting, all decorous and proper arrangements were made. A committee was appointed to provide an arena for the gladiatorship. After being refused the First Presbyterian church, they finally obtained the Methodist stone chapel. The champions and the said committee enacted the rules and courtesies of the combat, with knightly and chivalric precision. It was ordained, that they should fight it out, in western phrase, '*turn about*,' thirty minutes each, until one or the other should cry *quarter*. Under correction, we venture to suggest, that in similar cases hereafter, victory ought to be adjudged to the party, that shall receive the enemy's fire, during his own silence, with the most unwincing countenance and the most exemplary patience.

Travelling back to the ages of philosophy, and remembering the seven wise masters and the seven sages of Greece, the committee and disputants selected seven moderators, as an intellectual court of *oyer and terminer*, who were conspicuously mounted on a carpeted stage, and in a purer air. Their business was not only to judge, but to preserve fair play, and interdict all poisoned weapons, and all other trespass of the prescribed rules of honorable combat.

April 13, 1829, the church and the open area leading to it was a perfect wedge, or as he of the Pandect has it, a 'squeeze.' All ages, sexes and conditions were there. Even our fair spinsters, with their shining morning faces, were waiting to catch a mouthful of metaphysics, with which to swoop the intellects of their swains at the first convenient period after honeymoon. At nine in the morning, a fine April sun gave us the light of his countenance. The combat, unparalleled in the annals of disputation, was opened. On the countenance of the immense crowd sat a cheerful and self-relying brightness of keen discrimination, which announced to the most careless adepts in physiognomy, that they had brought to their task not only a due estimate of their ability to weigh the great points to be discussed, in unerring intellectual scales, of a nicety to turn with the weight of an additional hair, but that they felt the responsibility of their case; and were inflexible in purpose to settle these long agitated questions, in justice and judgment, that they might henceforth sleep for ever. Imagine the emanating brightness, which beamed from the phrenological domain of the aforesaid seven sages, who were purposely appointed to hear and determine, touching these momentous questions.

Then we gazed at the two *athletæ*, and imagined the munitions of logomachy, laid away in mysterious and awful order and power in the narrow precincts of 'two small heads.' We silently admired the infinite compressibility of that knowledge, which is power, more energetic than thundered from all the cannon at Borodino.

Every one has seen the face or the print of the benevolent 'social' cosmopolite, the Welch philosopher, whose strange taste it is, to wander over the world, bestowing vast sums in charity, and to obtain, in return, an ample harvest of vilification and abuse. He was dressed in Quaker plainness; wearing his customary, undaunted, self-possessed, good natured face, surmounted, as most people know, with an intellectual rudder of almost portentous amplitude, that might well have been deemed an acquisition in a pilgrimage to the promontory of noses. From each side of this prominent index of mental power beamed such an incessant efflux of cheerfulness, as might well shame, in comparison, the sour and tristful visage of many an heir of the hope of immortality.

The chivalrous champion of the covenant is a citizen of Bethany, near Wheeling, in Virginia; a gentleman, we should think, between thirty and forty; with a long face, a rather small head, of a sparkling, bright and cheerful countenance, and finely arched forehead; in the earnest vigor of youth, and with the very first sprinkling of white on his crown. He wore an aspect, as of one who had words both ready and inexhaustible, and as possessed of the excellent grace of perseverance, to a degree, that he would not retreat an inch in the way of concession, to escape the crack and pudder of a dissolving world. His venerable, gray headed father, also a clergyman, and two younger brothers, were with him. It was understood, that he was independent in point of property, and that he edits a religious paper of extensive circulation. It ought not to be forgotten, that both the father and son perform their clerical duties to the congregation at Bethany, *gratis*. Mr. Owen had a kind of second, too, in a young German gentleman, who travels with him as an interpreter. A stenographer, also, sat in the enclosure of the altar, to take notes of the debate.

When the Welch philosopher arose, might have been seen, in their most amusing relief, eyes strained, mouths half open, and heads bent forward. We saw him forthwith mounted on his wonted black hobby, 'the social system!' It was not long, before we discovered that the champion of the covenant, in like manner, sported a magnificent, mottled hobby, which our innate reverence for holy things forbiddeth us to name. The historian relateth with grief, that during the eight long days of this logical tournament, these two coursers were riding up and down the field of controversy, constantly menacing fight, but never coming to close quarters in the actual tug of battle; for lo! instead of an effectual 'closing in' of quiddities and metaphysical cuts and thrusts, which we expected would make 'the lint fly,' at once, Mr. Owen 'fought shy,' reserved his fire, and entrenched himself impregnably behind the 'twelve divine, fundamental laws of human nature,' precisely as our soldiers did on the glorious eighth, behind the cotton bales below New Orleans. On the contrary, our western friend of the covenant showed manful fight, on the open field, to the end of the joust.

If we could follow, and describe all the movements and curvetings of the aforesaid hobbies, during the momentous contest, we much fear, our readers would not follow us; for they well know, that to feel the zest, such things must be seen. We shall, therefore, only glance at the more prominent performances of each.

'The twelve fundamental laws,' or twelve pillars of the social system, are predicated on the following asserted doctrines. We are the 'effects' of our 'circumstances,' as strictly as inanimate matter obeys its laws.—Therefore, we are not subjects of responsibility, praise or blame. We can neither think, act, love, hate, marry, become fathers, eat, drink, sleep, or die, other than as we do. These irresistible circumstances having placed us in a predicament, every way *nauseous* and irrational, it follows, that we ought forthwith to assert our control over these uncontrolable circumstances, and change them for the infinitely better class, which the philosopher proposeth in their stead. He came over these laws with a frequency of developement and repetition, which elicited a frequent laugh at his expense from all, who perceived not, that his sole purpose, in this tournament, was to make the reputation of his antagonist a kite, to take up his social system into the full view of the community, and by constant repetition to imprint a few of his leading axioms on the memory of the multitude, that could in no other way have been collected to hear.

The positions, which he thus fixed on the memory of his hearers, with an untiring perseverance, were, that a Christian infant educated in Hindostan would be a Gentoo, in Turkey a Mahomedan, in a cannibal tribe a cannibal, in a quaker family a quaker; and so of the rest.—He would have nothing to do with speculation, and would take nothing but *facts*. There were no facts, on which to affirm, or deny, touching the being of a God, the origin of the material universe, or man. We knew a few facts, and might form probable conjectures about others. He believed some historical statements, when they ran not counter to the twelve laws; but held all history of a contrary character wonderfully cheap. It may be therefore, imagined, how he disposed of the external and internal evidences, the miracles and prophecies of our religion. His twelve laws constituted a grand besom, with which all religions, of all ages and climes, were alike to be brushed away, 'like chaff before the wind.' He described the biped breed, under present circumstances, as being miserable stock. 'He had never seen' he said, 'a rational face in his life.' Their origin seemed to him an ill managed, half dozing 'circumstance' of the legal prostitution, called marriage. That matter was now better understood, as it related to the great improvement of the breed of quadrupeds, which, he hinted, might be carried to an infinitely higher and more worthy scale of melioration, when applied to the breed of bipeds. The energy of mutual liking, and of constantly accumulating power of mind, will and muscle, promised illimitable advantages to the generations of the future. As it was now, it was a joke, and rank perjury, to swear, either in prose or rhyme, on the knees, or howsoever 'stirring the stumps in doleful dumps,' that the parties would love each other, *till death them do part;* seeing it was not improbable, from the analogy of no small number of similar cases, that they would prove very tabby cats, soon after the lapse of the honey moon. Christian society was one web of lie, warp and woof, dissimulation, quarrel, and blood shed. All the great drama of deceptive acting, all the malevolence, poverty and evils of society he traced to the *free will* systems of religion, to the priests and the weekly preachings of ministers, to whom none might reply. Some of his illustrations had simplicity, piquancy and point. Take an example. 'My friends,' said he, 'it is not quite two months, since I was in the great square in the city of Mexico. I heard a little bell tinkle. A friend said to me, kneel down, Mr. Owen, or you may else be killed. The Host is passing. I took out my pocket handkerchief, laid it on the ground, and kneeled on it. Had you been reared in Mexico, my friends, you would have been as serious in that way, as you are now in your own. And, so far as numbers can give authority to opinion, they are greatly your superiors.'

According to him the social system is to be a complete renovator and purifier. Under its influence man is to be regenerated into a paradisiacal millennium. A *nova progenies*, a new race of most vigorous and beautiful lads and lasses are to be turned together into the fresh clover field of existence. Undisturbed with meditations upon the past or the future, unshackled with matrimony, almost freed from disease and the seeds of decay, performing the little labor, necessary to subsistence, chiefly by machinery, with the greatest abundance of the best of every thing for human nature, (a favorite phrase) these pretty ones will have little to do, but to eat, and drink, and rise up to play; billing like turtle doves, so long as mutual liking lasts; and dissolving the partnership with the first harbingers of a murky atmosphere. They will treasure chemistry, philosophy and useful knowledge, and pry into some of nature's privacies in a new sort of a style. Children of five years will know more, than the best educated scholars of twenty do in the present order of things. The world is to be dotted off into one immense family of communities, of a minimum of 300, and a maximum of 2000, all wantoning in the aforesaid rich clover field. Travelling is to be freed from its present bitter concomitant, expense; for the traveller will be every where at home, and welcome to the commonwealth of the community. Society will be inexpressibly delectable; for like will cling to like, precisely like two magnets. Such is Mr. Owen's romance of the social system—as fair as a piony, as fragrant as white honey suckle; as loving, as the Vermonter said, as *forty*—and alas! as short lived, as the prophet's gourd.

'The particles, which compose my body,' said the philosopher, are eternal. They had no beginning, and can have no end. I shall be decomposed, and lose my consciousness in death, to be recomposed, and to re-appear in new forms of life and enjoyment.' At least he could not be charged with disguise, or reservation; but came out with gratuitous plainness, in the most revolting and desolating tenets of the creed of the everlasting sleep of death. As he uttered this, a general revulsion of horror passed across the countenance of the crowded audience. We felt at the moment the long covered coals of our own eloquence burning in our bosom; and fancied, that we could have made an overwhelming appeal to the horror stricken multitude. Not so Mr. Campbell. He had other combinations for the close of the campaign, and had determined to put his antagonist to the logical sword, in his own time and way, ***secundum artem.*** Mr. Owen, aware of the impression he had created, diverted the current of feeling by a pun. 'My friends,' said he, 'you have heard these wonderful stories. If you can away with them all—you are able, indeed, to swallow a camel'—(Campbell.)

They very often had good and palpable hits at each other, raising a good humored laugh at each other's expense. Mr. Campbell generally commenced his tilt of thirty minutes, by presenting Mr. Owen's positions in a ridiculous light, often availing himself of the argument of ***reductio ad absurdum.*** Many of his ***jeux d'sprits*** were singularly quick and felicitous. Amidst the general laugh, Mr. Owen's equanimity never for a moment deserted him. Some of his own retorts flashed upon the yawny tediousness of the prolonged contest, like lightning at midnight. We give two, which remain distinctly on our memory.

A certain Paul Brown wrote a book, entitled 'a twelve month's residence in New Harmony.' He was a disappointed grumbletonian, and did up Mr. Owen and his system, as with a cleaver. 'We have just heard,' said Mr. Campbell, 'Mr. Owen's beautiful theory of the social system; and Paul Brown's 'twelve month's residence at New Harmony'—and he made a rhetorical pause, to give force to the intended sarcasm, in saying, *will show the thing in practice.* Mr. Owen, who had hitherto received the thirty minute's fire of his antagonist with smiling and unwincing silence, saw what was coming, after 'Paul Brown's twelve months residence,' and interjected in the rhetorical pause, '*is all a lie.*' The effect was electric, though whole members of sentences are required to relate it. Another retort was still happier. Mr. Campbell had been discussing the evidences of Christianity from the fulfilment of prophecies. He gave the customary views of the duration of a prophetic year. Said he, Mr. Owen denies the truth of the prophecies, and is at the same time a prophet himself—ay, and a false prophet too, as I shall prove. Few of you can have forgotten, that, three years since, he prophesied in this very city, that within three years, the houses would be tenantless, and the inhabitants emptied into the 'city of mental independence.' It was a home thrust; and seemed almost too severe for the comity of a debate, in which the parties constantly called each other 'my worthy friend.' Mr. Owen arose with his invincible equanimity of good humor. 'At that time,' said he, 'being a prophet, and availing myself of a prophet's phraseology, I spake of prophetic years. Taking the exposition of my worthy friend, the period of my prediction includes something like 750 years. The prophecy will be fulfilled, long before that.'

Mr. Campbell possesses a fine voice, a little inclining to the nasal; and first rate attributes and endowments for a lawyer in the interior; perfect self possession, quickness of apprehension and readiness of retort, all disciplined to effect by long controversial training. The words, *logic*, *ratiocination*, *syllogism*, *premises*, *subject*, *predicate*, *conclusion*, *dilemma*, *demonstration*, *axiom*, *&c.* were uttered, perhaps, too frequently; and the whole had too much the air of being said, *ad captandum.* We forbear to notice the unfortunate demonstration, touching the two parallel lines. In a popular argument before such an audience many provincialisms, and ungrammatical phrases, ought of course, to be excused. But we could with difficulty, reconcile his occasional fine flights, with the bad taste of introducing God and the Saviour in such perfectly equal, trivial and common parlance colloquy with mortals, as he often ascribed to them. We know, that this is almost the universal popular strain in the western country. A man of such talents and powers ought to give the first example of correcting it. The incongruity of such associations in every trained mind is monstrous. We dissented wholly from his favorite theory, that the idea of a God, a spirit, an altar, a priest, &c. could only have been taught by revelation or tradition. We yielded no readier faith to his declaration, that language must have had the same origin. Some parts of that system of Christianity, which he presented, were as new, as they seemed circumstantial, singular and whimsical to us; and the whole of the logomachy had resemblance to any thing, rather than a public forensic discussion at Cambridge or Yale.

But apart from these defects, as they seemed to us, he evinced a very great amount of various reading of every thing, that could be supposed relevant to his discussion. Every ancient writer, sacred or profane, that had left any remains, which had the least bearing upon his subject, came back from his niche, to instruct us. Warburton, Newton, Locke, Milton, Butler, Soame Jennings, and the great names of that class were put in requisition on the one hand; and the whole herd of philosophers, skeptics, and atheists on the other, were evoked from their sleep of the tomb, to be compared, judged and sentenced. His proofs of Christianity were of the common character, and arranged in the common way. We cannot say, that the arguments were stronger or better arranged than Paley's. But they were able; and we were at once pleased and surprised to find, that his views of Christianity were decidedly of the liberal cast. In his contrast between the tendencies of the two systems, and the hopes of a Christian, departing in the joyful triumph of faith to his eternal home, and the desolate sullenness of the Epicurean, laying himself down under the omnipotent pressure of hostile nature to the eternal sleep of the grave, he was impressive and happy. Very often, during the debate he manifested those resources, which belong only to an endowed and disciplined mind.

On the seventh day of the debate, the shot in the locker of the Welsh philosopher having temporarily given out, without his hanging out any signal of surrender, he retreated behind his 'twelve fundamental laws,' and intimated that his antagonist might thunder upon him unanswered for some hours, if he chose. Mr. Campbell availed himself of the opportunity, to carry forward his argumentative sequence of proofs, in a connected and uninterrupted essay of some hours. Having recruited somewhat during this interval, Mr. Owen availed himself once more of his thirty minutes, not forgetting the 'famous twelve fundamental laws,' and the debate closed.

During the eight days, that the discussion lasted, the church was uniformly crowded, seldom admitting all the spectators. We all felt, that our city richly deserved the compliment, which both the disputants gave it. There was the most perfect order, and entire decorousness of observance, during the whole debate. Although the far greater proportion were professed Christians, and no small part of the stricter class, they received with invincible forbearance, the most frank and sarcastic remarks of Mr. Owen, in ridicule of the most sacred articles of Christian belief. We thought these remarks were often gratuitously offensive. But we perceived it to be part of his system, to keep back nothing; and to leave no ground for charges of reservation, or withholding the most revolting features of a full length portrait of his scheme. An intelligent foreigner remarked to us, as a compliment apparently involuntary, that he had seen no place, where he thought such a discussion could have been conducted in so much order and quietness. All the weapons, badges and guards, that sustained it, were the invisible ones of opinion. Nor did Mr. Owen fail to remark upon it, as a harbinger of the general and speedy prevalence of his opinions, that had he declared the same sentiments fifty years ago in any part of Christendom, he would have been torn in pieces. Truth is, our industrious people gave up eight days to their curiosity, and desire to understand the art of chopping logic, and reviewing the several systems of skepticism. They returned with tenfold zest to their handsaws and trowels, aware that a bushel of words would not buy a single article in the market; and to their pews, as usual, on the Sabbath, fully impressed, that to live in clover, with ample range of the social system for eighty years, was a poor substitute for the hope of a happy immortality in the eternal regions of the living. Meanwhile we are to have the whole debate from the press; and therefore we have found it necessary, only to touch upon the more prominent points of discussion.

Mr. Campbell at times discovered some impatience, that Mr. Owen could in no way be brought to grapple with him in a metaphysical wrestling match of words. The philosopher, keeping steadily in view his great purpose, to bring his social system fully within the apprehension of the people, never left the fortification of his 'twelve rules' for a moment.—When the debate terminated on the eighth day, it had become too dark in the evening to read, after Mr. Owen had made his last remarks. Mr. Campbell desired the whole congregation to be seated. Every one in a moment sat down in profound stillness. 'You,' said he, 'who are willing to testify, that you bore the gratuitous vilification of your religion, not from indifference or skepticism, but from the Christian precept to be patient and forbearing under indignity, you who prize the Christian religion, either from a belief in it, or a reverence for its influences, be pleased to rise.' Instantly, as by one electric movement, almost every person in the assembly sprang erect. 'Gentlemen,' he continued, 'now please to be seated.' All again were seated in almost breathless expectation. 'You,' said he, 'who are friendly to Mr. Owen's system, be good enough to rise.' It was almost with a shiver, that we saw three or four rise from the mass to this unenviable notoriety. The people resumed their character, as sovereigns, for a moment. A loud and instant clapping and stamping raised a suffocating dust to the roof of the church. The invincible good temper of Mr. Owen, was not overcome even by this. He smiled, bowed, called it a pretty manœuvre, and seemed a little perplexed at this turn taken upon him, by one who perfectly knew the Kentucky management of the people. We humbly trust, that the result will be, that the empire of bigotry in this quarter will be shaken to its centre; that the two extremes of Calvinism and Atheism will be alike rejected by the sober good sense of the people, and that the intellectual pendulum will settle in its vibrations to the permanent point of reasonable and liberal Christianity.

For the rest, every one remembers the employment, which Milton assigns, as a recreation on their sulphur hills to the spirits in prison. It was these same inscrutable mysteries of fate, fixed fate, and chance, and the origin of evil, that involved them in mazes of wordy dispute, that rendered confusion worse confounded. Every thinking person must have felt the true character and import of such a discussion before such an assembly. Whoever wishes to know the utmost, that the human mind can achieve upon the subjects, brought into discussion before this audience, would choose to sit down in his closet with Locke and Butler, and Samuel Clarke and Paley before him. But Mr. Campbell left on the far greater portion of the audience an impression of him, of his talents and powers, and his victory over his antagonist, almost as favorable, as he could have desired.

Twelfth Annual Report of the American Bible Society. New-York: 1828.—pp. 116, 8vo.

This report contains, as usual, a great amount of interesting correspondence, from Sweden, South America, India, and from domestic sources. The society is about organizing their system of operations upon a much more enlarged and efficient scale. In the past year, they have issued full and part copies of the scriptures, chiefly the former, in different languages, 134,607 copies. It is understood, that their expenses have considerably exceeded their income; so that, if the charity of the religious public should not be more amply extended to this great and noble institution, they will be obliged to curtail the range of their operations. We quote the eloquent conclusion of their address to the public.

"In concluding this sketch of the Bible cause, your board, in view of its animating progress, would respectfully ask, how ought the friends of this cause to feel? how to act? Should not emotions of gratitude to the great Giver of success pervade all hearts, and a new and invigorated purpose of future action be implanted in every breast? Who does not rejoice, that to the word of God is now given such free course? Go back a few centuries, and the sacred oracles were rarely to be found; and when found, were but in written form, and mostly in languages which had ceased to be spoken. Little was done to diffuse these blessings among the poor even in Christendom, and nothing to extend them to the heathen tribes. Now these holy writings are translated into nearly two hundred living tongues, and copies of them have become almost like the stars of heaven, innumerable. By the aid of the press, they can now be multiplied at the rate of many hundreds of thousands in a single year; and by international communication, can be transmitted to the ends of the earth. Surely this is no ordinary period in the moral history of our species. In the words of the sagacious Clinton, at our last anniversary, "we are on the verge of events, greater than the astonishing ones which have occurred within our times; discoveries vast and stupendous, institutions deeply connected with human amelioration, and events of unprecedented character, may be expected."

'On the benevolent of this age are thrown responsibilities, which may well cause both rejoicing and trembling. With them, under God, is suspended the momentous question, whether this ruined world is to be enlightened and reclaimed; or continue to press on, in unbroken generations, down to the chambers of death, without knowing whither they go.

'It may be added, too, that no small part of this reformation, if ever accomplished, is to devolve on the land where Providence has cast our lot. To us is given a territory stretching from ocean to ocean, an exuberant soil, a healthful climate, a free and happy government, where the poor and oppressed of the old world can find plenty and a peaceful home. Under these auspicious circumstances, our numbers are augmenting in a ratio which has no parallel, and which would *alarm* almost any other nation under heaven. Here millions after millions of our race are destined to live and act, and pass their time of trial.

'The influence which this mighty host, with its wealth, its commerce, its enterprise, its example, its intelligence, is to exert on the nations of the earth, is an influence which no human mind can calculate, which eternity alone can fully disclose. In giving a virtuous shape and character to the influence which is thus to go forth, much, very much is to depend on the combined energies of our religious associations. More than your managers can describe, is to depend on the auxiliaries and friends of this institution, whose twelfth anniversary we now so joyfully celebrate. Holding the position we do, in this age of the world; located as we are in a field of boundless extent, of increasing biblical wants, our time, talents, influence, efforts, are all put in requisition, and cannot, *must* not be withheld.

'Looking up to him who has given us his word to be the "Man of our counsel," let us, in this season of our solemnities, *resolve*, never, never to abate our labors, till every dweller on our mountains and in our vales shall possess this word—no, not till all nations read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.'

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1829.

INLAND TRADE WITH NEW MEXICO.

WILLARD'S *Travels from the sources to the mouth of the Rio del Norte.*

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

OUR last number gave details of the journey of this young gentleman from St. Charles, on the Missouri, to Santa Fe in New-Mexico; and thence to Chihuahua. Various Spanish writers, Malte Brun, Humboldt, General Pike, and others, have described this country superficially; Gen. Pike, perhaps, more satisfactorily, and more to the common apprehension, than any who preceded him. Baron Humboldt only travelled it, and rapidly, in one direction. Pike was a kind of state prisoner, while in it, and was necessarily, much restricted in his means for making observations. Perhaps no person has had more ample chances of this kind, than Dr. Willard. Unfortunately, he was there with the feelings and temperament, which are usually appended to the people from his section of the country, and whose principal object is to secure, what the New-Englander calls the main chance. He now bitterly regrets, that he did not more highly appreciate, while he was in that interesting, and in a great measure undescribed and unexplored country, his opportunities to have made a book of travels of very high interest.

As it was, he remained in the country nearly three years, made his first essays at operating on the living fibre among the New-Mexicans, traversed the whole extent of country from Taos to Matamoras, a distance by the travelled line, of more than 2000 miles. He travelled leisurely, and at intervals, through the country, practising physic at the more important towns, making some stay at Santa Fe, Chihuahua, Monterey, Saltillio, Maspimi, Matamoras, &c. We note in his journal, which details the events and journeyings of each day, proofs of the hospitality of the higher classes of the citizens, and of the readiness of the people to trust themselves to an American stranger, who appears among them in the character of a physician, although they consider him a heretic. This is evidence conclusive of their deep respect for the supposed learning, acuteness and talents of the people from our division of the continent. He made money rapidly, as a physician among them. But it seems, he looked from the 'leeks and fleshpots' of this distant and strange country, with a filial remembrance, towards the common mother of us all, the land of his birth; and preferred to return, and encounter the scramble and competition of an over crowded profession, certainly with inferior prospects of present pecuniary advantage. We admire that feeling, in our countrymen, which prompts them, in remote and foreign lands, still to turn their thoughts towards home, as the place of the charities, views and motives, that render life desirable. A true hearted American, living or dying, as long as pulsation lasts, *dulces reminiscitur Argos.* It will gratify the reader to learn, that our enterprising, modest and amiable traveller spoiled the Philistines, in an honorable and honest way, of a sum of dollars, which to a young, sober and calculating New-Englander may be considered the embryo germ of a future fortune.

We left him last at Chihuahua. He left this place, August 5, 1827. Unfrequent as rains are, he records being wet with a shower on the way to San Pablo. On the 11th, another shower is recorded. From these casual records, we should infer, that the aridity of the country has been overstated, as the records of rains occur in this journal almost as frequently, as they would in our country at the same period. The loss of four mules is mentioned on the night of the 12th, The loss of horses stolen is also mentioned, as a frequent occurrence. Once or twice all his clothes, save those he wore, were taken off, during his sleep, at his places of encampment. It is noted often, as a circumstance of hardship, that he encamps at night without water; and, once or twice, that the beasts travel all day, without finding either grass, or other feed. Frequent mention is made of *haciendas*, *ranchos*, and small villages. Among them are noted Vera Cruz, San Blas and San Bernardo. He arrives at Maspimi, September 7th. The night before his arrival his best horse was stolen. He stays on the 14th at San Lorenzo, where the grape is cultivated to a considerable extent; wine, brandy, and dried fruit being important articles of their commerce. The large establishment here occupies from 150 to 200 hands. The whole of this magnificent and expensive establishment is owned by a young widow. He thinks the wine rich, and of a fine flavor, describing it, as having the sweetness of a Greek wine. On the 19th he arrives at Saltillio. This town he supposes to contain 10,000 souls; a great proportion of them Indians. The valley, in which it is situated, he describes, as one of great beauty; deeply verdant, and productive of rich fruits. It is surrounded by rugged and lofty mountains. Great part of Baring's famous purchase lies between Paras and this place, a distance of 88 miles. He considers the intermediate country, by no means a fertile one. In all these places he meets Americans, whom he names; and notes the places of their birth. On the 21st he records passing many fine farms, and in one instance a line of stone wall, laid perfectly regular and straight three miles in length, and enclosing a rich wheat field.

There is little in the subsequent notes of the journal, which would so much interest the general reader, as the mass of information, thrown together in the notes upon the country, which follow. We recommend them to the attentive perusal of the reader, as we give them substantially in the author's own words. The reader will not find in them the manner of Baron Humboldt, or Malte Brun. They have no resemblance, either, to the remarks of Gen. Pike. But they have the piquancy and freshness of being the views of a shrewd, and intelligent young man, who had his eyes open, and was accustomed to make observations, although to make money was his first vocation. It is, perhaps, from views like the following, that we form more definite and adequate conceptions of a country, than from the scientific and ambitious writings of practised scholars, and travellers, who commence their career with the professed purpose to make a book.

General aspect of the country embraced in a tour from Council Bluffs, Mo. to Santa Fe, New-Mexico, thence down the general course of the Rio del Norte to its mouth, comprising a distance of 2000 miles.

The physical appearance of that part of the country, lying between the limits of Missouri and the Rocky mountains, is generally well known to be, comparatively speaking, an illimitable expanse of prairie. That portion of country, situated between the Missouri and the head waters of the Osage rivers, is considerably undulating; the lower situations of which abound, more or less, with timber, grass and small streams; the higher portions are usually covered with grass only.

When arriving at the termination of this immense valley, we meet abruptly the Rocky mountains, or the southern extremity of that chain so celebrated for eternal snows and rocks. These mountains are mostly covered with pines, some spruce, hemlock and white birch. On the top of the mountain we found several vallies abounding with natural meadow, and having the appearance of receiving daily showers and heavy dews. Here the atmosphere was delightfully cool, while the plains on each side were so destitute of rain, as to render the air sultry and to require irrigation for all the common products of agriculture.

The province of New-Mexico is rather more mountainous, than that part, formerly called New-Biscay, now state of Chihuahua; but is interspersed with some rich vallies, particularly those bordering on the Rio del Norte. The city of Santa Fe is situated 25 miles from the river, at the barren foot of a mountain. It was established about the beginning of the 17th century, and seems to have been formerly a place of considerable importance, as a rendezvous for troops. It now contains perhaps not far from 2000 souls, the most of whom have the appearance of penury. The mines in the neighbourhood of Santa Fe were formerly worked, but are now abandoned. The principal articles of commerce are sheep, blankets, buffalo hides, and sometimes their meat and tallow, peltry, salt, and the common productions of agriculture, as corn, wheat, beans, onions, &c.

At the Passo del Norte, an important village, the grape is cultivated to a very considerable extent, of which they prepare excellent wine, and brandy, making use of hides for mashing vats. For these articles they find market at Santa Fe and Chihuahua. Dried grapes, apples, onions, &c. are taken down in great abundance. Chihuahua and its vicinity, with all the territory north of it is supplied with salt from a lake in the neighbourhood of the Passo. There is, also, about two day's ride west of this place, an exceedingly rich copper mine, which was worked for many years by Pablo

Guerra, an European Spaniard, who realized some hundred *talegas* [a bag of 1000 dollars] from its proceeds. In consequence of the late law of expulsion, he was obliged to relinquish it. It is now worked by two Americans, Mr. Andrew Curcier, a merchant in Chihuahua, from Philadelphia, and Robt. McKnight, from St. Louis, Mo. A considerable amount of gold is found in this same mine; but, I believe, not incorporated with the copper.

That part of the republic, called Sonora, bounded by the Gulf of California, is celebrated for its rich mines of silver and gold. These metals, together with mules, horses, beeves, hides, and peltry, are exchanged for articles of merchandize, which are mostly supplied by the Americans from Missouri. They, however, procure some part by arrivals by sea in the port of Guimus, situated on the Gulf. It was in this part of the country, that the Indians were most troublesome, during my residence there.

The tribe then hostile belonged to the *Yacqui* nation, united, I believe, to some of the Navajo tribe; both of which are exceedingly numerous and rapacious. Pitica, Arrispe, and Guimus are the principal towns or villages within that state. Upper California apparently has but little correspondence with that, or any other country; as brave Indian tribes inhabit the head of the Gulf, the Rio Colorado and adjacent country, so that the inhabitants are in a measure cut off from correspondence with the rest of the world.

Chihuahua is an incorporated city, of about 9000 souls, and the largest north of Durango. It is regularly laid out, but indifferently built; containing five or six churches, of which the Paroque is splendid, it being constructed of hewn stone, from base to spire. The temple of Guadaloupe, is also elegant, but smaller. The numerous paintings, of course religious, which are suspended within, do honor to the nation in the art of painting; they being, according to my taste, better executed, than the celebrated painting of Mr. West at Philadelphia. This town seems to have been established by the Jesuits, at an early day; and located to suit the convenience of the mining country. There is yet remaining abundant evidence of their superior skill and perseverance, in the arts of building, mining, &c. The place now contains about thirty smelting furnaces, the most of which are generally in blast, and which, in the course of the year, separate a great quantity of the precious metals. The most part of the ore smelted at this place is brought from La Roche, some 150 miles, over an exceedingly mountainous country. Their only mode of transportation is on the back of mules, which are made to carry 300 lbs. each. These loads produce from 25 to 50 and $100 each, according to their quality. Price of smelting pr. load is $14; freight from 6 to $7. This mineral is bought and sold at the mines, as an article of merchandize, according to its purity. In regard to manufactures, there are few in Chihuahua; and, I believe, not many north of the city of Mexico; though in this place there is no lack of carpenters, shoemakers, hatters, tailors, blacksmiths, jewelers and painters. But they are of the most ordinary kind. The city is under municipal regulation. A board of twelve Alcaldes, constituting a junta, execute justice, according to common sense, and their notion of right and wrong, provided interest or partiality do not happen to preside. Law, I believe, is seldom consulted in matters of common place litigation. They, however, have higher tribunals to which appeals can be taken, and by which criminal causes are tried; but an appeal is almost an unheard of issue. The *carcel* or jail, abounds with old and young, male and female, mostly committed under charges of theft, assassination and murder. The court recently ventured to pass sentence of death on a man between 25 and 30 years of age, after having acknowledged that he had committed ten murders; yet a great deal of commiseration was excited for his case by the priests and lower orders of society. They have now a workhouse, where all the lower classes of criminals are made to labor. The lawyers are few, as likewise the physicians; the former are commissioned by the general government, and allowed a salary of $2000. Their province seems to be to expound the law, or rather decide, as judges of it. All bonds, notes, agreements, &c. have to be passed under the official seal; and cost, according to the value, from 6 1-4 cents to eleven dollars, and the proceeds go to support the revenue. Every village or settlement has its priest and alcalde. The former presides over their morals, and arrogates to himself the dictatorship of their consciences, while the latter wields the sceptre of civil justice, and decrees, and executes with all the dignity of a governor. If parties aggrieved enter a complaint, he despatches a foot page with his official cane, which is a process of compulsion, or *forthwith;* and in case of non-compliance the party is made liable to a discretionary fine.

Although these modes of judicature may seem to us despotic, yet they constitute, no doubt, the most salutary system for that people. In regard to their national constitution, they have copied it from ours, or nearly so, excepting religious intolerance. This they are aware, is anti-republican; and yet their universal and bigoted attachment to this faith, and their peculiar situation in a civil, religious, and military point of view, at the close of the revolution, seem to have demanded it.

The constitution may be altered in the year 1830, by the concurrence of two thirds of the members of the congress; and at which time, it was expected by many, with whom I conversed, an attempt will be made to tolerate all religious denominations. Their sources of revenue are the following; on all merchandize they impose an enormous duty. I think, according to their last assessment, this duty is from 15 to 50 per cent. according to the species of goods. Another very considerable revenue accrues from the culture and manufacture of cigars. This business is monopolized by the government, who furnish all parts of the republic with this the greatest of their luxuries. To give an idea of the quantity consumed in Chihuahua, and the adjacent villages, I publish a note made at the time of my residence there, which states, that on the 16th October, 1826, one caravan of mules brought to the custom house, cigars valued at $95,000; and that a few days after, another arrived and brought $25,000 more; and at the same time it was remarked by good judges, that it was but about half the quantity consumed in the year. This may be well imagined, when we consider, that all smoke, both old and young, male and female. The duties arising from the precious metals smelted, which are 2 per cent., amount to something very considerable. All monies removed from one state to another are liable to 2 per cent.; and if taken out of the government, another 3 1-2 per cent. Formerly each state claimed 2 or 3 per cent. on all merchandize, sold within its limits; but this tax was repealed more than a year ago; and was merged in the international duties. All produce of the farm, as beef, pork, grain, fruit, vegetables, &c. is subject to duty. And then comes the 'severest cut of all,' the *tithes*. Thus the poor farmer may at once make up his mind to devote himself a willing slave to the minions of superstition and credulity. But oppression does not stop here. It may be traced through the minute rammifications of all social and religious intercourse. To explain these bearings, it would be necessary to pause in these remarks, and notice such characteristics, as compose, or help to compose, a body politic; and which comprise a variety of materials, which directly or indirectly influence the happiness or prove the bane of society. In illustrating this hint, it will be necessary to pass in review a subject, which, though variously understood, is nevertheless sacred to every christian believer. I shall, therefore, aim at *due deference* for *every* religious sect; and particularly that one, of which I am about to speak. Its claim I am assuredly not disposed to deny. But when I reflect on the situation of a people by nature free, and as a body, endowed with all the moral and physical advantages to make them great, wise, and happy, I can but enquire into the causes of the great and obvious distress, which pervades this fair portion of our continent.

During my residence with that people, no situation could be better calculated than mine, to facilitate the objects of this enquiry. My profession naturally led me into the sphere of intimacy and confidence, which brought into view, the most generous and noble traits of the human mind; while, at the same time, I was obliged to witness with disgust, the thousand meannesses incident to human nature, which found their way through all the avenues of avarice, prejudice, interest and power.

In the first place, we find them bound to observe all the enjoined feast days, amounting to more than one hundred, during which, they are not permitted to labour. Among these, Sundays are included. About fifty days in the year, are devoted nominally to their patron saints. We will now suppose, that out of seven millions (the supposed amount of the population in Mexico,) three sevenths are labourers, at the moderate price of twenty-five cents per day, the loss would amount to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and in the course of a year, to thirty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars! Added to this prodigality of time, no doubt some 12 1-2 cents at least would be spent by each, by way of drinking, recreation, or otherwise, which would amount to thirty thousand dollars per day, and for the year, one million five hundred thousand dollars; making an aggregate of thirty-nine millions of dollars lost time in this way to the community. Added to this sum, would be the expense of rockets, illuminations, artificial bowers, church expenditures, civil and military uniforms, and a thousand other collateral expenses, that grow out of this established usage.

This of itself would seem to be sufficient to impoverish a nation. But we have yet to consider a few other items; such as pertain to births, deaths, marriages, &c. &c. In regard to baptisms, I have often witnessed them; but am unacquainted with the expense. The ceremonies of a common marriage are not considered decent, unless they cost $100; burials about the same price, though regulated by the style, number of priests, musicians, part of the *campo santo*, in which the interment is made, and the number of masses subsequently said, &c. The funeral rites of infants usually cost from $20 upwards. The high or low cross makes a great difference in the expense. All children, who die before the age of accountability, are considered (and, I think, very properly) to have taken their departure for a better world. Hence the supposed propriety of festivity and rejoicing at such obsequies, and a grave solemnity at those of adults. The most exhilarating music is played at the house of the little innocent sojourner, and also on the way to the potters' field, together with discharge of rockets, accompanied by a rabble of boys, paupers, mendicants and priests.

It may not be uninteresting to notice some few of these civil and religious customs, inasmuch as they differ from our own; and border on what our people are apt to consider a puerile superstition.

The greatest personage of their adoration, is called *Nuestra Senora de Guadaloupe*, whom they esteem their patroness saint. She is said to have appeared near the city of Mexico, soon after the conquest of Cortez; calling herself by this name, and at the same time averring herself to be the true Mary, mother of Jesus. Her appearance was made to a poor Indian, who was civilized, and had some office in the church ceremonies.

He was by her ordered to go to the bishop of Mexico, and make known to him the wonderful apparition, and deliver him the following verbal message: 'That she had descended to the earth, the guardian protectress of that happy nation. That a temple must be built to her name in the vicinity of Mexico, where her benign influence would be shed to the healing of the nation.' This command seems to have much surprised the poor native, who declined being the messenger of this heavenly mission, alleging his lowness of birth, and the probability of his being considered an imposter by the bishop, when stating a circumstance so contrary to the common order of things. Whereupon she bade him not to fear, but do as she should command him; and that she would suitably reward him. She then told him, that in order to convince the bishop, that the message was from heaven, he must go on to a neighbouring mountain, where he should find in great abundance, a variety of blossoms, which at that time of the year, it being winter, could not naturally exist, and hence the evidence of a miracle. Many more mysterious circumstances are related in the history of this renowned personage, comprising a very considerable volume. But it is sufficient to say, that the message was received, the temple erected on the spot by her pointed out; and that she is now the object of devotion, and made the principal object of their mediatorial rites.'

The anniversary of her appearance is the 12th of December, when a painting of her is taken from the temple, and carried to the *Paroguia*, followed by a promiscuous procession. The next day she is returned to her temple; though there is always a duplicate representative kept at the church, which is carried out to visit the sick, and ward off disease. When any one falls sick, a greater or lesser catalogue of painted and wax images surround the patient's bed, which they almost incessantly implore.

Being naturally a credulous people, they place the most implicit confidence in all superiors; but more particularly in the priests and physicians. All such as are visited with sickness, usually meet with ample hospitality and commiseration. As it is a generally received opinion that the Spanish character is fraught with stealth, jealousy, perfidy, rapine and murder, I feel it an incumbent duty to contradict, or rather palliate it in a great measure. I grant, we find this a predominant feature in the lower ranks of society, and too much countenanced by the higher order. But where is the country that is not more or less afflicted in the same way? Even our own country is not without crimes from these sources. Though they are not perpetrated with impunity, they are suffered to rankle in the bosom of society. So, while we there find the suspicious rabble of the community addicted to these vices, we oftener find them here confined to those who assume the importance of gentlemen, who openly or covertly practice their crimes under the protection of the public countenance. The Spanish Don is generally a high minded, honorable and dignified character, who would not descend to meanness. Like all other nations, the people here watch their interest with tenacity. But so far as my experience goes, a respectable stranger meets with a hospitable reception, and is often loaded with favour. Among the wealthy we not unfrequently find the liberal heart and hand, to as great an extent as any other part of America can boast. Another beautiful trait in their character is a universal respect for seniority. Thus you find the elder brother respected and obeyed; while the parents command the most profound reverence to the end of their life. Common salutations are exceedingly cordial and polite. An embrace with the head uncovered, is the usual ceremony. If a servant is spoken to, he uncovers, before he makes his reply. Thus you find the most illiterate heathen looking characters among them, well versed in etiquette. The stranger is struck with the great discrepancy of dress between the high and low classes; as the former abounds more or less, with gold lace or rich embroidery, and the latter, polished with smoke and grease, is little more than a blanket.

As a people they seem to me to possess less versatility of genius, than perhaps, any other people. Such traditions as their forefathers sanctioned, are in no case questioned; but remain incorporated with their religion. All their manual labor appears to be conducted in the ancient routine of almost savage simplicity; even their women, to this day, are made the efficient instruments in reducing all their maize to meal, of which their bread is mostly constituted. Every other process of labour is conducted with equal embarrassment and disadvantage.

Having thus far hinted at their customs, I shall have to consider the country lying between Chihuahua and the mouth of the Rio del Norte, both in a geographical and agricultural point of view. The reader will understand, that there is a great sameness in most of the Mexican Republic; as the general aspect is that of alternate low plains, high mountains of barren heaths, interspersed with arid plains, that would be productive, but for the want of seasonable rains, so necessary to fertility. Those mountains lying S. W. between Chihuahua and the Pacific, are said to be much higher and more productive of timber, having great supplies of rain.

But in travelling from Chihuahua to the Atlantic coast, we seldom meet with water, more than once a day; and that furnished by trifling streams, or springs; and frequently from deep wells, where live a few shepherds, to water the flocks and s[illegible] water to passengers.

On almost all the streams, we find more or less inhabitants, according to the advantages of water and soil. On the rivers St. Pedro, Conchez, Guajaquilla, Parral, Napas, Parras, Pattas, Santa Catarina, &c. which are very small streams, we find more or less agriculture, conducted by irrigation, and for the most part, sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants of the immediate vicinity. But the mining towns are mostly dependant on their supplies from abroad. Santa Cruz and St. Pablo, 60 miles from Chihuahua, on the river St. Pedro, afford many good farms. Parral, containing perhaps 8000, is altogether a mining town. St. Bartolomeo and Guajaquilla, 180 miles south of Chihuahua, containing 2000 souls, are mining villages, having some wealthy European Spaniards, who were the proprietors of the mines, but who were about to leave the country under the late law of expulsion.

In going from Mapimi to Parras, distance 120 miles, we cross Nassas, a small river which soon loses itself in a little lake. After crossing this river we enter extensive plains, as barren as the deserts of Arabia. It was in these I travelled three successive days, without being able to procure my horses and mules a single feed, as the country was literally dried up. At Parras I was delighted with the sudden change of scene. I should suppose this place and St. Lorenzo, which are contiguous, might contain six or eight thousand inhabitants, who cultivate the grape in great abundance, supplying all the adjacent country, as far as Chihuahua and Durango with the articles of wine, brandy and all kinds of dried fruit. I here noticed one vineyard of, I should judge, 250 acres, owned by a young widow, which together with the other farming departments, occupied 200 labourers the year round. From this place to Saltillio, distance 140 miles, we passed over a broken and mostly sterile country. This is the tract purchased by the house of Baring, London; said to contain 140, by not far from 200 miles square, for which I was informed by his principal overseer, living at Pattas, he was to pay a little short of one million dollars, but had paid 100,000, and refused further payment from some dispute about the title. The haciendas are all worked under his direction. Saltillio is situated at the head of a large valley, affording a beautiful landscape, it being surrounded by a chain of picturesque mountains, which enclose the city, and an expanded series of cultivated farms. This place, I think something larger than Chihuahua, and better built, constitutes the Parogue, which is supposed to be the best of its size within the republic.

A great portion of the population of Saltillio, are civilized Indians.—They occupy a large suburb of the city, and merit no small applause for their industry and ingenuity. I was delighted while passing their neat and even elegant cottages. Their little enclosures appeared teeming with verdure and fruit-trees, which bespoke the frugal husbandman. I was pleased to observe the remarkable difference between the dress of these natives, and those of Chihuahua.

Here were similar fashions, but under an entirely different aspect; the Indian women were all clad in blue petticoats, a cotton *camisas*, with bosom and sleeves ruffled; then thrown gracefully over a blue and white striped *revoza* or scarf, all of their own manufacture. These revozas they likewise manufacture of the common sewing silk, which they so variegate, as to throw their work, when finished, into beautiful uniform, fancy figures. These are worth from thirty to fifty dollars each. Blankets are also made in a similar manner and with equal elegance. Their apparatus for each consists of a little more than a few rods and strings, with one end of their piece fastened to a permanent stake, set in the ground; while the other is fastened by a strap, that goes round their waist, that they constitute at least half of the loom. Their position is that of a tailor, in which they sit, and fill in the various and beautiful colors, according to the sample before them.

I here met with several French and American merchants, though none permanently settled. They were about leaving for Durango and Chihuahua. I was also visited by an Italian, by the name of Don Jose Rose, who had resided here for many years. It being Friday, the market was destitute of meat, but said he, if there is any fish to be had, I shall expect you to dine with me; and I will let you know accordingly. It was not long before word came, that I should be expected precisely at 12 o'clock, and to bring my comrade with me. Accordingly, I waited on him at the time appointed, and sat down to a dinner served up in excellent style; and it concluded with a desert and wines of excellent quality. This gentleman (some forty-five years of age) had never seen proper to change a state of celibacy for that of a matrimonial life; but chose to govern alone his peaceful domicil in single blessedness.

From Saltillio to Monterey, 60 or 70 miles distance, we pass Rinconada and Santa Catarina, which are small villages. The country is quite broken, rocky and sterile. At Montelrey, I remained eight or ten days. This place is of about the same importance as Saltillio; but not quite so populous. They are both mostly built of stone: at this place the mountains diminish; and extensive valleys commence. Here was a great abundance of oranges and lemons in their prime. In its vicinity the cane is cultivated largely, which supplies all the country to Santa Fe with the article of sugar. It was worth at this place from five to six cents per lb. according to quality. I also found several French and American merchants residing here; who spoke of it as only a tolerable place for business. I also became acquainted with Col. Guttierez, former Governor of Tamulipas, who now resides here in command over the troops. He spoke of himself as having been the principal agent in the proscription of the Emperor Iturbide, which proceedings he gave me in detail; his appearance and manner clearly indicate military enthusiasm and promptitude of decision. His volatile and unsophisticated look and manner, reminded me of the celebrated *Ringtail Panther of Missouri.* He certainly managed with great energy at that eventful crisis, when the fate of a nation depended on the decision of a moment.

From Montelrey to the coast the country lies exceedingly level, abounding more or less with musquito bushes, black ebony, and many other shrubs. In most part of the route the palm tree abounds, but they are much larger from Saltillio east. This tree seems to be of a character, partaking of the shrub and plant in point of consistence, and general appearance, growing from six to thirty feet high. The Maguey, is a plant, that grows in many parts spontaneously, and from which they derive a liquor, called *pulk*, which is much used in large cities. They obtain this juice, by cutting off the plant, which is from six inches to eighteen in diameter; and at the same time they so excavate the stump, as that it will retain the juice, as it exudes upwards. This is afterwards laded out, and suffered to ferment for use. It is of this juice they make a kind of whiskey, called *vino meschal.*

Between Montelrey and the Rio del Norte, we passed a few small villages, of which Cadarota was the most considerable, it being a great sugar region. At Quemargo, we struck the del Norte, which I last saw at El Passo, more than a thousand miles above. A great part of the river between these two points traverses a savage country. Quemargo is something more than one hundred miles from the sea, and from which place to Matamoras it is thinly settled.

The village of Matamoras, formerly called Refugio, is forty miles from the harbour of Brassos Santiago; and stands immediately on the bank of the river, and is said to contain ten thousand inhabitants; but, I should think, not more than eight thousand. There are some two hundred Americans and French in this place, most of whom are merchants and mechanics. They have erected several very good brick buildings, and the place begins to wear the aspect of enterprise. There is a company or two of Mexican troops stationed here, which make great ado about nothing. A portion of them are kept at the Brassos, to protect the Custom-House, and prevent smuggling. But Americans have seen too much territory, to be deterred from saving 3 1-2 per cent. either by stratagem or by bribery; both of which are easily practised with the unconscionable Spaniard. In fact, the American party is so strong in that place, that they do as they please. The consul (Daniel W. Smith) has great influence among them; as, whatever he says is law and gospel.

In regard to the harbour, it is both ample and safe, when once entered; but of dangerous entrance, owing to the channel being shallow, say six or eight feet water. It nevertheless commands considerable commerce during the year. There has been little exported from this port, except during the last two or three years. Since that, it has consisted mostly of passengers and their money: many of the European Spaniards embarked from this port, carrying with them large fortunes of silver and gold, on which the ship masters impose a tax of one per cent. They likewise export some hides, horns, mules, ebony, and some colouring woods. But these exports bear but a small proportion to the amount of specie taken out.

We insert the following article from a learned correspondent, because we deem the doctrines and opinions, advanced in it, substantially true; and because we think it important, that right apprehensions should be entertained upon these points, which are not only essentially important in themselves, but involve important consequences. The reader, who knows our modes of conducting argument in issue upon disputed points, will perceive, that the writer carries himself, as a belligerent, more in the attitude of defiance, and confidence of impregnable defence in his opinions, than is our habit. The reader should, also, be advised, that the chief point advanced in the following paper, to wit, the human origin of language, was recently denied, and the contrary confidently asserted by a gentleman of acknowledged acuteness and powers, to wit, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, in his late controversy with Mr. Owen. It seemed, also, an important object with him, in that debate, to prove, that we could never have attained by our reason to any idea of a God, an altar, a sacrifice, &c. We deemed this a much more fundamental mistake, than the former. The writer of the following article has briefly controverted that opinion. But, possessing a temperament ardently sanguine, and a confidence in his opinions, when once formed, that nothing can shake, and that, in his mind, excludes doubt, he has advanced beyond our own opinions of the extent and capability of human reason, compared with the teaching of the scriptures. We wish never to extend the province of revelation too far; for injudicious efforts of this sort always endanger the 'ark of the covenant.' But, once within the legitimate purview of revelation, we bow with humble deference to its teachings. Nature and reason, as we conceive, proclaim a God; and we suppose, that the scriptures, instead of making it a point, to prove or assert the being of a God, assume it, as a selfevident, or granted truth. One word more, and we give the article to the reader, to speak for itself. We believe with him, that language is of human invention. We believe, that reasonable beings in every country and clime, who 'know not God, and glorify him not as God' are 'fools and inexcusable,' as the great apostle declares them. Revelation must assume the great mass of human knowledge, as granted, and admitted—and in that mass the being of a God, as the only foundation, on which that great superstructure can be raised; and, that our ideas of a God are derived from our reason and our senses, the very term *spirit*, in all languages declares. The Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Roman, Saxon, and English term spirit, as every one knows, is derived from a supposed analogy of the idea to that of *air*, *wind*, &c. the most subtle and volatile of the elementary substances of our system—a conclusive proof, that our senses at once furnished the idea, and gave us the term.—[Ed.

THOUGHTS ON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

Language is the expression of the various states of the intellect, arising from its connexion with the external world and its own internal action. It is, in other words, the manifestation, by sounds and signs, of feeling, sentiment, ideas, and reflections. It belongs, therefore, to every being that feels, perceives, or thinks.

There are two kinds of language, natural and conventional. The former, which consists of both sounds and signs, is universal, and identical, and, as relates to man, is spoken and understood by all nations, without the process of artificial teaching. The latter, which consists in sounds alone, and is called articulate speech, is greatly varied in kind, is different in different nations, and is understood and spoken only, as the result of instruction. By signs here, we mean peculiar movements of the body.

Language, then, bears a necessary and specific relation to the intellect, in all its varying states and conditions. It is one of the results of those states and conditions. Extinguish them, and you extinguish it; modify them, you modify it; augment them, you augment it. It accompanies them in all their changes, and without them could have no existence. They are the fountain, while it is but the stream; they the substance, it is but the shadow. They, at least, stand related to it as the object to the picture. Hence they possess not only a priority, but a higher order of existence.

To speak more definitely on this subject. Feelings must exist before words are either necessary, or can be formed to express them. The same is true of sentiments, ideas, and reflections. This is as certain as it is that the object must exist before the artist can paint it. Language, then, is not the source of mental states and conditions, but the consequence of them. It can no more originate a feeling, an idea, or a thought, than a painting or a piece of sculpture can originate the object which it represents. It is a maxim of common sense, that the thing expressed must precede that which expresses it, whether the expression be made by sounds, signs, or colors.—Nor is it less obvious that the thing expressed is, indirectly at least, the cause of the expression, and therefore of a superior as well as a prior order of existence. The applicability of these remarks to the subject of this article will appear presently.

As relates to its origin, language has been referred to two sources, *human invention*, and *divine revelation*. The object of the writer of this article is briefly to express, on this topic, his own views, accompanied by his own illustrations. The advocates of the divine origin of language represent man as incapable of inventing it. They admit his capability to form ideas and conceive thoughts, but not to originate sounds to express them; as if the latter were the higher and more difficult process. The writer, on the contrary, believes articulate speech to be as much the creature of human invention, as any other art which man practises. Some of his reasons for this belief are as follow.

All the inferior animals possess languages of their own, competent to their wants, and suited to their economies. And each species speaks its native language as correctly, and understands it as perfectly, as man speaks and understands his. It also understands the language of its enemies, and, on hearing it, prepares immediately for flight or resistance. And in the language of many species of inferior animals there is a great variety. Each feeling is expressed by a different sound. Gregarious animals, moreover, have peculiar notes, which they use for specific purposes. Some of these are warnings to scatter and fly, when an enemy is approaching, others to array themselves in order of battle, while others again are calls to re-assemble, when the danger is past. Who has not attended to the language of crows, rooks, magpies, daws, starlings, and particularly to that of our domestic fowls? Who can be ignorant of the language of martins, which often seem to join in familiar and varied conversation? Who does not know that the chattering of certain species of monkeys, when assembled in large numbers on the trees of the forest, bears a strong resemblance to barbarous human speech? And the individuals of the tribe understand it as clearly as man understands his own language. Our domestic hen has one accent or expression of love, another of anger, another to announce the deposition of her egg, another to warn her chickens to scatter and hide, when danger threatens, another to evoke them from their places of concealment, when the danger is over, and another to invite them to their food. Nor are the notes of the male less numerous, less expressive, or less perfectly understood.

Such, we say, is the language of the inferior animals. But no one contends that it is the result of revelation. On the contrary, every one acknowledges it to be the product of the powers which the animals possess. In every species it differs, according to their different faculties, and the modes of life they are destined to pursue.

The CREATOR of the inferior animals, then, has made them the authors of their own language, without any aid from him, other than that of their peculiar endowments. And has he bestowed less perfection on man, whom he is declared to have formed in his own image? Has he made the daw and the martin capable of all language required to their purposes, and denied that capability to the human race, the *chef d'ouvre* of his earthly creation? An affirmative answer to these questions cannot, we think, be given, on grounds of reason. It can proceed only from superstition, or some other mental illusion. Were man incapable of forming his own language, he would be lamentably imperfect. He would be the only being on earth, not adapted to the station he occupies. For it will not be denied, that conventional speech is as essential to him, as the language of the inferior animals is to them. Why, then, should he be less capable of forming it? Let those who can, answer the question. The CREATOR of the universe has no partialities. He has endowed all his creatures alike, according to their standing and economies. It is much more consistent, then, with the general scheme of things, that man should be endowed with a capability to invent a language for himself, than that he should be made so defectively, as to be obliged to depend for it on a special revelation. It imparts to us, moreover, a much more august idea of the Deity, to believe that he so framed and endowed man originally, as to render him fully competent to his own economy, and the supply of his own wants, than to imagine that he made him so imperfect, as to be obliged to aid him afterwards, by his immediate influence, in so important an acquisition as that of language. The CREATOR and organizer of the universe governs the machine, he has thus framed, by principles and laws, and not by his own proximate agency. This renders him the *great cause* of causes, not the immediate cause of every subordinate effect. One of these principles is, that every thing possessed of life promotes best its own end, and contributes most to the general order, harmony, and good of the whole, when, by the exercise of its powers and properties, it provides for its own wants, and seeks its own comforts. That this is a general principle, clearly manifested in the government of creation, will not be denied. Nor, as relates to his acquisition of speech, is man an exception to it.

Shall we be told that our argument is founded exclusively on analogy, which cannot be admitted as a basis of philosophy? We answer, that we do not rely on it alone, but have something further, and freer perhaps from exception, to offer.

We have already observed, that language is but the expression of feelings, ideas, and thoughts. Feelings must be experienced, then, ideas formed, and thoughts conceived, before words can be framed to express them.—Speech, apart from that which it is meant to picture forth, is but empty sound; as unmeaning as the murmur of the rivulet, the whisper of the breeze, or the roar of the tempest. Words can communicate no knowledge to the mind, without a reference to the things they represent. Address an individual in a language unknown to him, and you impart to him nothing.—Point to the object of which you speak, or translate your discourse into his native tongue, with whose relation to that object he is familiar, and he will understand you. Nor, with his present endowments, can he be made to comprehend you in any other way. Mere words, then, we repeat, independently of their prototypes, can engender no knowledge. To speak with reverence, the Deity himself, unless he were to work by miracle, could not, by mere speech, impart to man a single idea, or awaken in him a single definite thought. He could not thus reveal to him either himself or his attributes. He must reveal himself and his attributes in some other way, and then the terms by which they are designated will have a meaning; not otherwise. Try the truth of this on one of our Western Savages. Pronounce to him the word "God" or "Jehovah," and he will have no conception of the import of the term. But tell him that it is the GREAT SPIRIT that formed the mountains and the plains, the rivers and prairies, and strikes fire and thunders in the skies, and he will at once comprehend you. Or translate your language into his, and he will again understand you, because he is acquainted with all the references of his native tongue.

How, then, does man acquire his ideas and thoughts? Does God communicate them to him by immediate revelation? Or does he attain them by the exercise of his native faculties? In the latter mode unquestionably. The point is settled. Man has no *internal ideas* on natural subjects born with him, or imparted to him afterwards by divine influence. His faculties are given to him, and he attains ideas only by exercising them.

We again ask, then, how does he acquire a knowledge of the terms by which his ideas and thoughts are expressed? Does he himself form the ideas and conceive the thoughts, and does the Deity busy himself in framing words to express them, and whispering them into the ear of the creature he has made? Does he allow man to perform the *higher* and *more important* function, that of *thought*, while he himself stoops to the *inferior*, the *manufactory* of words, to serve as its representative? For that the business of thought *is* the superior, cannot be denied. Ideas and thoughts are the substantials of the intellect, while language is nothing but their medium and garniture. Hence the individual who employs an abundance of words, apart from solid and appropriate ideas and thoughts, is but a babbler.

This presentation of the subject we consider fair. The only rational inference from it is, that man has a power to form and does actually form his own language, as well as his ideas and thoughts. The one is no more the result of revelation than the other. They are both alike the issue of the legitimate exercise of human powers. Man has a faculty to invent language no less than the telescope, the quadrant, a printing press, or a steam-boat. To say the least of it, a knowledge of astronomy, of the science of fluxions, and of mathematics generally, is as profound and difficult an object of human attainment, as a knowledge of speech. Yet no one derives it from divine revelation. But this would be equally as fair and reasonable, as it is to derive language from that source.

But we have yet other objections to offer to the notion of the divine origin of language. Had it been imparted to man by immediate revelation, it would have been perfect from the beginning. It would have been competent to all the wants and purposes of man, in every stage of improvement, to which he could attain. It would not itself have needed to be improved, that it might be adapted at all times, to the march of knowledge.

But is such the case? Was the language of primitive times, when ignorance prevailed, sufficient for all the purposes of later ages, when light and knowledge more extensively abound? We know it was not; but that the augmentation and improvement of it were essential, to suit it to the changing condition of human science and the arts; and that such augmentation and improvement have been in constant progress. They are in progress now, and will so continue to increase. Five hundred years hence human speech will be probably as different from what it is now, as it is now from what it was five hundred years ago. And the change will consist in augmentation and improvement. But had it been a matter of revelation, we need scarcely add that the case would have been otherwise. To suppose man capable of improving revelation, and under a necessity to improve it, to render it competent to the object intended by it, would be to offer an insult to the AUTHOR of revelation. It would be to pronounce him defective in either design or performance. Or do our opponents allege that each *improvement* of speech is also the result of an immediate revelation; and that as soon as a new idea or thought is formed or conceived, a new term is communicated from heaven, by which it may be expressed? No one, we presume will profess such a belief. Yet either this is true, revelation is imperfect, or man is himself the inventor of speech. We adopt the latter alternative, and present to our opponents the two former as a dilemma, between which they must necessarily choose. They cannot refuse to admit that either their revelation of language was insufficient to serve the purpose for which it was intended, or that every individual by whom it has been ameliorated, introduced his improvement under the immediate influence of divine revelation. The ancient Greeks, therefore, who had the most perfect language, must have been the most inspired people that ever existed. They must have been in the highest degree, favoured by heaven, and in the most direct and familiar intercourse with it. But no one acquainted with the idle dreams of their religion, and the wildness of their superstitions, will be induced to admit that this was the case.

But, say our opponents, the similarity or rather identity of the fundamental principles of all languages proves them to be but different branches or dialects of one parent language, which was originally communicated by heaven to the common progenitor of the human race. Such similarity, they add, cannot be accounted for in any other way.

To this we reply, that, in the formation of speech, similarity of construction and principle was unavoidable. The reason is obvious. Language is founded on the nature of things, which is every where the same. It is a transcript of the human intellect, corresponding to its own faculties and workings, and setting forth the relations between it and the various objects and phenomena of the external world. As the human intellect, then, and external nature are every where so much alike, as to be constructed on the same general model, so must language, which might be fitly enough denominated the representative of both; and which, in a particular manner, expresses the relation between them. Nature consists of objects and events, qualities and actions; and these present themselves in a scheme of striking uniformity. Hence nouns, adjectives, and verbs, which are expressive of these, constitute the principal parts of speech. The other parts, being but appendages to these, or substitutes for them, may be correctly enough said to be under their control. But the strict uniformity and similarity of things as they are, must give a corresponding uniformity and similarity to that which truly and faithfully represents them. Hence the necessary and close resemblance between the fundamental principles, parts, and general construction of all languages. To render the thing otherwise, nature and the human intellect must be made different from what they are, and entertain towards each other a different relation. We mean particularly that they must be different in different portions of the earth. Then, but not before, will it be possible for languages to differ widely in their principles and structure. From their similarity, in these respects, then, no argument can be drawn in favour of the divine origin of speech.

Were we inclined to press this subject, we are authorized to call on our opponents to specify the *primitive language, revealed to man,* and trace the legitimate descent of all other known languages from it. But this they cannot do. This they dare not attempt to do; because they are aware that the project would fail. The whole is founded on conjecture and fostered by superstition. We are not acquainted with a more baseless hypothesis. It is not sustained by even the shadow of rational evidence.

We confidently repeat, what we have already intimated, that there is as much reason to believe in the revelation of astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, and, we might add, the singing of birds, as in that of human speech. Let our opponents designate the original language, which they consider as the revealed one, and we pledge ourselves to show, by a fair analysis, that their allegation is unfounded.

All convential language is of human origin. When scrutinized and understood, the intellect of man is found to possess faculties intended and specifically adapted to invent it. He has only therefore, to exercise those faculties, and the work is done. To bestow on him powers to form speech, and then to reveal it to him, would be supererogation, with which the Deity is never chargeable. He confers what is requisite, and nothing more.— And what his creatures can attain or invent, by the powers bestowed on them, he does not superfluously give to them, permitting them to remain in idleness and inaction. And it is fortunate, that this is the case, inasmuch as the health and enjoyment of the animal creation arise from action.

We are told that wild men and women, who have been found alone, in some of the forests of Europe, had no artificial or conventional language, and that therefore such language is not of human invention, because they had not invented it.

This argument, if such it can be called, proves nothing. The miserable beings referred to have been always greatly defective in intellect, if not actual idiots. The very fact of their roaming alone in the woods is proof of this. Of the usual powers of invention, therefore, they were destitute.—Nor is this all. Man, in a state of positive solitude from an early period of life, will never exert, to any effect, what intellect he possesses. Certainly he will not exert it on any thing not connected with his immediate wants. But what need has he of language? That belongs entirely to the social state. On nothing indeed will the human intellect exert itself efficiently, unless it be stimulated by the immediate excitements of society, or some considerations connected with it. Such is no less the result of experience than the dictate of reason and common sense. From the very nature of the case, therefore, a human being, bred alone in a forest or wilderness, without any knowledge of society, *cannot possibly*, certainly *will not*, invent a language, whether he possesses the power or not. On the contrary, suppose him to have a knowledge of one when placed there, he will lose it in time, for want of practice in speaking.

To give to their hypothesis any shadow of rationality, our opponents should show that the invention of language is more difficult, and more unsuitable to the faculties of man, than other inventions, which he is known to have achieved. But this they have neither done nor even attempted. Nor, were they to make the attempt, could they prove successful in it. The reason is obvious. They would be engaged in an effort to prove the truth of an unfounded position.

Those who adhere to the hypothesis of the divine origin of language, are generally the advocates of another, which we deem no less exceptionable. It is that without the aid of *written or oral* revelation, man could never have formed an idea of the existence or attributes of a God. The Deity, say they, has not so manifested himself in the works of creation, as that the human intellect could have the slightest conception of him, unless he had disclosed himself to it through some other medium. And that medium, they contend, can be nothing but language. As if the mere name of a God, unaccompanied by any manifestation of his attributes, could communicate to the human mind a single idea.

A notion more visionary, and more replete with error than this, can scarcely be imagined. We repeat, that the mere name of a Deity, unless it be composed of words previously understood, is an empty and uninstructive sound, whether its origin be earthly or divine. It is a word belonging to an unknown tongue, and without an interpretation, signifies nothing—communicates no definite idea.

There is but one mode in which the human mind can possibly arrive at the conception of a Deity; and it is the contemplation of the works of nature; in the words of the poet, looking "through nature up to nature's God." Without this aid the Scriptures could never have imparted to man an idea of the Creator and Governor of the universe. But, without the Scriptures, the contemplation of nature could. We hesitate not to declare that to the works of nature alone, are we indebted for our knowledge of the existence of a God. Such, we repeat, is the nature of the human intellect, and such its only mode of acquiring knowledge, that to no other source can we be indebted. Mere words are no revelation, and can disclose nothing that is unknown.

To what does our conceptions of a God amount? It does not and it cannot embrace either his form, his essence, or his mode of acting. We see and recognize him only through his attributes; and they can be learnt only by the contemplation of nature. In the vastness, organization, economy, and general phenomena of creation, we discover power, knowledge, wisdom and goodness, and we feel the impulse of mercy in ourselves. These attributes we take in the abstract, conceive of them as boundless, and unite them in a being, which we denominate God, and regard him as the author and director of all we contemplate. The attributes just specified we know he must possess, otherwise he could not have bestowed them on his works. For it is palpable as well to reason as to observation, that nothing can be in the effect which is not in the cause. By observations made on the works of nature then, and fair inductions from them, we attain our knowledge of the existence and attributes of a God. This is the elder and universal revelation. And all that written or oral revelation can do, is to confirm, and, in some respects, further elucidate it.

I know it is contended that the mercy of the Deity is learnt from written or oral revelation alone. This is a mistake. The mode of exercising and dispensing mercy is thus learnt. Unless we felt the impulse in ourselves, or witnessed its operation in nature around us, the term *mercy* would be an unmeaning sound. That attribute of Deity, then, we must learn from nature, as well as the others, if we learn it at all.

We are told that persons born deaf have no idea of a God, because they have no sense of conventional speech. This we believe is not always the case. But if it were, it would not militate against our position. The intellects of the deaf, who have not been instructed, are necessarily dull and comparatively inactive. The want of excitement through the important sense of hearing unavoidably renders them so. By conversation, music, and other kinds of sound, the brain is more excited and the intellect more enlivened through the auditory, than through any of the other external senses. No wonder, then, that when this sense is wanting, intellectual attainments, especially those of causation and abstraction, should be on a limited scale. The case cannot possibly be otherwise. It is utterly unfair, therefore, to make the attainments of the intellect, when deprived of the sense of hearing, a standard to measure its attainments when possessed of that sense. It is to predicate the same of perfection and imperfection, the fallacy of which must be obvious to every one. Hence the palpable futility of the objection.

The intellect of man possesses a native and very active faculty, whose function is to take cognizance of the relation of cause and effect; to search after causes from effects, and after effects from causes. It is thus and thus alone, that we safely pass from the known to the unknown. This is the process by which we ascend from the lowest to the highest link in the chain of nature, which conducts us unerringly to the knowledge of a God. Without this faculty of causation we could form no idea of the character of a Deity, from any words that could be sounded in our ears. This is true, if there be any thing such in the philosophy of man.

The human intellect possesses also a sentiment of veneration, whose highest object is the God of the universe. This sentiment points to a First Cause in the abstract, worthy of all reverence, without attaching to it any particular union of attributes. It might be correctly enough denominated a sense of Deity. Every one possessing this sentiment and the power of reasoning, is sufficiently endowed to attain a knowledge of the attributes and existence of a God, from an exclusive contemplation of the works of creation. But every human being, not defective in his organization, possesses these faculties. Hence the universality of the belief in the being and attributes of a God, and of a sense of dependence on him, manifested by every nation and people of the earth.

We know it is contended that this belief is the result of tradition. This position we pronounce unfounded. But as the discussion of it would extend this article to an inadmissible length, we must postpone it until a future occasion. PHILOLETHOS.

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

In the last number of the Edinburgh Review, there is a long and splendid article on Hallam's Constitutional History, in two volumes. We quote the eloquent introduction, as follows.

'History, at least in its state of imaginary perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. But, in fact, the two hostile elements of which it consists have never been known to form a perfect amalgamation; and at length, in our own time, they have been completely and professedly separated. Good histories, in the proper sense of the word, we have not. But we have good historical romances, and good historical essays. The imagination and the reason, if we may use a legal metaphor, have made partition of a province of literature of which they were formerly seised *per my et per tout;* and now they hold their respective portions in severalty, instead of holding the whole in common.

'To make the past present, to bring the distant near,—to place us in the society of a great man, or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture,—these parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist. On the other hand, to extract the philosophy of history,—to direct our judgment of events and men,—to trace the connexion of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom, has become the business of a distinct class of writers.

'Of the two kinds of composition into which history has been thus divided, the one may be compared to a map, the other to a painted landscape. The picture, though it places the object before us, does not enable us to ascertain with accuracy the form and dimensions of its component parts, the distances and the angles. The map is not a work of imitative art. It presents no scene to the imagination; but it gives us exact information as to the bearings of the various points, and is a more useful companion to the traveller or the general, than the painting could be, though it were the grandest that ever Rosa peopled with outlaws, or the sweetest over which Claude ever poured the mellow effulgence of a setting sun.'

We extract his happy parallel between Cromwell and Napoleon.

'Mr. Hallam truly says, that though it is impossible to rank Cromwell with Napoleon as a general, yet, 'his exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the effects of an original uneducated capacity.' Bonaparte was trained in the best military schools; the army which he led to Italy was one of the finest that ever existed. Cromwell passed his youth and the prime of his manhood in a civil situation. He never looked on war, till he was more than forty years old. He had first to form himself, and then to form his troops. Out of raw levies he created an army, the bravest and the best disciplined, the most orderly in peace, and the most terrible in war, that Europe had seen. He called this body into existence. He led it to conquest. He never fought a battle without gaining a victory. He never gained a victory without annihilating the force opposed to him. Yet his triumphs were not the highest glory of his military system. The respect which his troops paid to property, their attachment to the laws and religion of their country, their submission to the civil power, their temperance, their intelligence, their industry, are without parallel. It was after the Restoration that the spirit which their great leader had infused into them was most signally displayed. At the command of the established government, a government which had no means of enforcing obedience, fifty thousand soldiers, whose backs no enemy had ever seen, either in domestic or in continental war, laid down their arms, and retired into the mass of the people—thenceforward to be distinguished only by superior diligence, sobriety, and regularity in the pursuits of peace, from the other members of the community which they had saved.

'In the general spirit and character of his administration, we think Cromwell far superior to Napoleon. 'In civil government,' says Mr. Hallam, 'there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open.'—These expressions, it seems to us, convey the highest eulogium on our great countryman. Reason and philosophy did not teach the conqueror of Europe to command his passions, or to pursue, as a first object, the happiness of his people. They did not prevent him from risking his fame and his power in a frantic contest against the principles of human nature and the laws of the physical world, against the rage of winter and the liberty of the sea. They did not exempt him from the influence of that most pernicious of superstitions, a presumptuous fatalism. They did not preserve him from the inebriation of prosperity, or restrain him from indecent querulousness and violence in adversity. On the other hand, the fanaticism of Cromwell never urged him on impracticable undertakings, or confused his perception of the public good. Inferior to Bonaparte in invention, he was far superior to him in wisdom. The French Emperor is among conquerors what Voltaire is among writers, a miraculous child. His splendid genius was frequently clouded by fits of humour as absurdly perverse as those of the pet of the nursery, who quarrels with his food, and dashes his play-things to pieces. Cromwell was emphatically a man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind, that equally diffused intellectual health, which, if our national partiality does not mislead us, has peculiarly characterised the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty. The cup which has intoxicated almost all others, sobered him. His spirit, restless from its buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it. He had nothing in common with that large class of men who distinguish themselves in lower posts, and whose incapacity becomes obvious as soon as the public voice summons them to take the lead. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince. The manner of Napoleon was a theatrical compound, in which the coarseness of a revolutionary guard-room was blended with the ceremony of the old Court of Versailles. Cromwell, by the confession even of his enemies, exhibited in his demeanor the simple and natural nobleness of a man neither ashamed of his origin, nor vain of his elevation; of a man who had found his proper place in society, and who felt secure that he was competent to fill it. Easy, even to familiarity, where his own dignity was concerned, he was punctilious only for his country. His own character he left to take care of itself; he left it to be defended by his victories in war, and his reforms in peace. But he was a jealous and implacable guardian of the public honour. He suffered a crazy Quaker to insult him in the midst of Whitehall, and revenged himself only by liberating him and giving him a dinner. But he was prepared to risk the chances of war to avenge the blood of a private Englishman.'

'No Englishman who has studied attentively the reign of Charles the Second, will think himself entitled to indulge in any feelings of national superiority over the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*. Shaftesbury was surely a far less respectable man than Talleyrand; and it would be injustice even to Fouche to compare him with Lauderdale. Nothing, indeed, can more clearly show how low the standard of political morality had fallen in this country, than the fortunes of the men whom we have named. The government wanted a ruffian to carry on the most atrocious system of misgovernment with which any nation was ever cursed—to extirpate Presbyterianism by fire and sword, the drowning of women, and the frightful torture of the boot. And they found him among the chiefs of the rebellion, and the subscribers of the Covenant! The opposition looked for a chief to head them in the most desperate attacks ever made, under the forms of the constitution, on any English administration: and they selected the minister who had the deepest share in the worst parts of that administration—the soul of the cabal—the counsellor who had shut up the Exchequer, and urged on the Dutch war. The whole political drama was of the same cast. No unity of plan, no decent propriety of character and costume, could be found in the wild and monstrous harlequinade. The whole was made up of extravagant transformations and burlesque contrasts;

Atheists turned Puritans; Puritans turned Atheists; republicans defending the divine right of kings; prostitute courtiers clamouring for the liberties of the people; judges inflaming the rage of mobs; patriots pocketing bribes from foreign powers; a Popish prince torturing Presbyterians into Episcopacy in one part of the island; Presbyterians cutting off the heads of Popish noblemen and gentlemen in the other. Public opinion has its natural flux and reflux. After a violent burst, there is commonly a reaction. But vicissitudes so extraordinary as those which marked the reign of Charles the Second, can only be explained by supposing an utter want of principle in the political world. On neither side was there fidelity enough to face a reverse. Those honourable retreats from power, which, in later days, parties have often made, with loss, but still in good order, in firm union, with unbroken spirit and formidable means of annoyance, were utterly unknown. As soon as a check took place, a total rout followed—arms and colours were thrown away. The vanquished troops, like the Italian mercenaries of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, enlisted, on the very field of battle, in the service of the conquerors. In a nation proud of its sturdy justice and plain good sense, no party could be found to take a firm middle stand between the worst of oppositions and the worst of courts. When, on charges as wild as Mother Goose's tales, on the testimony of wretches who proclaimed themselves to be spies and traitors, and whom every body now believes to have been also liars and murderers, the offal of gaols and brothels, the leavings of the hangman's whip and shears, Catholics guilty of nothing but their religion were led like sheep to the Protestant shambles, where were the loyal Tory gentry and the passively obedient clergy? And where, when the time of retribution came, when laws were strained and juries packed, to destroy the leaders of the Whigs, when charters were invaded, when Jefferies and Kirke were making Somersetshire what Lauderdale and Graham had made Scotland, where were the ten thousand brisk boys of Shaftesbury, the members of ignoramus juries, the wearers of the Polish medal? All powerful to destroy others, unable to save themselves, the members of the two parties oppressed and were oppressed, murdered and were murdered, in their turn. No lucid interval occurred between the frantic paroxysms of two contradictory illusions.

'To the frequent changes of the government during the twenty years which had preceded the Revolution, this unsteadiness is in a great measure to be attributed. Other causes had also been at work. Even if the country had been governed by the house of Cromwell, or the remains of the Long Parliament, the extreme austerity of the Puritans would necessarily have produced a revulsion.—Towards the close of the Protectorate, many signs indicated that a time of license was at hand. But the restoration of Charles the Second rendered the change wonderfully rapid and violent. Profligacy became a test of orthodoxy and loyalty, a qualification for rank and office. A deep and general taint infected the morals of the most influential classes, and spread itself through every province of letters. Poetry inflamed the passions; philosophy undermined the principles; divinity itself, inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to its licentious example. We look in vain for those qualities which give a charm to the errors of high and ardent natures, for the generosity, the tenderness, the chivalrous delicacy, which ennoble appetites into passions, and impart to vice itself a portion of the majesty of virtue. The excesses of the age remind us of the humours of a gang of footpads, revelling with their favourite beauties at a flash-house. In the fashionable libertinism there is a hard, cold ferocity, an impudence, a lowness, a dirtiness, which can be paralleled only among the heroes and heroines of that filthy and heartless literature which encouraged it. One nobleman of great abilities wanders about as a Merry-Andrew. Another harangues the mob starknaked from a window. A third lays in ambush to cudgel a man who has offended him. A knot of gentlemen of high rank and influence combine to push their fortunes at court by circulating stories intended to ruin an innocent girl, stories which had no foundation, and which, if they had been true, would never have passed the lips of a man of honour.* A dead child is found in the palace, the offspring of some maid of honour by some courtier, or perhaps by Charles himself. The whole flight of pandars and buffoons pounce upon it, and carry it in triumph to the royal laboratory, where his Majesty, after a brutal jest, dissects it for the amusement of the assembly, and probably of its father among the rest! The favourite Duchess stamps about Whitehall, cursing and swearing. The ministers employ their time at the council-board in making mouths at each other, and taking off each other's gestures for the amusement of the King. The Peers at a conference begin to pommel each other, and to tear collars and periwigs. A speaker in the House of Commons gives offence to the court. He is waylaid by a gang of bullies, and his nose is cut to the bone. This ignominious dissoluteness, or rather, if we may venture to designate it by the only proper word, blackguardism of feeling and manners, could not but spread from private to public life. The cynical sneers, the epicurean sophistry, which had driven honour and virtue from one part of the character, extended their influence over every other. The second generation of the statesmen of this reign, were worthy pupils of the schools in which they had been trained, of the gaming-table of Grammont, and the tiring-room of Nell. In no other age could such a trifler as Buckingham have exercised any political influence. In no other age could the path to power and glory have been thrown open to the manifold infamies of Churchill.

'The history of that celebrated man shows, more clearly perhaps than that of any other individual, the malignity and extent of the corruption which had eaten into the heart of the public morality. An English gentleman of family attaches himself to a Prince who has seduced his sister, and accepts rank and wealth as the price of her shame and his own. He then repays by ingratitude the benefits which he has purchased by ignominy, betrays his patron in a manner which the best cause cannot excuse, and commits an act, not only of private treachery, but of distinct military desertion. To his conduct at the crisis of the fate of James, no service in modern times has, as far as we remember, furnished any parallel.—The conduct of Ney, scandalous enough no doubt, is the very fastidiousness of honour in comparison of it. The perfidy of Arnold approaches it most nearly. In our age and country no talents, no services, no party attachments, could bear any man up under such mountains of infamy. Yet, even before Churchill had performed those great actions, which in some degree redeem his character with posterity, the load lay very lightly on him. He had others in abundance to keep him in countenance. Godolphin, Oxford, Danby, the trimmer Halifax, the renegade Sunderland, were all men of the same class.

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*The manner in which Hamilton relates the circumstances of the atrocious plot against poor Anne Hyde, is, if possible, more disgraceful to the court, of which he may be considered as a specimen, than the plot itself.

'Where such was the political morality of the noble and the wealthy, it may easily be conceived that those professions which, even in the best times, are peculiarly liable to corruption, were in a frightful state. Such a bench and such a bar England has never seen. Jones, Scroggs, Jefferies, North, Wright, Sawyer, Williams, Shower, are to this day the spots and blemishes of our legal chronicles. Differing in constitution and in situation,—whether blustering or cringing,—whether persecuting Protestants or Catholics,—they were equally unprincipled and inhuman. The part which the Church played was not equally atrocious; but it must have been exquisitely diverting to a scoffer. Never were principles so loudly professed, and so flagrantly abandoned. The royal prerogative had been magnified to the skies in theological works; the doctrine of passive obedience had been preached from innumerable pulpits. The University of Oxford had sentenced the works of the most moderate constitutionalists to the flames.—The accession of a Catholic King, the frightful cruelties committed in the west of England, never shook the steady loyalty of the clergy. But did they serve the King for naught? He laid his hand on them, and they cursed him to his face. He touched the revenue of a college, and the liberty of some prelates; and the whole profession set up a yell worthy of Hugh Peters himself. Oxford sent its plate to an invader with more alacrity than she had shown when Charles the First requested it. Nothing was said about the wickedness of resistance till resistance had done its work, till the anointed vicegerent of heaven had been driven away, and it had become plain that he would never be restored, or would be restored at least under strict limitations. The clergy went back, it must be owned, to their old theory, as soon as they found that it would do them no harm.'

ON LIBERALITY AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

In Zoology, for instance, every body reads, or studies the description of a number of animals. How useful an introduction to this study, nay how much more interesting a study in itself would not a summary view of comparative anatomy be? How interesting to trace from man to the zoophyte the increasing simplicity, the difference of conformation and action of the organs, by means of which the vital principle resists the laws of matter! How much more beautiful is the study of zoology in classes, than in individual animals! When will that barbarous word *worms*, which throws together in one class, animals of the most opposite conformation, disappear from elementary books? How much more grateful, by viewing an animal, however small, to remember the wonderfully regular process, by which life is sustained in it, than merely to know its name, and the colour of its wings, and how many spots it has on them?

In Botany again, elementary students are taught to count the ***stamina***, and then to look in a book, where, by means of arbitrary characters, they may be enabled to find the name of the plant. This may sometimes be the easiest way, for finding the name; but what knows the pupil more about the plant? If he had bestowed some attention to the natural families, he would often have at the first glance, some knowledge of the medical properties of the plant. So is a plant of the family of the *Solanæ* always suspicious—of the family of the *Labiatæ* always astringent and aromatic—a *cruciferous* plant antiscorbutic, and we could quote numerous instances to the same intent.*

He would not overlook the distinction, established by nature herself, of *Dicotyledons* and *Monocotyledons*—by referring a plant to a natural family; he would, after having examined some of its most obvious parts, know very frequently *a priori*, the organization of those which his eye, unless assisted, could not distinguish—he would be aware of the admirable regularity, which nature has observed in the formation of the very *embryo* of those plants, which she has endowed with similar properties.

Is not this study more attractive, than an acquaintance with the names and the mere external appearance of a great many plants? The knowledge of the *species* is certainly necessary to the professional naturalist, who abstracts from them the laws of organization; but why does not the general student, who can study only a small part of the science, choose the most interesting—that part, which would at once make him acquainted with the object, the beauties and the difficulties of the study? How can he otherwise understand how those men, who have illustrated their respective science, with the light of their genius, can squander their time in overthrowing the old, and constructing new systems of classification? Will he not call this pedantry, minuteness, and waste of time and talents? Will he believe, in an analogous case in chymistry, that the immense progress that study has made during the last fifty years, is in a great degree owing to nothing else, than the new nomenclature? Is this not a striking instance, that to elementary students a very incorrect idea of the essence of a science is often conveyed?

Again in Astronomy—if the unerring laws, which rule the motions of the heavenly bodies command our unbounded admiration—is there not another consideration, which must excite in our breasts, as men, still more wonder? How was it, that man could arrive at that knowledge?

How many, accustomed daily to observe the position of places on maps, remember, how these positions have been ascertained; and how by means of series of triangles their mutual distances have, in several countries, been measured, and laid down with astonishing accuracy—and in like manner, how our knowledge of the figure of the earth has been obtained?

In history they crowd their heads with successions of kings and princes, of babble and intrigue; and the spirit, that pervaded those epochs, brought on those events, and furnished, as it were, the key to them, is very little attended to. Are we wrong in affirming, that political history, without a due combination, with contemporary literary history, which shows the taste and the ruling ideas of the people and the times, is a barren study?

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* Delandolle, Proprietes medicales des familles naturelles.

Is it not true, that a period, worthy of the highest attention of every thinking man, is rapidly passed over, as sterile in profitable lessons? Are not the middle ages—the times between Hadrian, who revived the sinking arts for a moment, and after whom they fell lifeless into a state of utter degradation, and the revival of the arts and letters in Italy, among the most astonishing phenomena, ever recorded?

It was at a time, when the human mind was almost driven to despair of a better future, when a people with the perfection in arts before their eyes, could not build churches and palaces, but with the columns, bas reliefs, and the very stones, of which they had stripped the works of their ancestors—where with models in literature in their possession, which all the ages to come will admire, they could arrive to no higher efforts, than a few chronicles and disgusting flatteries of their emperors—where they even lost the remembrance of their language—where, what they still retained of the arts of life, was only employed in the destruction of each other—where no peace was to be found, but in convents, and no intellectual exercise, but in religious disputes, too often settled with the sword!

Is not this period, with its dreary dearth of noble characters and actions—if only a very limited time be given to history—more worthy of investigation and reflection, than the long stories, how a petty prince usurped a temporary throne, how he killed his kinsman, and put himself in his place—how often a little province was taken and retaken by two contending princes, until it was finally seized by a third, and many events, which often have not left a deeper trace, nor impressed more durable features upon the history of a country, than the keels, which in the succession of time have plowed the same ocean?

But there is another period, more consolatory to the human heart, which we would have studied, as we said, nearly combined with the history of the sciences and the arts, a period which the philosopher surveys with anxiety, when he sees the hopes of our race resuscitated, still, however, struggling with powerful opponents, but finally triumphant—it is the history of the revival of the arts, sciences, civilization, of all the great advantages of civilized life, which we unconsciously enjoy; it is the first, though distant prospect of the purer religion and morality of our days.

While a gloomy night overhung Europe, new sciences, a new literature, assuming the brilliant and fantastic colours of the East, illumined the Arabs, and their brethren, the bold intruders into Spain, the Moors. But finally religious enthusiasm and adventurous recklessness drove large armies of Christians, to seek death or honour in the East, in motley groups of all nations, countries and languages. Their ill combined and ill directed efforts ended, notwithstanding some temporary advantages, in a complete defeat. But the nations had been brought together; the eyes and wishes of all Christendom were turned to the East; and then resulted from the collision of all these nations a *European* literature,—the literature of chivalry,—the offspring and nourishment of exalted imaginations, filled with ignorance and piety, the ambition of imaginary honours and honourable crimes. The most brilliant works of this literature were the '*Orlando furioso*' and the '*Gierusalemma liberata*,' truly European poems. They were, at the same time, the last *genuine* works of this literature, which died with the dying chivalry. All later attempts, to speak the language and to use the resources of that literature, though made sometimes by men of talent in different countries, were unsuccessful—the nations read the poetry, which they inherited from their ancestors, with the spirit of the times and the men, for whom they had been written—but in reading similar poetry, written by a contemporary, they never could divest themselves of the idea, that this was not the language, the opinions, the wants, the prejudices, or the love of their own days, that their contemporary had been obliged to study himself *into* the spirit of an age with its men, which, together with their taste, joys and griefs, had gone by, and had given place to other times, men, tastes, joys and griefs—that their contemporary had *studied* himself into rivalship with poets, who sang from a full heart, and to hearers, who thought and felt like themselves, of ultimate success and failure, of fierce struggles in the pursuit of those objects, which filled the hearts and minds of every body. Their contemporary rivalled these poets, by borrowing their language, and by imitating them, and this imitation might be curious and ingenious. But as soon, as we pronounce poetry studied, curious and ingenious, we have pronounced its condemnation, as poetry. Chivalry found its death naturally in old age; and that nobody might doubt of its true and identical death, a sempiternal funeral sermon was pronounced over it by Cervantes in his Don Quixote.

But we return from this disgression, in which we have followed this singular '*European*' literature to its termination by the extinction of chivalry, and the formation of an individual national literature, to the object more immediately under our consideration.

France and Spain of our days, which in the days of Roman ascendancy had changed their languages for the Latin, have now, together with Italy forgotten even this language; and in the East they understood each other by means of the lingua Franca of the Christian slaves in Algiers. Each of these nations had more or less seceded from the Latin original, and spoke a dialect more or less barbarous. But when some moments of peace began to return for Europe, or rather, when almost promiscuous slaughter and fighting gave way to more regular warfare of people against people, or province against province—the almost forgotten national distinctions of the West of Europe were re-established, and Europe witnessed the interesting spectacle of the formation of languages, of which nobody knows the author or the exact time of formation, and which we should compare to avalanches, that commencing with a small nucleus, gather new masses of snow round them, and finally overspread the valley; first slow in their increase, and then rapidly augmenting their size, as they come nearer us.

The first language formed was the Italian. The only writer to whom we may almost trace the creation of this language, because he employed it first in nearly its present form, is Dante.

And now each European language is adequate to the expression of all the sublime or extraordinary thoughts, that may originate in, or bewilder the versatile imagination of man.

But the Christians were exhausted, and found occupation at home. Although their fury against the infidels had subsided in some degree, the active Venetian, Genoese and Pisan had not lost sight of the advantage, that might result to them from commerce with those countries, with which the crusades had made them acquainted. And in the train and under the protection of commerce and laws, came the arts and sciences. Statues were dug up under the ruins of buildings, in which they had once been exhibited to the admiration of a sensitive and intelligent people. While Rome barbarously extracted building stones and columns from the inexhaustible store of her ancient buildings, other rich and commercial cities sent for them to Greece and the East, to adorn with them new churches—rich and magnificent, but still with an uncertainty of architecture, which shows that the ideas of taste of their authors were totally unsettled. (Such are San Maria in Venice, and the Cathedral in Pisa.)

But where have all these wonders been operated? Where were the seeds of all that of which we boast in our days, first fostered and carefully nourished? Has the history of the origin of all modern civilization and the contemporaneous history of the land in which it was reared, not a just claim, to be a history common to all civilized nations? Are not the only countries, of which the history is *generally* studied so, as to deserve in any way the name of a study, Greece, Rome, and our country? And why that of the two former, but because they were the cradles of arts, literature and civilization? We however believe, that this history ought to be studied thus—Greece, Rome, four centuries of the history of Italy, and our country; and that Italy, the mother of our modern arts and sciences, of an infinitely more various and perfect civilization, and the first nurse of ancient literature, has the same rights to our gratitude, as Greece and Rome. Or do we refuse her this tribute of justice, because loaded with chains, and crushed by an iron hand, she has not yet disappeared from the rank of nations, and is still exposed to the vituperation of a headless, heartless, senseless host of tourists?

But we hope, that the few examples, which we have given, indicate sufficiently what could be proved of every branch of human learning, that the general student, for fear of learning too much, neglects the best manner of acquiring the most useful part of the science. We cannot abstain however from quoting one instance more, because it shows in a striking manner, how ingenious we are in losing sight of our proposed scope.

What is the purpose, for which general students learn Greek and Latin for such a length of time? 1st. To acquire a philological knowledge of these languages. 2d. To become acquainted with the spirit of ancient authors, ancient literature in general, and with ancient history through the original writers.

As for the philological knowledge acquired, we shall have an opportunity, hereafter to state our belief, that the same and even much more useful philological knowledge could be acquired in less time and with less trouble.

But if you intend, to give your pupil a correct and comprehensive idea of the contents and the spirit of ancient authors, of the manner, in which history has been written by the ancients, in fact, of all kinds of prose works; give him good translations with explanatory notes, without either Latin or Greek, and the student upon this plan will know infinitely more about the spirit, the history, and the philosophy of antiquity, than a student upon the old plan. You say, he may study this when out of college—we answer, that after having read one book of Thucydides in college, he may as well read the remainder at home, with a dictionary and a commentary, and that the study of words, being more mechanical, can be accomplished very well by the aid of books,—but that the pupil requires the assistance of a teacher to guide his first steps in the difficult art of reading to advantage.

This seems to us to be the most undeniable of all the instances, we have quoted, and this would nevertheless, if submitted to scholars, meet from many of them with the most decided and contemptuous opposition.

But our purpose is only to throw out some hints on objects chosen at random, and those who feel interest in the subjects, may apply the same mode of reasoning to all those branches of human learning, which more or less enter into the plan of a liberal education. They will acknowledge, that in each of them there are some leading principles, which, when once strongly impressed upon the mind, will throw light on all the other parts of the science, which may happen to fall under our consideration. Thus in chymistry a superficial knowledge of the simple bodies, of nomenclature, and of the laws of affinity with the theory of equivalents is very easily acquired, and to how many facts, before not understood, does it not contain the answer? We may not know the real composition of many bodies—but as soon, as we contemplate any one, we know according to what laws nature has made it what it is.

Thus in medicine every body may know, upon what studies the science of medicine is based; how far science leads the physician with certainty, and how far he must depend upon his discrimination and skill in estimating the effects of a cause, to the principles which the human eye cannot penetrate. By means of this knowledge they would know, what is required to make a physician—that such or such a one is not a physician, but a quack, because he professes to distinguish diseases by a single effect, which may be produced by a variety of causes; they would regulate their habits according to the dictates of reason and science combined, and be often less tormented with chimerical fears, and finally, they would comprehend, that all patent medicines must necessarily be in many cases dangerous quackeries, because, even if they were adequate to the cure of the host of diseases they profess to banish, they suppose the disease known, and the difficulty with the physician is not, to find the remedy, but to find the disease.

In our remarks on the 'philosophy,' we have not mentioned at all the 'history' of knowledge. We believe this latter to be equally of the greatest utility for enlarging our views,—and its advantages and pleasures seem to us so striking and evident, that it may be sufficient, to mention them in in a few words.

We see the first germs of our modern sciences—the very names of many of them were then still unknown—floating in the excitable imaginations of the Greeks. From these times almost to Lord Bacon, the history of science is, if we except some parts of astronomy and geometry, more a fragment of general and philosophical history, than a part of the sciences themselves. The true history of science began as soon as observation was made the basis of all further inquiry. From that time we perceive some men, who combining patience with penetration, seize some favourite science—they soon know what is known of it to others, and now their honourable and difficult task begins. Struck with the imperfections and contradictions of the science, they apply themselves to rigid and unrelenting observation and comparison; we see them often near the truth, and then again further away, many researches are fruitless, but finally out of many zealous rivals, some more happy or more gifted one finds the truth. But there are still always some minor points not sufficiently well established, and in these the happy discoverer is attacked by his rivals, impatient to have lost their time and pains. He doubts, perhaps, himself, for moments of the truth of his discovery—but new facts soon render the theory more complete and more perfect.

We see men, who have given proof of astonishing acuteness and great talent in one case, fall into errors on other points, and we cannot understand, how they could not see the truth, which lay so near them. It admirably inculcates a cautious and reflecting tolerance, and indicates in the clearest manner, how strong minds can be misled by deceptive appearances.

We see, finally, how much labor and time, and combined talents, and efforts were requisite to bring the sciences to their present condition. We see, how many questions were almost given up in despair, which, yet have afterwards been decided—how, while hunting for absurdities, useful discoveries have been made by accident (e. g. phosphorus, porcelain, &c.) and how points, which have long engaged the intense attention of philosophers, are still matters of doubt.

We see, that every science has its 'great and illustrious' name; and how men of a strength of character and talent, that would have made them prominent in any walk, could concentrate themselves totally and be so entirely absorbed by a single science. The view inspires us with respect for that science, which could thus operate on such minds. It is useful for us to know the manner, in which they made, sometimes with success, and sometimes without it, their experiments and researches, to learn the difficulties they encountered, and the patience and perseverances that were required to overcome them, and how one discovery led to the explanation of many things connected with it. We have learned in this manner infinitely better, what the science is, and what is necessary, to become eminent in it, than by a much more profound study of the details of its actual state?

This 'history' is, besides, as much a literary as a scientific study; and is one of the brightest and most interesting pages of the history of mankind. It is easy to perceive, how far our remarks are applicable to literature, and how far to science, and to grasp the principle, that the study of the philosophy and history of human knowledge leads to true liberality and comprehensiveness of views, and is the practical study of the philosophy of the human mind.

We remember some striking instances of the bias, which an exclusive bent of the mind in one direction impresses even upon strong intellects.—Chateaubriand is one of the most celebrated, and in the opinion of many, though not in ours, the first living French writer. Laplace was admitted to be the first astronomer; and Cuvier is indisputably the first naturalist of our age.

Chateaubriand says somewhere, and similar passages occur more than once in his works, that 'sciences dry up the heart'—Cuvier says roundly: 'All speculative studies are useless.' With Cuvier, science, taught in verse, is of course poety: such are '*Les trois regnes*,' a natural history in correct and elegant verses, by Delisle, to which Cuvier gave the facts, and added notes. We may here mention, that this man, who as a naturalist, has given surprising proofs of genius and penetration—as a legislator, being, and having been for a considerable time, a member of the chamber of Deputies, adopted the maxim, honour to the powers 'that be.' He has always been a faithful ally of the ministers as long as they were in office, especially of Villele and consorts, who conspired against the liberties of their country. This, however, he expiates by supporting not less sincerely the actual liberal ministry.

Laplace, who completely shared Cuvier's sentiments, was appointed by Napoleon to the direction of some important department of the general administration.* Napoleon was, however, soon convinced that Laplace was utterly unfit for his post. Laplace viewed mind, as matter, and applied to men and their passions the same rules, as to the physical world, over which the laws of matter exercise an unlimited sway. '*Il porte l'esprit des infiniment petits dans l'administration*,' said Napoleon, and soon found means to remove him to some honourable sinecure.

Such men have become great in their sciences, we do not say, by following the opinion of the celebrated *Bichat*, but while following it; that the secret of being eminent in one science is, being inferior ('*mediocre*') in all others.

The kind of knowledge, which we advocate, may be collected from a great variety of books, and for the most part from such books, as are accessible to most persons. It is, however, necessary to have learnt to select in reading. We shall quote a few necessary works, and these only, because they are peculiarly illustrative of our idea.

Whoever has read attentively DeCandolle's '*Theorie de Botanique*,' a moderate volume—knows better, what the *science* of Botany is, than one, who has determined 10,000 plants by means of a *species plantarum*.

Vico published a book in Naples in the beginning of the last century, which has been translated, not quite two years ago, into French, entitled '*Philosophie de l'histoire*,' 1 vol. 8vo. Vico's book excited some attention at its first publication, but was soon forgotten; and has been recently resuscitated in France, where historical studies have of late assumed a new character. The book is an excellent model to those, who wish to know how history ought to be studied. Vico entitled his book '*La scienza nuova*.' The science it teaches, is a new one to many readers *of history*.

Some editors in Germany have undertaken to publish a critical 'history of the arts and belle lettres.' We presume, that this is the same with the one mentioned in a late number of the 'North American Review,' in an article on Heeren. This publication has been slowly advancing, during a considerable number of years; and the works have been executed by eminent German scholars. We are acquainted with this collection. It comprises Fiorillo's history of the drawing arts, 3 vols., Bosterweck's history

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*It was Napoleon's principle, to seek strength in the union of all great talents round him. He well knew the great influence of talent, even in abstruse scientific subjects, on the general opinion. Had he been a despot *without* talent, he would have proscribed them. Such as he was, he made all civilians of talent ministers, senators, or at least 'Barons de l'Empire.'

of modern literature, 9 vols., and Wachter's history of the historical sciences, 5 vols.

Those gentlemen in Massachusetts, who have made of late such honourable and successful exertions to introduce German literature and science into this country, would, perhaps, not find it out of their plan, to make some of those works known to the American public in an abridged form.

If we have been able to impress our readers with a sense of the general import of our remarks, they will know, that we do not plead the cause of '*Smattering*,' in sciences. Smattering is the superficial knowledge of a mass of incongruous facts. We have expressed no opinion touching the number of facts, which a person ought to know in such or such a science. We do not desire him to be able to make a pair of shoes, in order to know that a shoemaker is a useful member of the community. He ought to know in his profession, as much as he can, of the details of such or such a science. We insist only upon the necessity, of his knowing something—and what that 'something' is, we have sufficiently explained. In one word, he should know the leading principles, and the history of the different branches of human knowledge.

This knowledge leads us, often involuntarily, to allusions, to interesting comparisons, to quotations. These quotations, especially of scientific facts, excite the wrath of many bristled critics. We agree with them about the impropriety of quotations, when used in such an extent, as to be opposed to the principles of good taste. We refer especially to those numerous Greek, Latin, French and English ones, which we often meet with, where we least expected to find them. And as the reproach of 'smattering' is chiefly founded on such quotations; and as this charge is one of those sweeping denunciations, in which certain critics pronounce the fate of a book, we shall submit to the reader a short outline of our theory of quotations.

Quotations are more common, and more arrogant in literature than in science; and in no department are they more fashionable than in the dead languages. But, besides Greek and Latin quotations, it has grown into a custom, to quote profusely from such French and English authors, as are little known, or worthy to be known.

We reject these quotations, as soon as they smell of affectation. Any person may read some pages of a chapter of some little known Latin author, (the less he is known, the more extensive reading the quotation betokens.) These pages or chapters are of course, full of sentences, often such, as every body makes daily, as M. Jourdan had made prose all his life, without knowing it. In this manner we may dispatch in one rainy day half a dozen such authors, and have a store of quotations, which it requires very little sophistry or ingenuity, to crowd into any article '*de omni scribili*,' introducing it with the words, 'We remember to have read in,' &c.

In the literary intercourse of Greek and Latin scholars, who have a right to suppose each other perfectly acquainted with what has always been the principal object of their studies and reflections—this is a kind of intellectual play, often very agreeable, but it is nothing but a play. There are a great many cases, in which we should give reasons, and give quotations.—

There are other cases, again, where a quotation is as good and better, than a reason, and why? Because, we suppose the reader perfectly acquainted with the weight and authority of the writer we quote. Hence, the general rule seems to follow, that we shall in quoting, keep distinctly in view the persons for whom we write—and whether they are acquainted with our authority or not. As soon as the latter cannot be reasonably supposed, the quotations are pedantry and show. As soon, as the literary merit of the author is not such, that his authority can be supposed to have any influence on the reader's opinion, the quotations are at least useless; and have the same effect, as water poured into wine, which, by adding apparently to its quantity, impairs its strength. It is, moreover, a singular kind of flattery, or perhaps rather a literary impertinence to suppose, as a matter of course, that the reader is acquainted with things, which perhaps he does not know, and which, in truth and faith, it is of very little moment, whether he knows or not. There is a great deal of wretched coquetry of this sort in literature.

We do not fear, to be misunderstood. There are a great many instances, where the comparison of the opinions of different authors is—if not necessary—at least instructive or curious. But a discriminating eye always recognises, where a quotation is genuine, and called for by the subject, and where it is a mere display of reading, often extremely suspicious, because it may so easily be forged to the purpose.

The knowledge, where a quotation is appropriate and where not, is imparted by that nondescript sense, called tact. If that were generally possessed by the '*voltigeurs*,' of that literature most abounding of all in quotations, the periodical—they would quote infinitely less.

We shall better illustrate our idea of 'good and bad' quotations, by *quoting* Sir Joseph Banks' definition of a '*weed*.' As in Botany, the conformation and not the practical usefulness of a plant is considered; all plants of the higher orders are alike good and perfect in Botany; and some Botanists were very much at a loss, to know, to what plants they should apply the ignominious appellation 'weed.' 'A weed,' replied Sir Joseph Banks, 'is a plant out of its place'—and it is related, that this was the best thing he ever said.

It will be observed, that our remarks bear rather more upon science than upon literature; but they are addressed more to literary, than to scientific men. Science seldom covets the applause of those, who have not sounded its depths. As self sufficient as literature, she buries her prejudices in her bosom, and reveals them only to her elected favorites. But literature has a wider range of influence, advances her claims louder and more frequently to exclusive admiration; when modesty ought to increase in proportion to her claims.

We conclude our remarks on 'the philosophy and history of knowledge,' by observing that those who should feel inclined to receive them, would find themselves supported by Bacon's, and especially by Descartes' authority, and if we had the admirable discourse of the latter '*de la methode*' on hand, we should have adorned our pages with extracts from it.

The result of these reflections will be the clear perception of the truth of a saying, which it is the fashion to utter frequently without sincerity, and with a great deal of mental reservation: that although some of the liberal professions are of a more elevated character than others, yet eminence in any of them is not to be attained without great difficulty, and is therefore always respectable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

Second Memoir on Babylon, containing an Enquiry into the Correspondence between the ancient Descriptions of Babylon, and the Remains still visible on the site. By Claudius James Rich, Esq. 8vo. Longman and Co. and Murray. London, 1818. pp. 58.

We give such extracts, as our sheets will allow, from this very interesting article.

'Babylon was situated in the most fertile district of that part of Asia, which extended in length from the Mediterranean opposite Cyprus, to the head of the Persian gulf, and in breadth from Mount Taurus to the desert of Arabia. The country was watered by the Euphrates, which dispersed its streams by means of canals and hydraulic engines, and fertilized the land without overflowing it. The general name given to this district is Senaar or Sinjar, called in the Bible *Shinar*. 'And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar.' Gen. x. 10. We are in ignorance of the precise time when Babylon was built, as well as of the name of its founder. Some, indeed, pretend that it was begun before the deluge, and completed afterwards.—While it is contended by Megasthenes and Abydenus, that it was founded by Belus, an Egyptian prince, who led a colony of Chaldeans into Babylonia, and was the fourteenth king after Ninus, the founder of Nineveh, and that it received its name in honour of its founder Belus.'

We extract the following description of Babylon, as translated from Herodotus, the most ancient and authentic historian of that country, upon whose accounts any reliance can be placed.

'There are many great cities in Assyria; but the most illustrious and the best fortified, and that which, since the fall of Ninus, has been the seat of government, is Babylon. It was thus constructed: The city lies in a great plain. Its extent on each side, for it is square, is one hundred and twenty stadia. Its circumference is, therefore, four hundred and eighty stadia. Such is the magnitude of the city of Babylon. It was embellished as no other city of which I have any knowledge. A deep and wide trench full of water encircles it, next to which is a wall fifty royal cubits in breadth, and two hundred cubits in height, (the royal cubit exceeds the ordinary cubit by three fingers.) It must be observed, that the earth out of the trench was employed for this purpose, and the wall was constructed in this manner: When they dug the ditch, they removed the earth and made it into bricks, and having made a sufficient number of them, they baked them in furnaces; then making use of heated bitumen by way of mortar, and interposing layers of reeds throughout thirty courses of bricks, they first built the sides of the ditch, and then the wall itself in the same manner.

'Upon the wall, along its extreme margin, they built small houses of one story, facing each other. They left sufficient space between these houses for a chariot, drawn by four horses, to turn round. There were an hundred gates in the wall, all of brass; and the posts and lintels of the gates were of the same metal. There is another city, eight days' journey from Babylon, of the name of Is, where there is a large river of the same name, running into the Euphrates. This river Is brings large clots of bitumen with its stream, from whence the bitumen was brought to the wall of Babylon. Babylon was built in the following manner:—the city is divided into two portions, for a river separates it in the middle, the name of which is the Euphrates; it flows from Armenia, and is great, deep, and swift; it discharges itself into the Red Sea. Now the wall stretches out its arm on each side to the river, from the extremities of which there extends an embankment of furnace-baked bricks, winding along each bank of the river. The city, which contains several houses of three and four roofs, (*i. e.* stories,) is divided into streets, some of which are straight, some otherwise, and cross streets leading to the river. By the river side, opening to each of these streets, there are gates in the wall, to the same number as the streets. These are all brazen, and they all lead to the river.—The wall forms a sort of breastplate; another wall encircles (the city) within, not much weaker than the other wall, but more narrow. In each of the two divisions of the city, in a conspicuous situation, there is a walled enclosure. In the one is the palace, within a large and fortified enclosure; in the other, stands the temple of Jupiter Belus, which has brazen gates, and which was extant in my time, being altogether a square of two stadia. In the middle of the temple a solid tower was built, which was one stadium in length and breadth. Upon this tower another tower stood, and another upon that, up to eight towers. The ascent to them was made in a circular form, leading round all the towers on the outside. In the middle of the ascent is a landing place, and seats to rest upon, on which persons ascending it sit down to rest. On the summit of the tower there is a large temple. In this tower is a large bed, beautifully decorated, and by it a golden table. There is neither any image whatever in the same place, nor any man to keep watch there at night, only a woman of the country, whom this god has the power of selecting from the whole population, according to the doctrines of the Chaldeans, who are the priests of this god. These persons say, what to me is incredible, that this god comes into the temple and lies on the couch, under the same circumstances as occur in Thebes in Egypt, according to the Egyptians; for there a woman is bedded in the temple of the Theban Jupiter. And the women who have undergone this ceremony in both countries, all say, that no man has sexual intercourse with them. And the same thing occurs in Pateris in Lycia, to the interpreter of the god, when there is any, for the oracle is not always there; but when there is, the woman is shut up during the night in the temple. There is, in this Babylonian temple, also another cell underneath, and in it stands a large golden image of the god, and by it a golden table, and the pedestal and the pediment are both of gold; and the Chaldeans say, that these are made out of eight hundred talents of gold. On the outside of the temple there is a golden altar; but there is another altar, where the sheep, which are of a mature age, are sacrificed. On the golden altar all sacrifice is prohibited, except of sucklings. On the greater altar the Chaldeans offer up a thousand talents of frankincense every year, when they solemnize the festival of this god. There was, in this enclosure, at that time, a statue of solid gold, of twelve cubits; but this I did not see. I merely repeat what is said by the Chaldeans. Darius Hystaspes, who had designs upon this statue, did not dare to take it; but Xerxes, his son, took it, and slew the priest who resisted its removal. This temple is thus embellished. There are also many offerings from individuals.—Clio. 178, et seq.

'Such is the account given by Herodotus of Babylon, as it existed when he saw it; about 450 years before the Christian era, half a century before the expedition of Cyrus, and the retreat of the ten thousand, and upwards of a century before Alexander crossed the Hellespont. He is careful to distinguish between what he saw, and what was related to him; and so detailed is his description, that we might rest satisfied without calling in the aid of any other ancient writer. At the same time, while we declare our faith in Herodotus, we do not by any means think it fair to try his account, even to the most minute particular, by the severe standard which is applied to the descriptions of writers in the present day—where critical accuracy, in topographical inquiries especially, is most properly required; but without resorting to this test, it is enough to know that the *general* veracity of the ancient historian is unimpeachable, while the circumstances of his having been an eye-witness of what he describes, heightens our belief in the *details* which he presents to us.

'Although we are not disposed to lay much stress upon the testimony of ancient writers, who only retail what others have told them, we cannot pass them over in silence. We have already stated from what sources Diodorus derived his information. In like manner, Strabo and Quintus Curtius formed their opinions upon the reports of the followers of Alexander, many of whom kept journals of the expedition. Strabo, indeed, was on the spot; but, by his own account, he was not there until after the area had been ploughed over, and when the walls were reduced to fifty cubits in height, and twenty-one in breadth.

'The substance of what is stated by these writers, and by Pliny, Abydenus, and Berosus, is as follows:—that Semiramis, when she built the city, collected together two millions of workmen; the extent of its walls was 385 stadia, according to Strabo; 368, according to Quintus Curtius; and 365, according to Diodorus; the buildings were not contiguous to the walls, but a considerable space was left all around. The enclosed space, covered with houses, did not exceed a square of eighty stadia; neither did the houses join, as in modern streets, but were, most of them, surrounded by gardens and extensive pleasure grounds. A large extent of the whole enclosure was cultivated; so that the inhabitants, in the event of a siege, might not be compelled to depend upon supplies from without. A vast space was taken up by the palaces and public buildings, the enclosure of a park of one palace alone being no less than a square of fifteen stadia.—The Euphrates at Babylon was one stadium in breadth. The hanging gardens, which were adjacent to the river, and were watered from it by means of hydraulic machines, formed a square of four plethora, (400 feet,) and were supported by twenty walls, eleven feet distant from each other. They contained between three and four acres, and were fifty cubits, or seventy-five feet, to the top of the highest terrace. An outer wall, of sixty stada in extent, surrounded the great palace and the gardens; there was also an inner wall of forty stadia in circumference, highly ornamented with painted tiles, representing animals, hunting pieces, and astronomical devices. The embankment of the river was the work of Nebuchadnezzar, for the purpose of keeping it within its channel; and consisted of a very strong wall of brick and bitumen, extending from the Nahr-Malcha, or Royal Canal, (which joined the Euphrates and Tigris,) down to this city, and some way below it. Wherever the cross streets encountered this wall, a brazen gate was erected, with steps leading down to the river, so that the inhabitants might cross in boats from one side of the river to the other. These gates were open by day, but shut during the night. While this embankment was building, the river was turned into a prodigious lake, dug on purpose to receive it, and which, at the lowest computation we can assign to it, was one hundred and sixty *miles* in compass, and in depth thirty-five feet, according to some, and seventy five, according to others! In this lake the waters of the Euphrates were received until the embankment was completed, when the river was turned into its old channel. This story of the lake is too monstrous a lie for the most credulous to swallow, to say nothing of the incredible absurdity of digging a lake, when the obvious expedient of merely diverting the river into another channel must have suggested itself. The real truth probably is, that the Nahr-Malcha, which tradition has always pointed out as a work of Nebuchadnezzar, was made for the purpose of carrying the stream of the Euphrates into the Tigris, until the embankment was completed. The position of the Nahr-Malcha is perhaps well known; it extended in a south-easterly direction, from the Euphrates, *above* Babylon, to the Tigris, which it joined nearly opposite the city of Ctesiphon.

'There is nothing in the foregoing account which at all affects the description of Herodotus, with the exception of the discrepancy between the extent of the walls, as stated by him, and that given by Strabo. Now, this difference is by no means so great as it appears at first sight. We have already seen that the stadium used by Strabo is to that of Herodotus as 700 to 750; consequently, reducing their measurement to one standard, it will be found that the wall, as given by Strabo, falls short of the extent given by Herodotus, by seventeen stadia only; and when we further consider, that neither of those writers was very likely to have actually measured the wall himself, but that they had their information, the one from the people of the city, while it was actually inhabited, the other at a much more distant period; we may fairly conclude, that neither account is very far from the truth, although, for the reasons already stated, we incline to adhere to that of Herodotus. We may add, that according to the Theodosian Tables, the distance from Babylon to Seleucia was forty-four Roman, or thirty-two geographical miles: And then we may assume the position and appearance of Ancient Babylon to have been nearly as follows.

'The city was situated within an enclosed area, surrounded by a ditch and wall, in the form of a square, of which each side was eleven British miles in length. This area was divided (but not *bisected*) into two portions, by the Euphrates, which flowed through it in a direction nearly north and south. The city of Is, (now called *Hit*,) also upon the Euphrates, lay to the westward of north, at the distance of 130 geographical miles. The city of Seleucia upon the Nahr-Malcha, and very near the Tigris, lay to the north-east, at the distance of thirty-two geographical miles. Within the great wall, another wall of smaller dimensions enclosed the part of the area which was built upon. It is not perfectly clear from Herodotus whether the interior wall extended on all sides parallel to the great wall, so as to form a complete enclosure; but this is most probable. This also confirms Quintus Curtius, who says, that a considerable space intervened *all around*, between the buildings and the wall. The space built upon was an area between seven and eight miles square. The ground between this and the great wall was cultivated, besides which, large plots of ground were probably allotted to all houses of any importance, laid out either as gardens or pleasure-grounds. In one division of the city, nor far from the bank of the river, stood the Great Palace, with its hanging gardens. In the other was placed the Temple of Belus, but in what precise spot, whether near or far from the river, is not mentioned. This temple consisted of a square enclosure, the wall of each side being nearly one thousand feet in length. In the center of this area stood the Great Tower, or Altar, upon which the sacrifices were made to the god. Its form was pyramidal, composed of eight receding stages, the whole height being about five hundred feet, and the base a square of the same dimensions. At one side of the tower, and also within the enclosure, there was a building inhabited by the priests, and those connected with the rites and mysteries of Belus. The tower was solid, (with the exception of the small chambers, or holy cells,) and was cased with furnace-baked bricks, the lower part being probably built, like the foundation of the city wall, of bricks laid in bitumen.

'The chief objection to the descriptions given of Babylon by the ancient writers has been made to its vast size, and to the difficulty of supporting its enormous population, in a country, one part of which (Arabia) was far from fertile, and in an inland situation, difficult of access to distant countries, and with very imperfect means of obtaining their productions.

'To take the latter part of the objection first;—we are perfectly willing to admit that a maritime capital is capable of far greater extension in proportion to the whole country, than a metropolis which is far removed from the coast, or is deprived of the benefit of water carriage; but it must be remembered that Babylon, although not a sea-port, was by no means destitute of this advantage. The productions of Mesopotamia, and a great part of Persia, might be conveyed by the Tigris, and thence into the Euphrates by the Nahr-Malcha, and other canals, which were dug at various periods, from the time of Nebuchadnezzar downwards, to connect those rivers at different points *above* Babylon; while the produce of the countries to the north of the Persian Gulf, might pass up the Euphrates, together with the food derived from Babylonia itself, at that time one of the most fertile districts of the East. True it is, that rich country is now a desert. 'The sea is come up upon Babylon ; she is covered with the multitude of the waves thereof; her cities are a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness; a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby.' 'The Arabian shall not pitch his tent there. I will make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts!' But in the days of Babylon's prosperity, the surrounding country abounded with the fruits of the earth; it was productive as a garden, and in the time of Herodotus, was regarded as the richest part of the most fertile district of Asia. So that, taking into account the small quantity of animal food consumed by the inhabitants of southern climates, as compared with those of northern latitudes, we shall find that Babylonia itself might afford vegetable supplies for a population as great as that of Babylon is supposed to have been. In fact, it is impossible in this respect to compare Babylon with London, as some authors have done, and to say,—because it requires so many acres to furnish food for the inhabitants of London, that therefore Babylon, containing so many more, must have wanted a greater extent of cultivated ground than the immediate vicinity afforded. The nature of the food required, and the wants of the consumers, were totally different—the fertility, beyond all comparison, greater in favor of Babylonia. The population, too, instead of being compressed into crowded streets, as in modern cities, was scattered over a space that rather resembled an enclosed district, where each house is a villa, than a closely built town; and even the area, which, according to Quintus Curtius, was built upon, did not very greatly exceed that upon which London stands, measuring from the end of Whitechapel to Tyburn turnpike, in one direction, and from Pentonville to the southern extremity of Southwark, in the other; and this, too, *exclusive* of Knightsbridge, Kensington, Bayswater, Kentish-town, and the other suburbs, which might fairly be taken into London, when comparing it with a city built as Babylon was.

Then, with respect to the kind of houses—From Herodotus' specifying that there were many of three and four stories high, it is obvious, that by far the greater number were of one or two. No man describing London or Paris, would say they abounded with houses of three and four stories, when in fact they contain nothing else; besides, in almost all Eastern cities, the houses seldom exceed two stories in height. If the houses of Babylon were in general low, and in the form of courts, it would not only account for the great space of ground required, but also for their speedy decay, as mud and sun-dried bricks, although sufficient for houses of that description, would immediately fall to pieces when uninhabited and exposed to the action of the weather, and the inundations, which were the consequences of the Euphrates overflowing its banks. The same causes would also account for the total disappearance of the walls. Whatever may have been their original height, we know that in Strabo's time they did not exceed fifty cubits, or seventy-five feet. The great reduction which they underwent from the time of Herodotus, inclines us to believe that the brick work was not carried to the top, but that the wall was a breast-work of earth, with a casing or retaining wall of brick at its base. When the wall was reduced by Xerxes, the first operation would be to remove the brick facing, and the earth, having then lost its support, would gradually crumble down, till exposure to the rains would in process of time reduce the mound to the level of the desert. Certain it is, that no traces of the wall have been found by any traveller in that country; and equally certain is it, that the walls of Nineveh, four hundred and eighty stadia in extent, and one hundred feet high, according to Diodorus, are now levelled with the ground, and no vestige of them can be discovered.

'One word upon the number of inhabitants—Major Rennell thinks the authorities carry them beyond two millions, which he thinks incredible.—Now, to say nothing of the number of inhabitants in China—seventy millions in two provinces alone—we learn from the Bible, and from all ancient records, that the countries of the East were formerly very thickly peopled.

'While it appears, therefore, that two millions is by no means so vast as to be incredible, we are inclined to believe that the inhabitants of Babylon, in its most populous time, fell short of that number. From what Strabo says of that city, when comparing it with Seleucia, the greater part was in his time a desert, and Seleucia was larger than what remained of Babylon. Now, seventy years after Strabo wrote, Pliny describes Seleucia as a very large city, containing six hundred thousand inhabitants. But Seleucia was at this time rapidly decreasing, from Ctesiphon having become the winter residence of the Parthian kings; and therefore when it contained six hundred thousand inhabitants, it was probably *considerably less* than one-half of Babylon in its original state, which would make the population of Babylon under two millions.

'The destruction of Babylon has been referred to the migration of its inhabitants to Seleucia, about three hundred years before Christ. How long it survived the establishment of that colony, does not appear; all we know is, that in the time of Diodorus, the greater portion of its area was ploughed up; and St. Jerome, in the fourth century, describes it as a hunting-park of the Parthian kings. After the destruction of the walls and the inferior houses which first fell into decay, the desolation of Babylon appears to have been rapidly completed, and nothing remained but such buildings as, from their size and solidity of their structure, were likely to resist the hand of the destroyer, and to pass down through succeeding ages, the impaired, but still visible monuments of former greatness. The appearance presented by those remains—the situation they occupy in the country of Babylonia, and their probable identity with the most remarkable buildings of Ancient Babylon, form the second branch of our inquiry.

'The very vague and imperfect description given by all writers and travellers who have visited that part of Syria, from the time of St. Jerome to the present century, induces us to pass by every account of the ruins of Babylon which has preceded that contained in Mr. Rich's first Memoir.—We shall therefore take our details from that, and from the no less excellent remarks which are the subject of his second Memoir, as our groundwork, merely using the accounts given by other authors as illustrations to supply what may be wanting.

'Upon the western bank of the Euphrates, in latitude 32°, 28′, stands the town of Hillah, enclosed within a mud wall, and known to have been built in the twelfth century, out of the ruins of some more ancient city.—

It is 48 miles to the south of Bagdad, 35 south-east of the Nahr-Malcha at its junction with the Tigris, which is the site of Seleucia, and 130 south-west from Hit, a town on the Euphrates. The country, for miles around, is a perfectly flat and uncultivated waste; but traversed, in different directions, by what appear to be the remains of canals, and by mounds of great magnitude, most of which, upon excavating, are found to contain bricks, some of which are sun-dried, others furnace-baked, and stamped with inscriptions in a very peculiar, but unknown character. The whole of the country seems well adapted for a brick-field. 'The soil of the plains of Ancient Assyria and Babylonia,' says Major Keppel, i. 118, 'consists of a fine clay, mixed with sand, with which, as the waters of the river retire the shores are covered; this compost, when dried by the heat of the sun, becomes a hard and solid mass, and forms the finest material for the beautiful bricks for which Babylon was celebrated. We all put to the test the adaptation of this mud for pottery, by taking some of it while wet, from the bank of the river, and then moulding it into any form we pleased; having been exposed to the sun for half an hour, it became as hard as stone.' Of such bricks is the town of Hillah built; but there are also to be found in many of its buildings, vast quantities of bricks of a much more ancient appearance, stamped with those characters which learned men have ascribed to the Chaldeans, and supposed to represent astronomical observations, and which, found in Assyria, can only be ascribed to Babylonian origin.

'The geographical position of Hillah, then, fixes it as standing upon a portion of the site of ancient Babylon. It perfectly agrees in its distance from Hit, or Is, and Seleucia; and, at this day, the surrounding country is called by the Arabs, *El Aredh Babel*—'the land of Babel.' The land in the neighbourhood, which is in cultivation, is extremely fertile, producing great quantities of rice, dates, and grain. This fertility is caused by irrigation from the Euphrates, which here flows at from two to two and a half miles an hour, and varies in breadth from 450 to 500 feet.

'At the town of Hillah itself there are no ruins; the nearest commence about two miles to the north, and are found altogether upon the eastern side of the river, at no great distance from its bank. The first of these remains consists of a vast mound of earth, formed apparently by the decomposition of sun-dried brick, channelled and furrowed by the weather, and having the surface strewed with pieces of brick, bitumen, and pottery.—This mound is three thousand three hundred feet long, by two thousand four hundred feet broad, at its base, being curved at the south side into the figure of a quadrant. The height is sixty feet at the highest part. The name given to this ruin by the natives is *Amran*. On the northern side of this mound, a valley extends about one-third of a mile in length, covered with tufts of grass, and crossed by a line of ruins of small elevation; at the north extremity of which stands the next mound, which is a square of two thousand one hundred feet, having its south-west angle connected with the north-west angle of the mound Amran, by a ridge of considerable height, and three hundred feet broad. The building, of which this second mound is the ruin, appears to have been highly finished, for the bricks are of the finest description, and are still found in great abundance, notwithstanding the quantities that have been taken away,—Hillah probably having been supplied from thence. In all the excavations which have been made here, furnace baked bricks, laid in fine lime mortar, have been found; also, *coloured tiles*, and fragments of alabaster vessels.

'Two hundred yards to the north of this ruin is a ravine, hollowed out by brick-searchers, about three hundred feet long, ninety wide, and one hundred and twenty deep. On one side a few yards of wall are laid bare, extremely clean and well built, and apparently the front of a building. At the southern end, an opening leads to a subterranean passage, floored and walled with large bricks, *laid in bitumen*, and roofed with single slabs of sand-stone, three feet thick, and from eight to twelve long. In this passage was found a colossal piece of sculpture, in black marble, representing a lion standing over a man. This is described by Major Keppel, (vol. i. p. 214,) who supposes it may have had reference to Daniel in the lion's den. The quadrangular mound we have last described, is called by the natives *El Kasr*, 'the palace.' The walls are eight feet thick, ornamented with niches, and strengthened by pilasters and buttresses, all built of fine brick, laid in lime cement of such tenacity, that they cannot be separated without breaking; hence it is, that so much of it remains perfect. One part of the wall has been split into three parts, and overthrown as if by an earthquake. Near this ruin is a heap of rubbish, like bricks in a state of decomposition, the sides of which are streaked by different colours of its materials. At a short distance to the north-east, stands the famous tree, called by the natives *Athele*, and supposed to have flourished in the hanging-gardens of Babylon. It is an evergreen of the lignum vitæ species. The Kasr, and the mound on which the tree stands, are separated from the river by a narrow valley, about a hundred yards in width, along the western side of which extends an embankment, the side next the river being abrupt, and much shivered by the action of the water, which seems to have encroached here, judging from the number of burnt bricks found in its bed. This appears to us to have probably been a part of the embankment described by Herodotus.

'A mile to the north of the Kasr, and nine hundred and fifty yards from the side of the river, stands the most remarkable ruin of the eastern division. It is called by the Arabs Makloube, or Mujillebe, which signifies 'overturned.' It was visited in 1616, by Pietro della Valle, who immediately pronounced it to be the Tower of Babel; an error which subsequent travellers have confirmed. Its form is oblong, being 600 feet by 540 at the base; its height at the point of greatest elevation is 141 feet. Pietro della Valle describes it as 200 feet high, and 2600 round the base, which if correct, shows how much a Babylonian ruin, from its nature, will decay in two centuries. This mound is a solid mass. The greatest appearance of building is on the western side; near the summit there is a low wall, built of sun-burnt bricks, laid in clay mortar, of great thickness, having a layer of reeds between every layer of bricks. On the north side are vestiges of a similar wall. The south-west angle, which is the highest point, terminates in a turret. Vast numbers of entire furnace-baked bricks are found on the summit, fourteen inches square, and three inches thick, many of which are inscribed with the unknown characters resembling arrow heads, which we have already alluded to. From the mode in which those bricks are found, it appears that the interior had been built of sun-dried bricks, and the out surface coated with bricks burnt in the furnace. 'This mound,' says Major Keppel, 'was full of large holes; we entered some of them, and found them strewed with the carcasses and skeletons of animals recently killed. The ordure of wild beasts was so strong, that prudence got the better of curiosity, for we had no doubts as to the savage nature of the inhabitants. Our guides indeed told us, that all the ruins abounded in lions and other wild beasts.'—Vol. i. p. 185.

'All the faces of the Mujillebe are worn into furrows by rain, penetrating in some places to a great depth into the mound; among the rubbish on the top, is found, besides the burnt bricks above-mentioned, fragments of pottery, bitumen, vitrified bricks, bits of glass, and mother-of-pearl. On the northern side, and near the top, there is an aperture leading to a passage which Mr. Rich employed twelve men to clear out. They began from above, and worked downwards, first laid open a hollow pier, sixty feet square, filled with earth, and lined with fine bricks laid in bitumen. In clearing this out, he found a brass spike, some earthen vessels, and a beam of date-tree wood; continuing the work downwards, they arrived at the passage, which was about ten feet high, flat at the top, and built of unburnt bricks, laid with a layer of reeds between every course, except the two lowest, which were cemented with bitumen; the whole was lined with a facing of fine burnt bricks laid in bitumen, so as completely to conceal the unburnt bricks of which the body of the building was composed. In this passage, which extended east and west, along the northern front of the Mujillebe, Mr. Rich found a wooden coffin, containing a skeleton in perfect preservation; under the head was placed a round pebble, and a brass ornament was attached to the skeleton; another brass ornament, representing a bird, was fixed on the outside of the coffin. A little further on, the skeleton of a child was found.

'At the foot of the Mujillebe, and about seventy yards distant, are traces on the north and west sides, of a low mound of earth, which probably formed an enclosure round the whole. From the south-east angle of the Mujillebe, a mound extends in a circular direction, and joins the mound Amran at its south-east angle, the diameter of the sweep being two miles and a half. It is extremely probable that this mound is the fortified enclosure, described by Herodotus as encircling the great palace. There are no ruins of any importance to the north of the Mujillebe. A few low mounds are observed occurring at intervals on each side of the road from Bagdad to Hillah, but they are too insignificant to attract notice; from their situation, they are more likely to have been burying-places outside the city, than buildings within its walls.

'It is impossible, we think, to doubt that the ruins we have described, upon the eastern bank of the Euphrates, are the remains of Babylonian buildings of very considerable importance.

'They are all,' says Mr. Rich, 'of one character, and must be received altogether as a part of Babylon, or wholly rejected without reserve; and I must here state what seems to me to be the best evidence for their antiquity, independent of their appearance, dimensions, and correspondence with the descriptions of the ancients. The burnt bricks, of which the ruins are principally composed, and which have inscriptions on them in the cuneiform character only found in Babylon and Persepolis, are all invariably placed in a similar manner, namely, with their faces or written sides downwards. This argues some design in placing them, though what that might have been, it is now impossible to say. It, however, proves sufficiently that the buildings must have been erected when the bricks were made, and the very ancient and peculiar form of characters on them in use. When these bricks are found in more modern constructions, as in Bagdad and Hillah, they are of course placed indifferently, without regard to the writing upon them. In the greatest depth in the excavations at the Kasr, at the subterraneous passage, or canal, I myself found small pieces of baked clay, covered with cuneiform writing, and sometimes with figures indisputably Babylonian. Had the ruins been more recent than is here presumed, these inscriptions would not have been found in this order and manner, and we should in all probability have found others in the character or language then in use. Thus had the town been Mahometan or Christian, we might reasonably expect to meet with fragments of Coufic or Stranghelo. There is another equally remarkable circumstance in these ruins, and which is almost conclusive with respect to their antiquity. In the very heart of the mound, called the Kasr, and also in the ruins on the banks of the river, which have been crumbled or shivered by the action of the water, I saw earthern urns filled with ashes, with some small fragments of bone in them; and in the northern face of the Mujillebe, I discovered a gallery filled with skeletons, enclosed in wooden coffins. Of the high antiquity of the sepulchral urns no one will for an instant doubt; and that of the skeletons is sufficiently ascertained, both from the mode of burial, which has never been practised in this country since the introduction of Islam, and still more by a curious brass ornament which I found in one of the coffins. These discoveries are of the most interesting nature; and though it is certainly difficult to reconcile them with any theory of these ruins, yet in themselves they sufficiently establish their antiquity. *The two separate modes of burial*, too, are highly worthy of attention. There is I believe, no reason to suppose, that the Babylonians burned their dead; the old Persians we know never did. It is not impossible, that the difference may indicate the several usages of the Babylonians and Greeks, and that the urns may contain the ashes of the soldiers of Alexander and of his successors.'

'It appears to us, that the circumstance of the coffins, although of itself insufficient to fix the building with the character of a Babylonian sepulchre, is quite sufficient to stamp it as of a date antecedent to the Greeks and Mahometans. The Jews from the earliest accounts we have of them, had graves both in the town and country—the general custom being to inter the dead outside of the city, Gen. xxiii. 3—13. They seem also to have embalmed their dead, and put them in coffins;—thus Joseph's body was embalmed, and put into a coffin in Egypt, and was brought away by the Israelites when they quitted that country, and buried in Shechem, in ground bought by Jacob, Gen. l. 25., Joshua, xxiv. 32; and although we have no direct proof that the Babylonians used a similar mode of interment, yet the form of the building, the materials of which it was constructed, the manner of construction, and the situations in which the coffins were found,—to all appearance originally intended as a receptacle for them,—strongly favor the idea, that the Mujillebe was a Babylonian structure, and that it was a mausoleum, rather than a temple of worship. As to the ruins, it is most probable that the Kasr and adjacent mounds are the remains of the royal Palace with its hanging gardens—enclosed within the circular mound, which formed the outer walls of the palace mentioned by Herodotus, and described more in detail by Diodorus. The extreme fineness of the brick work, remarked by all modern travellers who have visited the Kasr, the painted tiles, and the general character and position of the ruins, render this so probable, that we can have no hesitation in agreeing with Mr. Rich,—especially in the absence of any other ruin of importance,—that the remains in question represent the whole of the royal precincts, the fortified enclosure, the buildings of various kinds connected with the palace, and the hanging gardens.

'Before we take leave of the eastern bank of the Euphrates, we may advert to some considerable remains which are found at distances of two and three miles and upwards from the river. Mr. Rich has said nothing of these, or, where he mentions them, treats them all as remains of canals. Mr. Buckingham, however, traversed the plain in several directions on the eastern side, and had opportunities of observing the character of these remains more closely; and he is of opinion that these ruins—having the appearance of long mounds which cross the plain, some from north to south, others from east to west—are not the beds of canals, as has been commonly supposed. His idea is, that although some of those mounds might have been remains of channels by which the more distant parts of the city received the waters of the Euphrates, yet by far the greater number are the ruins of *streets*—and his reasons for this supposition are plausible enough. Their appearance is that of masses of ruined buildings originally disposed in streets, which *crossed each other* at right angles (a thing inconceivable for canals) with immense spaces of open and level ground on each side of them—'the more distant and prominent of these presented many proofs of there having been such; because the heaps which were always double, or in parallel lines, were much higher and wider on each side than they could have been if formed only by the earth thrown up from the excavated hollow, each being wider than the space intervening between them, which varied from fifteen to twenty feet,—and each exceeeding twenty feet in height, while the level of the central space (the supposed bed of the canal) was itself higher than the surrounding soil, and the mounds were intersected by cross passages, in such a manner as to place beyond a doubt the fact of their being rows of houses or streets fallen to decay. There were also in some places two hollow channels, and three mounds, running parallel to each other for a considerable distance, the central mound being in such cases a broader and flatter mass than the other two, as if there had been two streets going parallel to each other, the central range of houses which divided them being twice the size of the others, from their double residences, with a front and door of entrance to face each avenue. The same peculiarities of level, size, and direction, were observed here as in other parts of the ruins nearer the river; and all these could be easily reconciled to the supposition of being remains of streets and houses, but could not have belonged to canals; independently of their number and direction rendering it highly improbable that they were ever used as such.' Upon this hypothesis, we do not offer any opinion, as nothing can be decided, without knowing of what materials the mounds are composed.

'There is another conjecture which Mr. Buckingham throws out, that appears to us extremely probable. It is, that the circular mound which extends from the Mujillebe to the southern extremity of the palace, enclosing an area of two miles and a half in diameter, is the same which St. Jerome describes as the *wall of the city*. It is much more likely that this wall, which was probably perfect fifteen centuries ago, should have been the boundary of the *park* in which the Parthian kings hunted, than the city wall of forty-four miles in extent.

'We come now to the ruins on the west of the Euphrates. This side is flat like the eastern bank, and like it, is intersected by canals and mounds. Near the river there are no remains, except two mounds, each about three hundred feet in extent, and laying opposite the ruins of the palace. Mr. Rich describes them as overgrown with grass, and of no importance—but he does not appear to have examined them, so as to ascertain whether burnt bricks enter into their composition. Many parts of the plain exhibit appearances of saline incrustment, usually found where buildings have formerly stood. (See Sir R. K. Porter's Travels in Babylon, ii. 307.) But with the exception of some broken mounds, which may be either the remains of canals or of streets, there is nothing worthy of remark, until we arrive at the mightiest ruin of all,—the Tower of Babel, or Temple of Belus—and called at this day the Birs Nemround, after the name of the supposed founder.

'This ruin is situated at between five and six miles to the southwest of Hillah. Its shape is oblong, having the appearance of a fallen or decayed pyramid, the sides facing the cardinal points; it is two thousand two hundred and eighty six feet in compass at the base—and, on the west side, it rises conically to the height of one hundred and ninety eight feet. This, which is the highest part of the *mound*, is surmounted by a pile of solid brick work, apparently the angle of a stage of the building, which extended over the whole summit. Very near the tower, and parallel with its eastern face, is an oblong mound, about as high as the Kasr. A quadrangular enclosure, now broken into hillocks, may be traced round the whole, containing an area of very considerable extent. Neither Mr. Rich, nor the other travellers, give the dimensions of the mound, or of the building which is contiguous to the tower. There can be little doubt, however, that it is the outer enclosure mentioned by Herodotus. The whole mound is channelled by rain, and strewed with huge masses of brick work,—some of which are burnt quite black,—pieces of marble, and broken layers of furnice-baked bricks.

'Beginning with the eastern face,—which is about five hundred feet in extent,—two stages of building are visible. The lowest is sixty feet high, and is broken in the middle by a deep ravine, and intersected on all sides by channels made by the winter rains. The summit of this first stage is no longer flat, its margin having crumbled down, so as to give this side the appearance of a cone. The second stage rises above the first, also in a conical form, but much more steep, the summit being marked by a perpendicular fragment of brick work; which is probably the base of the third stage. The height of the second stage is not given there by Rich or Porter. Throughout the whole of the eastern face, which presents the appearance of decomposed brick, layers of unburnt brick are visible—but there is no appearance of reeds.

'On the western side, the entire mass rises at once from the plain like a vast pyramid—the face being broken in different directions, partly by the torrents, and partly by what seems to have been some convulsions of nature. The appearance of successive stages is less apparent on this side, probably, as Mr. Rich conjectures, from the effect of the winds from the desert, which prevail from this point of the compass. At the foot of the northern side, vast masses of firm and solid brick-work are scattered over the rubbish, evidently fragments of the original facing of the lower stages of the tower.

'The southern side is the most perfect. At the base, there is a step, scarcely elevated above the plain, projecting by several feet beyond the true base of the building—somewhat, as we conceive, after the manner of the Stylobate in the Grecian temple. Within this, the tower itself rises by high *and distinct stages receding one within another*, in proportion to their respective elevations. The lowest is built of sun-dried bricks and cemented with bitumen, but without reeds—the whole being faced with furnace-baked bricks, also laid in bitumen. The second stage recedes within the first, in proportion to the height of the first from the ground, and showing its termination at the eastern extremity, by an angle of burnt brick work. Above this rises a third stage, receding in the same proportion as the second recedes within the first. The fourth, or highest stage, is marked by the brick wall already mentioned, which stands on the edge of the western summit, thirty-seven feet high from its base, twenty-eight feet long, and fifteen feet thick. Its upper edges are broken and irregular, showing that the top of the building did not terminate here. It is rent from the top, nearly halfway to the bottom, unquestionably by some great convulsion of nature: on the north and south sides, the walls are broken down—on the east, the fallen masses which composed the wall, forming the southeast angle, still remain, bedded in the rubbish at the foot of the wall. On its south and west sides, lay several immense masses of firm brick work—some entirely changed to a state of the hardest vitrification, others only partially so—exhibiting that variegated hue seen in vitrified matter lying about a glass manufactory. The base of the standing wall, contiguous to those substances, is totally free from any similar change, and is evidently quite in its original state. Hence, the vitrified masses must have fallen from some higher stage, having been displaced by the action of fire from above. The furnace-baked bricks, used in the upper part of the pile, are *very thin*, and of the finest texture—lower down on the northern face, they are a foot square by three inches and a quarter thick, of a pale red colour, and laid in lime cement one quarter of an inch thick. Lower down still, the bricks are twelve inches long, and three quarters square, by four and a quarter thick—are of a coarser texture, and laid in lime cement one inch thick. In the upper parts of the building, there are no traces of bitumen—whereas, towards the foundations, and in large brick ruins, at the base of the tower, it is found to be the only cement used; thus confirming, in the strongest manner, the reading we have given of the passage in Herodotus.

'The masonry,' says Mr. Rich, speaking of the upper part of the pile, 'is infinitely superior to any thing of the kind I have ever seen; and leaving out of the question any conjecture relative to the original destination of this ruin, the impression made by a sight of it, is, that it was a solid pile, composed in the interior of sun-burnt brick, and perhaps of earth or rubbish; that it was constructed in receding stages, and faced with fine burnt bricks, having inscriptions on them, laid in a very thin layer of lime cement; and that it was reduced by violence to its present ruinous condition. The upper stories have been forcibly broken down, and fire has been employed as an instrument of destruction, though it is not easy to say precisely how or why. The facing of fine bricks has been partly removed, and partly covered by the falling down of the mass which it supported and kept together. I speak with greater confidence of the different stages of this pile, from my own observations having been recently confirmed and extended by an intelligent traveller, (Mr. Buckingham,) who is of opinion that the traces of *four* stages are clearly discernible.'

'The circumstance of the different stages, is also abundantly corroborated, both by Sir R. K. Porter and Major Keppel.

'Here then is a ruin, corresponding in a most surpassing degree with the Tower of Belus, as described by Herodotus. The total circumference of the base is two thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet, instead of nineteen hundred and sixty, the square of a stadium. The east and west sides remain of the original breadth nearly, (460 feet according to Porter,)—and a greater portion of rubbish from the top having crumbled down upon their sides, the north and south are thereby elongated; the present height of the ruin, to the top of the wall, is two hundred and thirty-five feet—less than one half the original height —consequently the *debris* round the base might be expected to be much more considerable, so as to make the circumference of the base greater than it appears to be. But it must be remembered that Alexander the Great, when he took possession of Babylon, after the defeat of Darius, employed ten thousand men for two months, in removing the rubbish, preparatory to repairing the tower; it is probable they had only cleared the south side, before the work was abandoned; which would account for the south face being more perfect than any of the others. If we add to this, that vast quantities of the bricks have been taken away by the natives of the country, for building modern towers, the circumstance that the base so little exceeds the dimensions given by Herodotus, will no longer appear unaccountable.

'To the top of the third stage is one hundred and ninety-eight feet; consequently the height of sixty feet given by Porter to the lowest stage, is either erroneous, or the top of the first stage is lower than in its original state, owing to the decay of the material. If we take the height of the lowest stage at seventy feet, and diminish each successive stage, making the fourth sixty, and the eighth fifty two, we shall have the height to the summit of the third stage equal to two hundred feet, to the fourth two hundred and sixty, (that is, twenty-five feet higher than the ruin as it now exists,) and the total height of the tower four hundred and eighty feet. Not only do the dimensions agree, but the mode of building is precisely that described by Herodotus; for there can be little doubt that the Babylonians constructed all their great buildings upon a similar plan; accordingly, we find here that bitumen is used only in the foundation and lowest stage of the building. In addition to this, there are the remains of the temple inhabited by the priests, and adjoining the tower, and of the enclosed mound which encircles the whole; and yet notwithstanding all these coincidences; notwithstanding the minute description given by Mr. Rich, from ocular inspection; notwithstanding the singular appearance exhibited by this most remarkable building, Major Rennell, upon his own authority, because its situation does not happen to suit his pre-conceived ideas of the extent and position of Babylon, or that he may confirm a crotchet he has taken up, that the Temple of Belus was in the eastern quarter of Babylon, absolutely rejects this ruin, and treats it as a *natural* hill, having a brick tower on its summit! The only shadow of a reason that can be found for placing the Temple of Belus on the eastern side of the river, is, that, according to Diodorus, one of the gates of the city, called the *Belidean* gate, was in the east wall; and that when Darius Hystaspes besieged Babylon, the Beledian and Cissian gates were opened to him by Zopyrus, and the inhabitants fled to the temple for refuge. Now the Cissian or Susian gate, must have been on the east side, because Susa, to which it led, lay to the east of Babylon, which fixes the position of the Beledian gate, as they were probably not far distant from each other. But then it is the most gratuitous assumption imaginable, to argue, that because the *Belidean Gate* was on the east side, the *Temple of Belus* was in that quarter also. There is not even any proof that the inhabitants took refuge in the Temple of Belus; they may have fled to the Mujillebe, or to any other sanctuary in the eastern quarter, for it will scarcely be contended that the Temple of Belus was the *only* place of worship in Babylon; in fact, a position so hypothetical, supported, too, only by the hearsay testimony of Diodorus, cannot be sustained for a moment against the clear conviction established by the actual appearance of the ruins we have described.

'If any building,' says Mr. Rich, 'may be supposed to have left considerable traces, it is certainly the Pyramid or Tower of Belus, which, by its form, dimensions, and the solidity of its construction, was well calculated to resist the ravages of time; and if human force had not been employed, would, in all probability, have remained to the present day, in nearly as perfect a state as the Pyramids of Egypt. Even under the dilapidation which we know it to have undergone, at a very early period, we might reasonably look for traces of it after every other vestige of Babylon had vanished from the face of the earth. When, therefore, we see, within a short distance from the spot fixed on, both by geographers and antiquarians, and the tradition of the country, to be the site of ancient Babylon, a stupendous pile, which appears to have been built in receding stages, which bears the most indisputable traces both of the violence of man and the lapse of ages, and yet continues to tower over the desert, the wonder of successive generations; it is impossible that this perfect correspondence with all the accounts of the tower of Belus, should not strike the most careless observer, and induce him to attempt clearing away the difficulties which have been suggested by Major Rennell against its reception within the limits of Babylon. I am of opinion, *that this ruin is* *of a nature to fix of itself the locality of Babylon, even to the exclusion of those on the eastern side of the river;* and if the ancients had actually assigned a position to the Tower, irreconcilable with the Birs, it would be more reasonable to suppose that some error had crept into their accounts, than to reject this most remarkable of all the ruins.' *Second Memoir*, pp. 31, 32.

'But there are no such inconsistencies in the description given by the ancients; for not one of them states its position to have been in the eastern quarter; and such a supposition rests only upon the authority we have already cited,—that the *Belidean gate* lay to the east of the Euphrates. On the other hand, if we suppose the mound of the Kasr to have been the royal palace, we have then the direct authority of Herodotus for placing the Temple of Belus on the opposite side of the river, that is, in the western quarter. We have only to apply the dimensions assigned by Herodotus to Babylon, and both the Birs Nemroud, and the ruins on the eastern bank, will come within its limits, and hold their proper positions in their respective quarters.

'The diagonal of a square whose side somewhat exceeds eleven miles, will be found to be sixteen miles nearly. Now, the Birs Nemroud lies south west from the Kasr; hence, if the line which joins those ruins be the diagonal of a square described round the remains of Babylon, the sides of that square will face the cardinal points. The distance from the Birs to the Kasr is seven miles, in a direct line; consequently, if each of those buildings be placed at the distance of three miles and a half from the centre of the diagonal, the Kasr will be four miles and a half from the north-east angle of the city wall, and the Birs the same distance from its south-west angle. If the interior wall enclosed an area two miles less all round, according to Curtius, then the Birs and Kasr would be two miles and a half distant from the angles of the interior wall nearest to each of them respectively. In either case, these buildings would occupy situations sufficiently central to agree with the description of Herodotus. It must be remarked, that by this position of the walls, the river does not *bisect* the city, but divides it in the proportion of eleven to five. If a position be given to the walls, so as to make the river bisect the area, by moving the walls two miles and a half to the east, then the Birs would be about two miles distant from the nearest point of the west wall, and upwards of three from the south-west angle. Again, if the river be made the diagonal of the square, so that the angles of the wall should point north and south, we should find the Kasr nearly four miles from the northern, and the Birs three from the western angle of the city wall. Thus, whichever position of the wall we adopt, (and we incline to the first, seeing that there is no absolute necessity for making the river *bisect* the city,) the two buildings which are found to be the most remarkable now existing in Babylonia, will occupy situations so much *within* the boundary of the walls, as to be perfectly reconcilable with the account of Herodotus, and so as to identify, in the most satisfactory manner, not only the Kasr and the Birs Nemroud, with the Royal Palace and Temple of Belus selected by Herodotus as the two structures in Babylon most worthy of observation, but also to establish that the remains now existing upon the river Euphrates, to the distance of four miles to the north, and of five miles to the south-west, of the town of Hillah, are beyond dispute the ruins of ancient Babylon.

'The length to which this article has unavoidably extended, to say nothing of the dryness of the subject, is a very sufficient reason for here closing our remarks; but we cannot dismiss this subject without correcting a remarkable error which Mr. Buckingham has indulged in, namely, that he discovered *the wall of Babylon*, existing in a certain ruin about ten miles to the east of Hillah, known by the name of *Al Hheimar*. He saw it but 'for a few minutes,' and describes it as a high mound of loose rubbish, extremely steep, having the appearance of a pyramidal cone, whose summit was crowned by a long and low piece of thick wall, like a battlement. The rubbish below consisted of burnt brick, and the outline of the whole mass formed nearly an equilateral triangle. It would certainly require some ingenuity to prove that this must have been a part of the ancient wall of Babylon: and the more deliberate observations of Sir R. Ker Porter have completely dispelled this vision of Mr. Buckingham. In point of fact, Al Hheimar is a square, or rather oblong pile, (not *triangular*, as Mr. Buckingham says,) about one hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and ten broad. Its sides face the cardinal points. The bricks of which it has been built are fourteen inches long, twelve and three-quarters broad, and two and a half thick; they are, in general, without inscriptions, and are laid in clay cement. Sir R. K. Porter found *one* brick only, with characters upon it, but somewhat different from the cuneiform figures upon the Babylonian bricks. It is, in short, a perfect and *insulated* building, without a trace of having been extended on any side, and probably was either a tomb, or a temple, like the Barsita of Ptolemy, or Borsippa of Strabo.—In fact, the whole country abounds with ruins of this description, which, although Babylonian in their general character, do not by any means necessarily belong to the *city* of Babylon. Thus, there is the Nebbi Eyoub, 'the tomb of Job,' near the Euphrates, and three leagues to the south of Hillah. Near it are two mounds, called El Mokhatat and El Adouar, one league further south; and at some distance from the bank of the river, there is a considerable ruin, which Mr. Rich calls Boursa, and conjectures to have been Barsita, or Borsippa. Ten miles north-west of Bagdad is found a great mass of unburnt bricks, with layers of reeds between every fifth and sixth course. The circumference of the base is three hundred feet, and its height one hundred and twenty-six. It is called Akerkouf, and has the remains of smaller buildings near it, like the temple at the Tower of Babel. Any one of these ruins might, with as great propriety, be called remains of Babylon, or of the wall of Babylon, as Al Hheimar.

'There is another subject connected with Babylon, upon which much curious matter might be collected; we mean, the cylinders of a gate, cornelian, chalcedony, and other hard stones, which have been at different times disinterred among the ruins of Babylon, in great numbers, having engraven upon them singular devices, apparently astronomical; an inquiry into which, illustrated by the Bible and other ancient records, might tend much to the elucidation of the astrological studies of the Chaldeans, and might even throw some light upon the cuneiform characters inscribed upon the Babylonian bricks. This is not, however, an inquiry fit to be discussed at the end of a long article; but we hope, at some future period, to recur to it.'

EWING's *Report to the Senate of Indiana, from the Committee on Canals and Internal Improvements, relative to the Wabash and Miami Canal.* Dec. 25, 1828.

IN a former number, we noticed the report of a committee of the legislature of this state, proposing a canal to unite the Wabash with the Miami, 280 miles distant. The present report still further developes the plan proposed in the former one. It adds new demonstrations of the utility and practicability of the project. This report recommends, as the former one did, the sale of the disposable lands in the state for the creation of a fund to pay the interest, and finally redeem the principal of the money loaned, to effectuate this great work. It is proposed to have the first section finished in 1832; and the other sections successively in 1833, to 1837. Every good and public spirited citizen must wish them success.

But our principal object, in this notice, was not to tire our distant readers with statistics; but to call their attention to a fact, incidentally disclosed in this report—a fact, which until very lately, would have been considered as idle a dream of romance, as any one recorded in the 'Arabian Nights.' It is, that this canal is contemplated to unite with one, that shall connect the Mississippi with lake Michigan in the state of Illinois; and that is intended to connect with one in Ohio, which shall extend to lake Erie, where it will connect to the south with the great New-York canal, and to the north, through Canada, with the Welland canal—and by the Ohio with the Ohio and Chesapeake canal. The next generation will float in canal boats from the remotest points of the Atlantic shores, perhaps, to the lake of the woods. We have a steam canal boat, at this moment, moving successfully on the canal connecting our city with Dayton; and there is little doubt that steam power will entirely supersede that of horses in these modes of transportation. What improvements and what wonderful scenes of things open before us! The wild water-fowls will soon have to range other skies, to find out new and unmolested and quiet woods and waters, where steam boats, the bustle of commerce and business, and the hackneyed trample of men and horses cannot be heard. Our vast forests, perforated in every direction by these vehicles of trade and traffic, will have lost their sacred privacy, and their unexplored mysteriousness, as they stood in the mind of the poet. Every thing is hackneyed, trampled and laid open. The keen glance of cupidity and speculation is to survey the same woods and waters whilom traversed by the *coureur du bois*, the *amateur* backwoodsman—the botanist and ornithologist. The loneliness of nature is every where laid open to the calculating power of statistics, and enginery. It diminishes our regret to recollect, as the empire of imagination is curtailed, that the domain of comfort and utility is increased.

TO OUR READERS.

This number closes the second volume and year of the *Western Monthly Review*. In view of the sustained patronage of those, who have been our friends from the beginning, we feel the warmest sentiments of gratitude, and beg their acceptance of our most cordial thanks. No inconsiderable part of the toil of keeping up such a work, in a young country, constituted like ours of the west, has been a constant rowing against the stream. If we indulge a moment's rest on our oars, we find the torrent sweeping us back to our starting place.

We have fixed the number of our pages, invariably, at fifty six. But we have, as the reader will see, an entire new type, and a handsome paper, the whole the manufacture of our own division of the country. Our page is large, and our type small. No other paper in our country, to our knowledge, furnishes so large an amount of matter at so cheap a rate.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and no man maketh a warfare at his own charges. So say reason, scripture, honor and conscience, and *sayeth not the law the same things, also?* Great numbers of our western subscribers, we wholly exempt those in the Atlantic country from the charge, have paid nothing from the commencement. Some of them have made us pay postage on pitiful, evasive, or abusive letters, containing efforts to shuffle, and explain away an obligation, which is too palpable to receive light or darkness from words; and simply requires, that the subscriber should possess common sense, common honesty and honour, to comply with terms, which he might read on the cover of every number of the Review. We request such people, to regain their self respect, by getting our receipt, and discontinuing our journal. To others, who lay the unction to their consciences, that the sum is too inconsiderable to engage their thoughts, we beg leave to observe, that the smaller the sum, the easier paid. The Mississippi is formed by the concurrence of rivulets. Three or four dollars are, no doubt, a trifle to the subscriber; but two thousand dollars of outstanding debts would be a matter of consequence to us. It is painful, in the extreme, to us, to be compelled to make such appeals to the honour of our subscribers; but our duty to our paper maker and printer is more imperative, than any of the restraining impulses of false delicacy.

An editor, who should pretend to affect indifference to public approbation, would get the reputation either of stupid insensibility, or falsehood. We make no such pretensions. We have had fair measures, both of good and evil report. Most of those, whose approbation we covet, have granted it unequivocally and cordially; and next to the gratification of obtaining that meed, our self respect has been sustained by the flippant censure of those, whose attempts at annoyance naturally follow the applause of the former class. We have been at times amused, and at times indignant with the gratuitous illnature of these knights of the quill. Why should they undertake, at the extremities of the union, so laboriously to vilify our writings? Are they not aware, that these distant attempts at abuse give to intelligent people a very different inference from that, which they would have drawn? It has been an incident of frequent occurrence in our editorial career, to receive one of these distant *literary papers*, which we would as soon take an emetic, as be compelled to read, brought in, marked with the courteous 'please exchange.' The editors are aware, that we neither know, nor care what they say of us, so that we do not see it. We calculate from analogy, that the second number after the 'please exchange' is intended to smuggle under our eye a full freight of abuse, which we should otherwise not have seen. Our neglect to reply has been charged to timidity, or an attempt to wear out their purpose of annoyance. Many have asked us, why we do not answer them? We reply, a very young man, with more courage than experience, throws a stone at a pole-cat, when he sees the animal in the attitude of its peculiar battle. With us the 'better part of valor is discretion.' We covet not the laurels of such a warfare, but sweep a respectful circuit, and leave it to its impudent consciousness of its own appropriate magazine of annoyance, and the impunity of its own worthlessness. Could we promise ourselves laurels or money from the issue of the contest, we find ourselves sufficiently 'combattive' to do battle with our weight in editorial wild-cats, as our facetious friend, Col. Crockett has it, not demurring to the throwing in of an occasional brace of zebras, or asses to kick withal.

Amidst these little drawbacks, and various editorial pains and penalties, too numerous to mention, there is one pleasant result, which more than counterbalances all. If our vocation brings us in contact with the mean, the envious, and reviling, it also brings us acquainted with the gifted, high minded and intelligent, the etherial spirits, who exalt our conceptions of human nature. We have formed many intimacies of this sort, in the most distant points of our extended country, which are equally animating and improving, and which, but for this mode of intercommunication, we should never have had. We know these men only intellectually, and cannot expect the pleasure of personal acquaintance and intercourse. But, amidst scramble and toil, and vilification, and contact with the flippant and sordid, it renders us better satisfied with ourselves, our country, our race and our world, to know, that we share the good and evil things of mortality with unknown friends, who exalt our respect for mankind; and with whom we may indulge the hope, that we shall be personally acquainted forever in a better country.

It would not become us to make ample promises for the future. Our patronage justifies the continuance of our journal. We have had recent and unexpected facilities, to render it more useful and interesting; and we expect to be able to devote to it a more single and undivided attention.

☞In order to give ample opportunity to our most distant subscribers to discontinue, if they see fit, and in order to judge, respecting the proper number of copies, the first number of the third volume will not be issued until the first day of July next, and will thenceforward be published regularly on the first day of every successive month.

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